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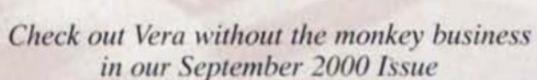
HUSTLER

July 2000

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Volume 27 Number 1







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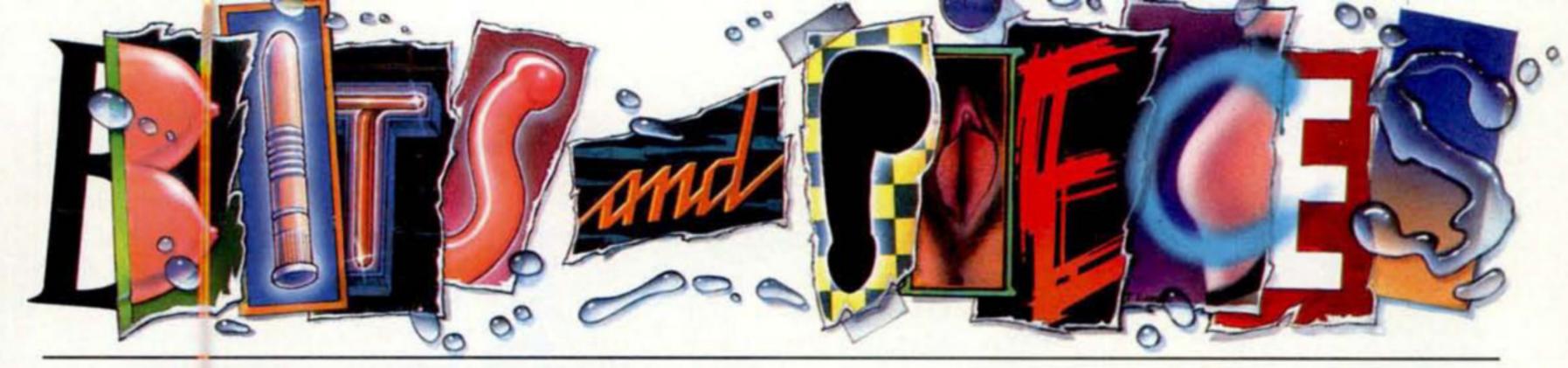
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Cover photo by James Baes

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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The truth is an ugly thing for Jim Nicholson. Every day, he must look in the mirror and face a bulbous, pockmarked nose and caved-in facial features typical of a syphilitic rummy. It's the even ugler lies that spew from this deformed visage, however, that make Jim Nicholson HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for July 2000.

Nicholson, 62, is the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. As head of the RNC, Nicholson is theoretically responsible for coordinating the GOP's day-to-day activities and developing its strategy. He seems to mostly occupy himself with factually deficient attempts to discredit the Clinton Administration.

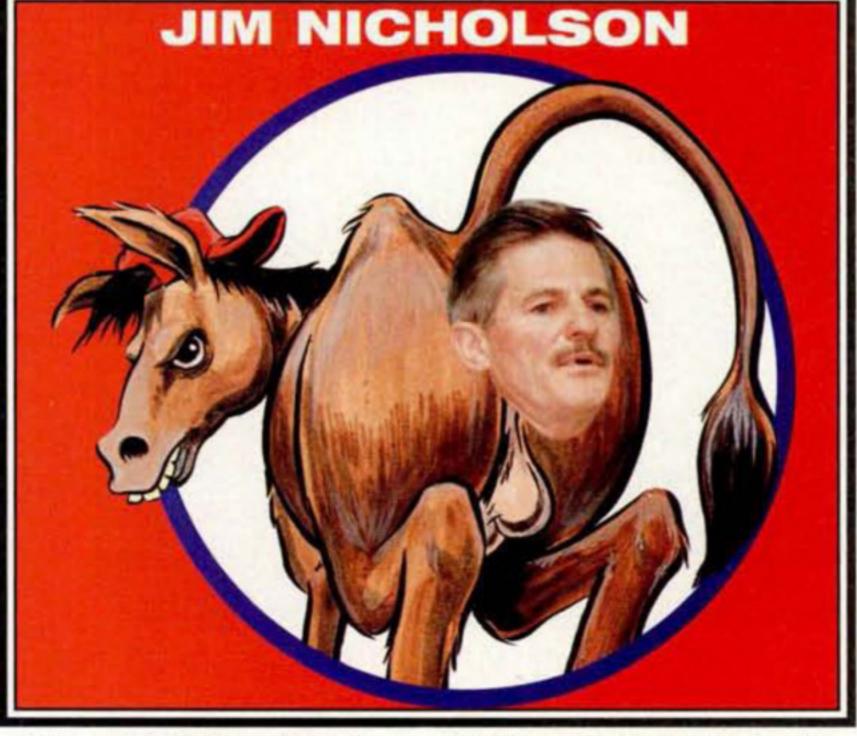
Among Nicholson's first efforts to foment moral outrage through inaccuracy was his 1997 claim that Clinton had given away dozens of burial plots at Arlington National Cemetery to political donors and friends.

"This has to be one of the most despicable political schemes in recent history," Nicholson barked.

True enough—if Nicholson was speaking of his own lie-hurling tactics. Of the four burial-plot waivers Clinton actually granted, only one went to a Democratic donor, who was also a World War II veteran who'd been wounded in service.

Nicholson flings shit with such simian zest that even the mudslinging Republicans who elected him find him distasteful. In 1998, a consortium of GOP governors considered a coup to oust Nicholson. Lamented another RNC member, "I thought Nicholson would voluntarily resign."

Nicholson's biggest tirade of unsubstantiated shit-smearing occurred



during the 1999 impeachment hearings, when Republican factions spent 40 million taxpayer dollars to prove that Clinton had received a blowjob from a fat chick. Reacting to the hearings' cavalcade of hypocrisy, HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt made a \$1-million offer for verifiable information regarding the sexual improprieties of Republican legislators.

Taking another break from the rigors of truthfulness, Nicholson concocted a connection between Flynt and Clinton, through which the White House supposedly provided dirt on Clinton's foes to Flynt.

The only such connection existed solely in Nicholson's puckered imagination, which didn't stop him from calling HUSTLER's Editor and

Publisher "the President's favorite pornographer" and exhorting Clinton to "end the tactics of sexual terrorism and put your buddy Larry Flynt back in the plain, brown wrapper where he belongs."

A less delusional mind would have deduced that "the tactics of sexual terrorism" should be called off by the Congressional witch-hunters who initiated them. A reasoning individual might also realize that Flynt's million-dollar offer was in itself sufficient to solicit dirt without any help from the White House.

Such logic eluded Nicholson, who demanded that Flynt be charged with Obstructing Congress, a felony punishable by five years in prison.

"Our Attorney General ought to take

off her blindfold and begin criminal prosecutions," Nicholson crowed.

Fortunately, the Attorney General abided by the media's right to report the truth.

Nicholson isn't always bent on silencing the media with threats of imprisonment; sometimes, he tries to bully them into speaking up in the manner that he sees fit.

In March 2000, following what Nicholson deemed inadequate network coverage of Al Gore supporter Maria Hsia's conviction for arranging illegal donations, the RNC mouthpiece distributed the personal phone numbers and E-mail addresses of network anchors to 10,000 GOP activists, urging a campaign of harassment.

"Maybe a few thousand phone calls, E-mails and faxes" would intimidate the anchors, opined Chairman Fish-face. Too bad for Jim the Wretched that the resulting missives numbered in the dozens. Those wishing to console the ugly bastard over his failed crusade can reach him at (202) 863-8700, or chairman@rnc.org.

Tall-tale Jimmy further made the McCarthyistic assertion that Hsia is "an agent of the Chinese Communist government." Nicholson cited a report characterized by its own author as "circumstantial evidence" and marred by "gaps."

Fact-fudging Nicholson's derogatory use of the term *Communist* is perplexing; what else would you call someone who employs his political post to threaten journalists with jail time and turn the media into his personal propaganda machine besides a Commie? How about Asshole?

FARTS IN THE WIND

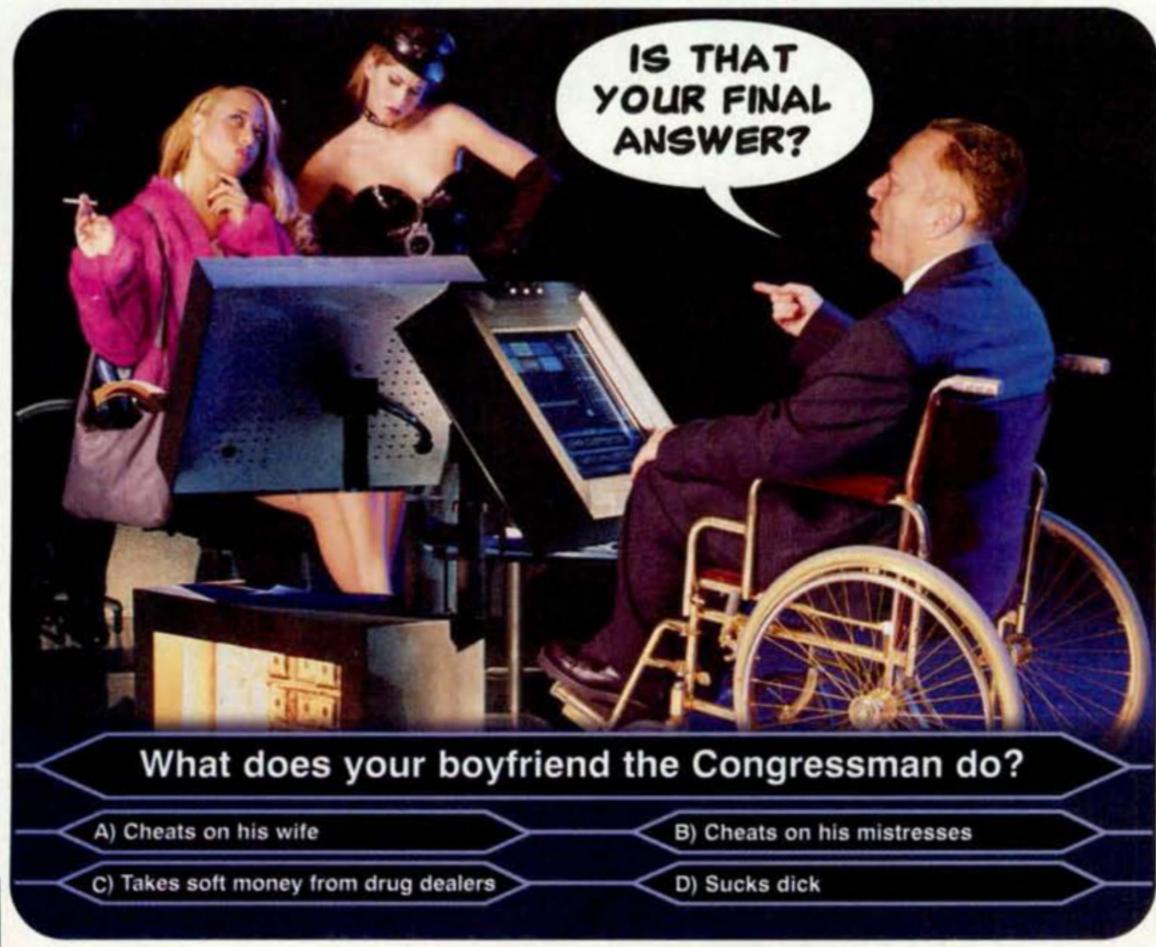
Reverend Al Sharpton: Once again anointing himself the spokesman for African America, the rotund race-baiter took props for preventing protesters from rioting after the acquittal of four NYPD officers in the Amadou Diallo case. Maybe what Sharpton meant to say is that he didn't incite the peaceful assemblage to

riot as he was credited with doing in Crown Heights several years ago. Dark, round and perpetually issuing the stench of shit, Sharpton is a riotous, fat Asshole. Randall Terry: The founder of militant antiabortion group Operation Rescue has moved on to form Loyal Opposition, an

organization dedicated to preserving the sanctity of marriage. Terry, who recently separated from his wife, was censured in February by his pastor, who cited "a pattern of sinful relationships...with both single and married women." It's a talented Asshole who can speak out of both sides of his sphincters.

WowntatoB Cop, t.

How Millionaire Stole Larry's Big Idea



In late 1998, Publisher Larry Flynt offered up to \$1 million for some answers. As a result, the Speaker of the House-elect resigned in disgrace and a loud-mouthed Congressman ate humble shit. Imitation is the sincerest form of theft; within a year, Regis Philbin had transformed HUSTLER's evidentiary brainstorm into an evidently brainless game show.



The Original 1998 Ad

HUSTLER. 26 Years of Pink Views, Making News, Blue Reviews and Fuck-Yous.

"MOST. TASTELESS CARTOON"



"I think I found your prostate, Ricky. Now tell me how to massage it!"





The 1932 Puss-Arrow was a classic car in every respect but one: The flooze box was positioned too close to the steering column.

Theodore B. of Jax, Florida, double-clutches \$150 for this little deuce cooch. Send granddad's autoerotica to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

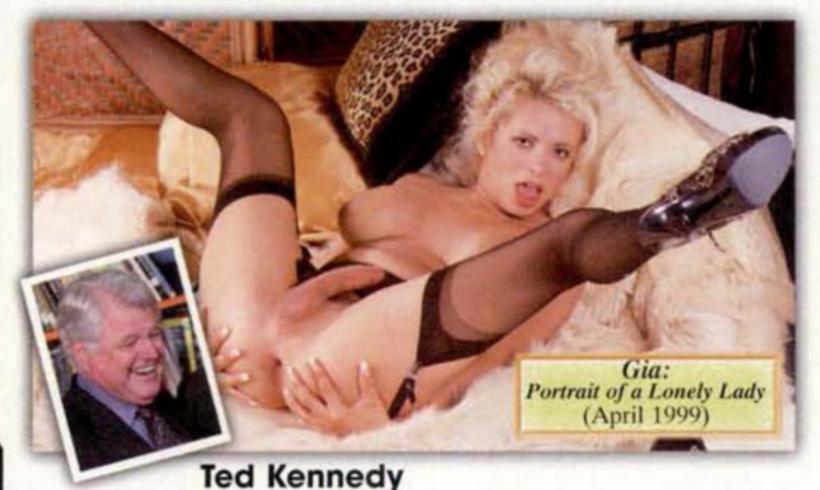
Traite Centerf-1-**HUSTLER LAYOUTS AND THE CELEBRITIES WHO LOVE THEM**



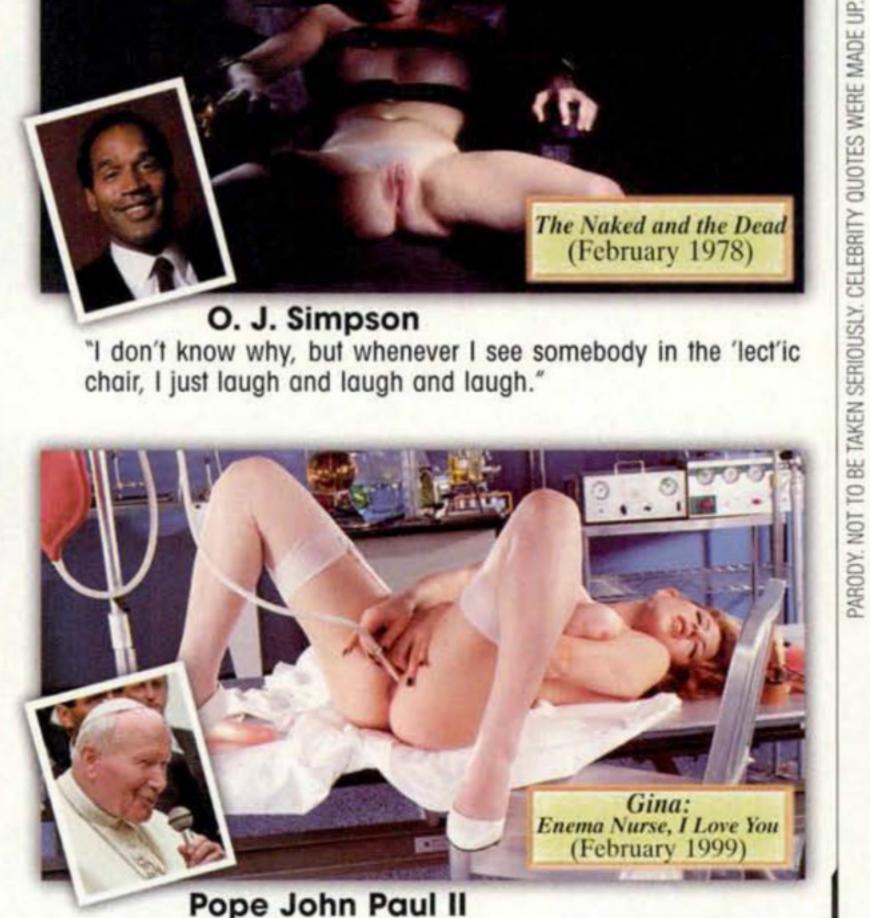
"As HUSTLER readers know, I'm a fat, ugly Hebe bastard. Lulu looks kind enough to love me. Plus, she hasn't collapsed from her own weight; maybe she can hold up under mine."



"I don't know why, but whenever I see somebody in the 'lect'ic chair, I just laugh and laugh and laugh."



"Why? Because I can't help embarrassing my family."



"When I saw that girl with the nozzle shoved up her ass, I committed a sin of emission."

Are HUSTLER and **Alanis Morissette** One and the Same?

Which Twin Is the Real Twat Rag?

Alanis Morissette

Born: 1974

French-Canadian

Most successful female artist in the world

Nude video but no slit

Parents say she's been a "potty-mouth" all her life

Huge teeth, unshaven

HUSTLER Magazine

Born: 1974

Frenched labia

Moist, sensual females; hardest in the world

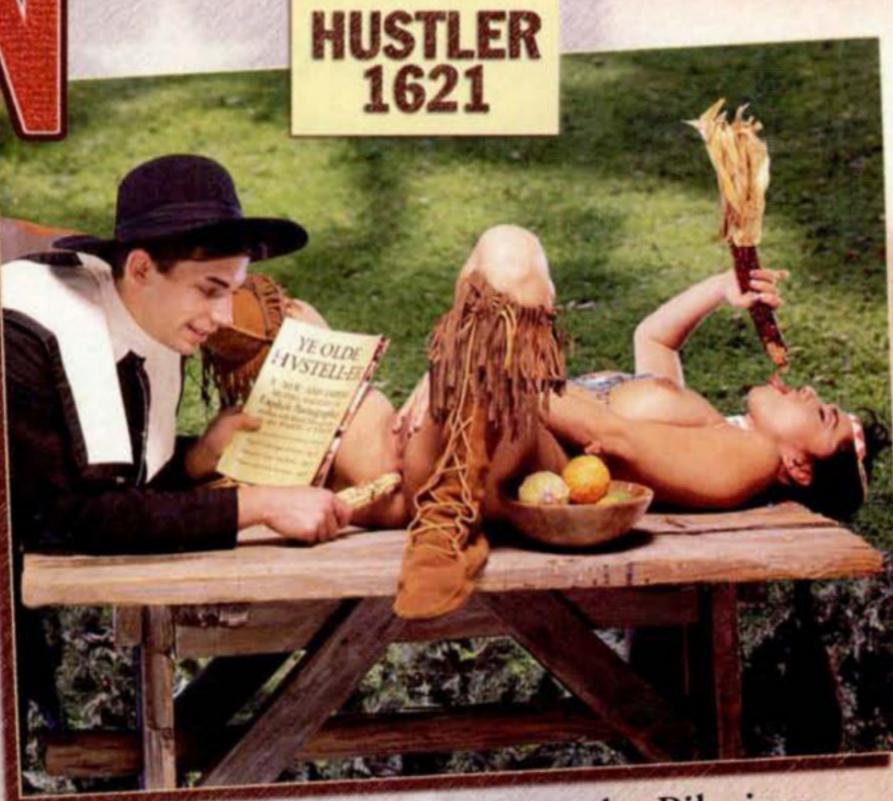
Nude slits but no motion

Editors gleeful at the thought of potty in Alanis's mouth

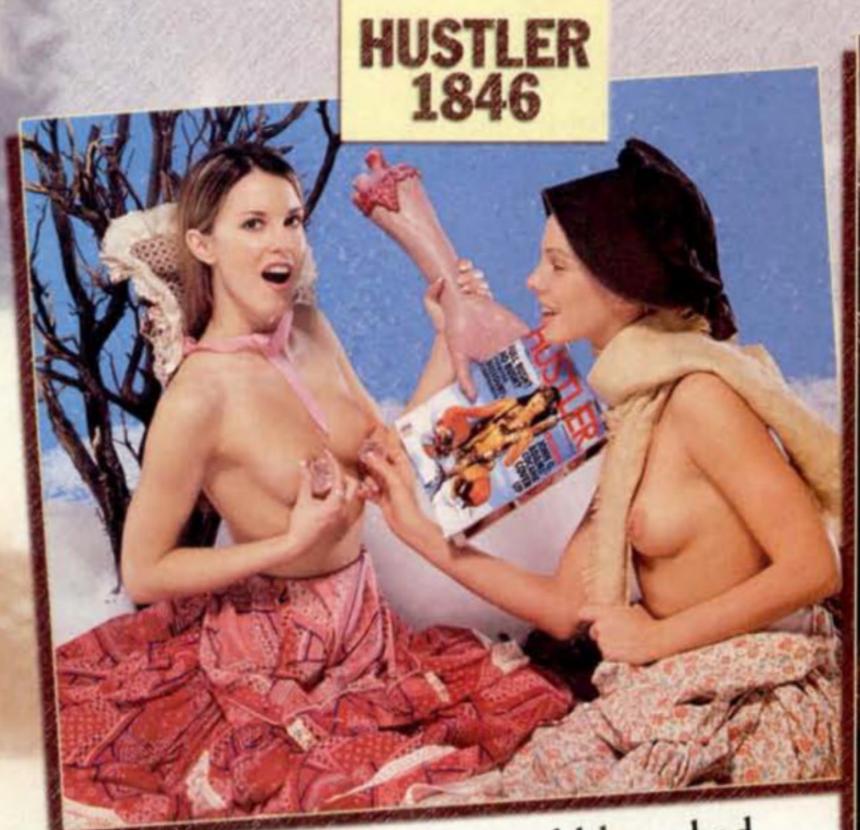
Bucky Beaver



If HUSTLER
Had Been There...



At the first Thanksgiving, the Pilgrims would have eaten squaw instead of squash.

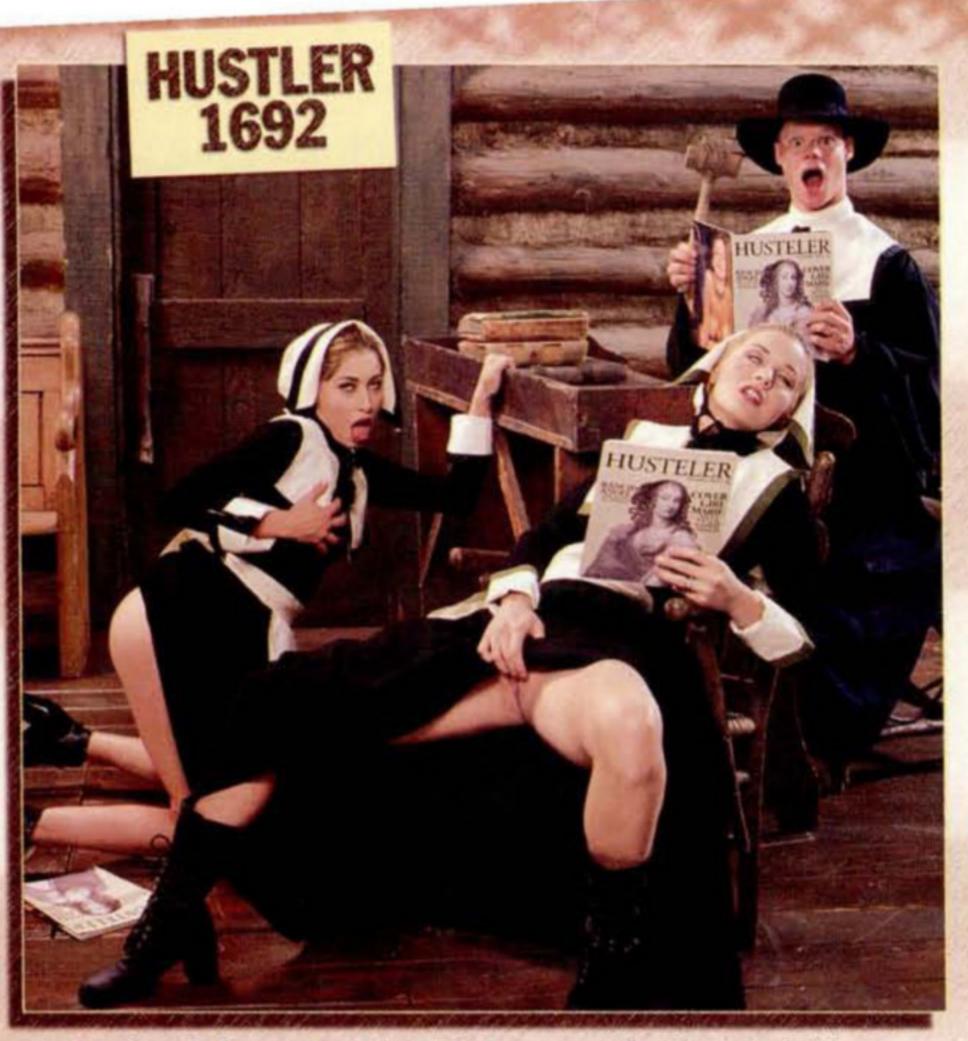


The Donner party would have had more party and less Donner.

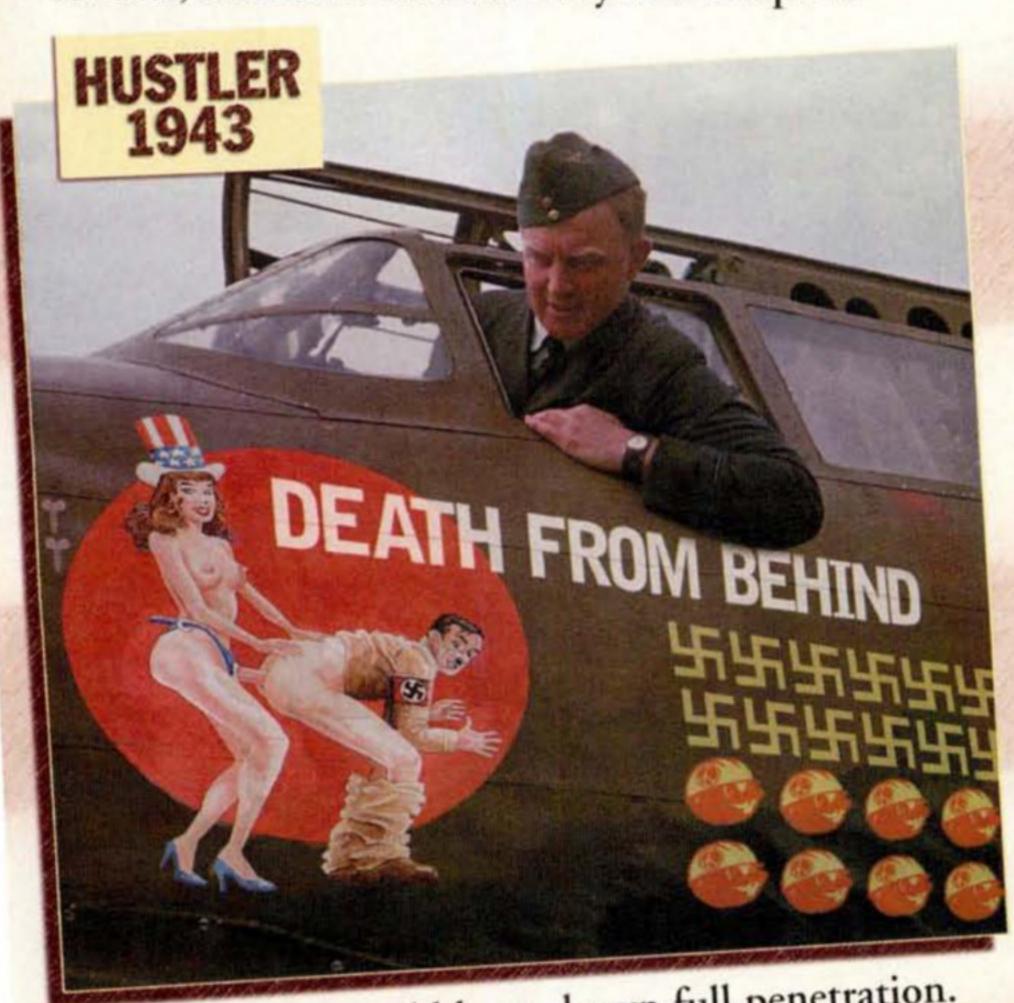


When Lincoln was shot, the only Booth in Ford's Theatre would have been a buddy booth.

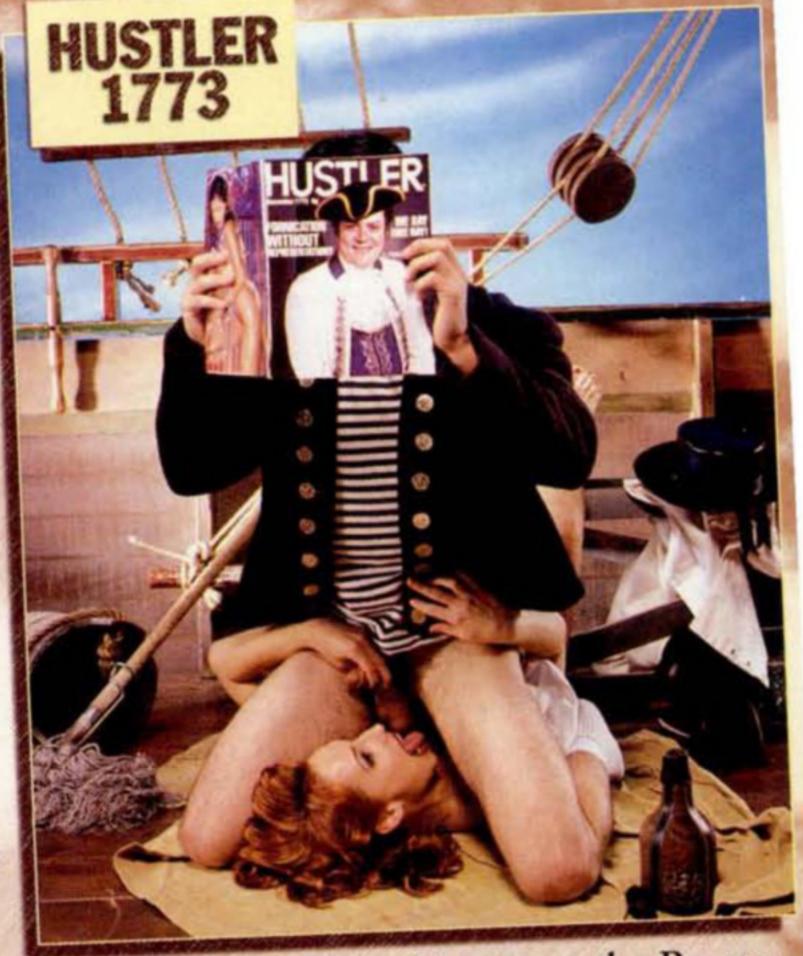
HUSTLER. As American as



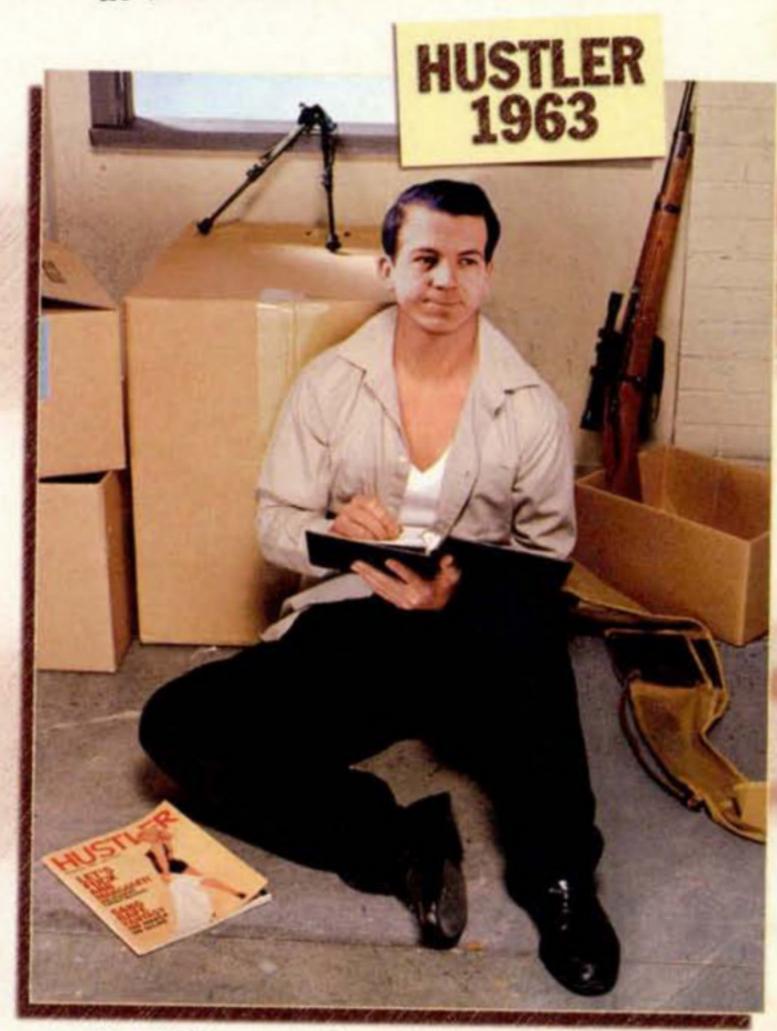
At the Salem Witch Trials, everybody would have manifested blasphemous screaming, convulsive seizures, trancelike states and mysterious spells.



Bomber art would have shown full penetration.



After patriots dunked leaves at the Boston Tea Party, they would have dunked nuts at the Boston Tea-bagging Party.



Lee Harvey Oswald would have been too busy with his *Dear Slut* letter to fire at Kennedy.

Assholes and Your Mom's Pie.



Media Apes

The HUSTLER-ization of America

Since July 1974, America's Magazine has become more explicit with every issue. Meanwhile, an army of mainstream publications has tagged along behind HUSTLER's hard-core vanguard, letting Larry do all the fighting while they reap the benefits. It's no surprise that some formerly staid periodicals have become HUSTLER wanna-bes; we're just embarrassed by the other magazines' predictable efforts.

OUR FALL MOVIE PEE-VIEW FLAUNTS HOLLYWOOD'S YELLOW STREAK!

#6969 - July 4, 2000

Special Report: Who Ass-Fucks Cher and Why

Plus: Charlize Theron and Julia **Roberts Bury** a Beef Buzz-o-meter

PARODY, NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, NO SUCH PUBLICATIONS OR STORIES EXIST. CELEBRITY HEAD STRIPPED ONTO OUR MODEL'S BODY.

FEED

Pal Joey

Joey (Joey: The Great White Lay, April 2000) is perfect! I have never laid eyes on a more beautiful woman in all my 47 years. What an ass! I beg of you to feature her again and again: at the beach, in the woods, in a boy/girl pictorial, girl/girl pictorial—I want to see as much of Joey as possible. I've never written to you with a request before; so, if you could, please honor this one.

—D. S.

There are no plans to feature Joey again in the immediate future, but she can be found in the October 1999 pictorial Joey: You Bet Your Ass. Call (323) 651-2348 to order your back issue.

Fuck Joey and Fuck You!

What's wrong with you stingy bastards? Are you cutting back on new centerfold talent? My April 2000 HUSTLER featured this blond chick Joey (Joey: The Great White Lay, April 2000) who was also the centerfold in October 1999 (Joey: You Bet Your Ass)! She definitely is the same girl, albeit with blonder hair. You cheap asses repeated the same girl in only six months! You claim to be the best mag in the stroker business, with the freshest talent, but now you're just stale!

—P. J.

Palm Harbor, Florida

Encino, California

We're sorry that your mom didn't make the grade for the April 2000 issue (we sure did enjoy her company), but Joey's perfect ass and extraordinary grace impressed HUSTLER's Editorial staff tremendously. In fact, Joey stupefied us with her beauty, and we had no choice other than to run a new pictorial to keep her around for an extra afternoon.

Finger-Fuck Fanatic

Nothing, and I mean *nothing*, is sexier than finger-fucking. With Francesca and Regina (*Francesca & Regina: On the Clock*, April 2000), my finger-fuck fascination grew and so did my dick! Those screaming-hot brunettes fingered up a frothing lesbian



CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

fantasy that was simply unbelievable. When they're not finger-banging sopping-wet gash by the pool, sweating under the hot sun, they're chugging down the pussy juice that their fingers tapped into. When Francesca fingered Regina on page 92, I exploded! Thanks for the awesome lesbian pictorials. Keep them coming, and so will I!

—A. J. Tampa, Florida

Tammy: Happy Beaver

Hello to all the wonderful minds at HUSTLER. Thank you so much for fea-



Joey: Great White Lay

turing me in the April 2000 Beaver Hunt. I just wanted to say how pleased you have made me by printing my pussy in your magazine. It has always been a dream of mine to pose nude and have the pictures printed in your fine publication. It turns me on just knowing that a multitude of horny men are stroking themselves off to my wet, pink twat! Thanks, Larry, for conceiving a magazine as grand as HUSTLER and making my dream possible. Larry Flynt—you rock my world, and I love ya!

—T. E.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Foreskin-Loving Female

In your March 2000 Sex Play ("Turtleneck Envy: Pud-Pullers Stretch for Extra Inches"), HUSTLER fired the first shot in America's next sexual revolution-foreskin restoration. Your article mentioned my British Journal of Urology report on a survey of women who have had sex with both circumcised and uncircumcised men. Your article stated that, "An untouched love muscle may indeed pleasure the pussy better." I believe this is true. My new book, Sex As Nature Intended It, details the many sexual benefits and functions of the foreskin and explains why "circumcised sex" is completely different from and inferior to "uncircumcised (and restored) sex" for the man and his female partner. Ready or not, the foreskin restoration revolution has begun! When the clouds of controversy have cleared, the

FEEDBACK

sex lives of America's men and women will be forever changed for the better.

—K. O. Hudson, Massachusetts

No Rights for Johns

Thank you, HUSTLER, for shedding light on the fucked-up school for johns in your March issue (Revenge of the Whores: Ex-Floozies Bushwhack Johns at School for Busted Tricks, March 2000). The Bay Area prostitution laws are a testament to how misguided our politicians are. In San Francisco, your record can be wiped clean on your first soliciting offense if you pay \$500 to allow yourself to be browbeaten by cops and whores for a day. It sounds like soliciting isn't against the law; it's only a crime not to agree to the government's shakedown afterward. In Oakland, they confiscate accused johns' cars even before the trial. I nominate Oakland District Attorney Walter Jackson to be the next Asshole of the Month. Bravo to HUSTLER for reporting on stories that the mainstream media are too afraid to touch, and thanks, of course, for the top-notch cooze. -J. S. Canton, Ohio

Crazy for BARELY LEGAL

I've just seen my first BARELY LEGAL video, and I want to thank you for such a killer flick. I am extremely picky about my porn (there's so much godawful crap out there), but after experiencing HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL Video #3, I'm going to purchase the rest of the series. Kudos to Clive McLean and all the rest of the people who contribute to this awesome video series. Thanks!

—B. T.

Daytona, Florida

The prequels to HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL Video #3 (volumes 1 and 2) can be ordered by sending \$29.95 each, \$44.95 for two or \$64.95 for Volumes 1, 2 and 3. Add \$5 postage and handling per order to LFP Merchandising, P.O. Box 17317, Beverly Hills, CA 90209-9959. Brace yourself for many more bone-stiffening installments of this extremely popular and superb stroker series.

HUSTLER Went Too Far

Okay, HUSTLER, I know you don't claim to have moral virtues, and, let's face it, that's why most of us enjoy reading your magazine (aside from the first-rate pictures, of course). My husband and I both look forward to each new issue of HUSTLER and enjoy your mag-

azine very much. However, what we saw printed in *HUSTLER Humor* in the February 2000 issue ("Q: What's 18 inches long and makes a woman scream? A: Crib death.") shocked us. This so-called joke was not only tasteless, it was inhumane—even for HUSTLER. If laughter was supposed to be the end result, this "gut-buster" missed the mark. Many innocent children (3,000 in the United States alone) die every year due to crib death, leaving behind inconsolable parents, siblings and other loved ones. I cannot imagine what kind of person would find this subject humorous.

—T. C. Seabrook, New Hampshire

HUSTLER exploits all of life's black moments in our gallows humor. For many people—perhaps not yourself there is a natural tendency to cope with our greatest griefs and fears by laughing at them.

Smiley HUSTLER Reader

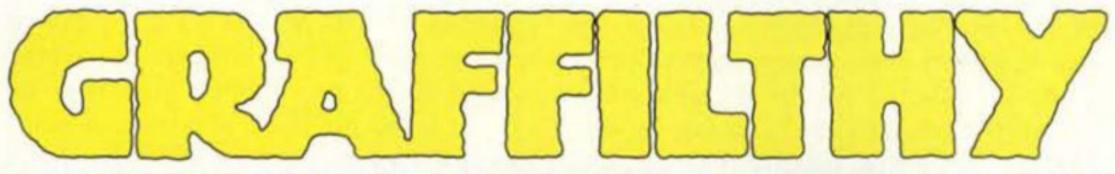
I'm sorry, but I had to write to you just to say that HUSTLER made me smile. My boyfriend, Jeff, picked up the April 2000 issue, and, after thumbing through it, I came across an article about a guy and his girlfriend trying to make a reproduction of the dude's cock (Sex Play, "Dick Kit: How to Make a Dildo of Your Own Cock"). I read through it to the surprise ending and laughed with amazement and love. Love for my boyfriend, because all he ever talks about is your homemadedildo story. The story made us both laugh, cry and feel. When I picture Jeff attempting to reproduce his own willystraining to do the job right-I bust a gut! Thanks, HUSTLER! McKinleyville, California

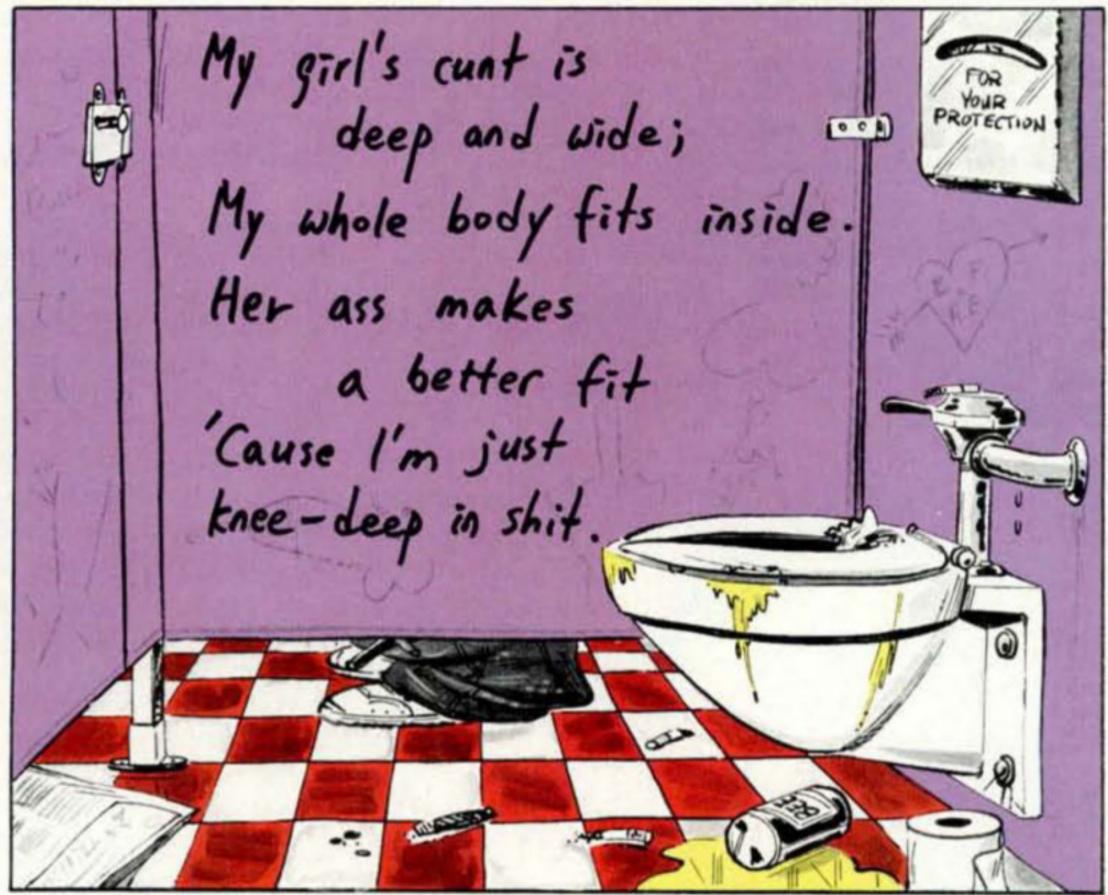
Older Models, Please

As a 51-year-young man, I would feel younger still if you featured pictures of more ripened, older women. The girls HUSTLER features are quite attractive—and thanks for that—but it might be interesting to mix up the selection with middle-aged women who, in my view and experience, can also be very attractive. The over-50 crowd (a substantial share of your audience, to be sure) should be allowed to see beautiful representations of ladies their own age so they can feel good about themselves. Don't you agree?

—J. M. Nymegen, Netherlands

Of course damsels can still retain their beauty as dames. HUSTLER has featured good-looking, mature women in (continued on page 31)

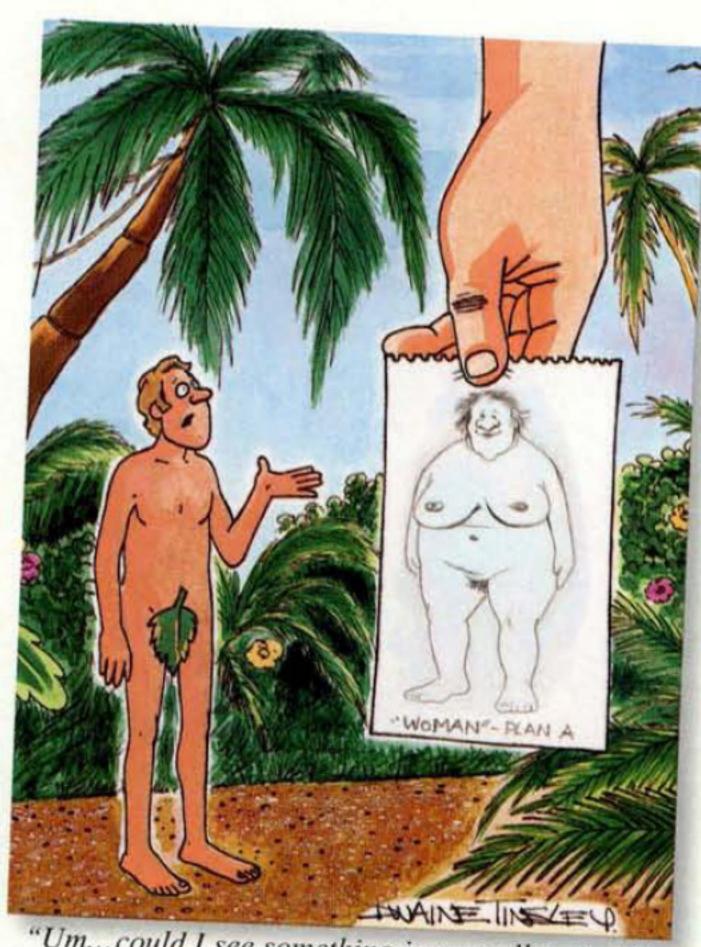




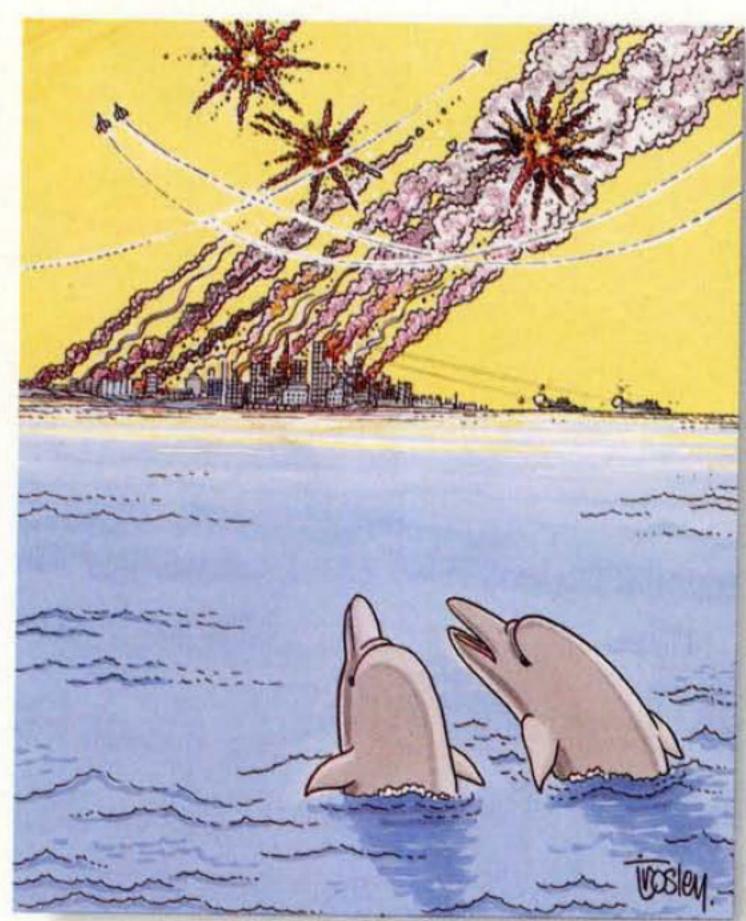
Thanks and \$50 to Tobin R.

HISTLER OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR





"Um...could I see something in a smaller size?"



"It's a shame human beings can't communicate with each other."



"Get back here, you son of a bitch!

I paid for it, and you're going in!"

HUSTLER VS. THE WORLD



he Flynt family of smut mags sits on its throne, reigning over a kingdom of jealous stroke fodder. In efforts to usurp HUSTLER, dozens of adult magazines do their worst, but succeed mainly at keeping the reigning purveyor of cooze on its toes. HUSTLER's Editors rate the competition and point out which lesser sex journals are giving Larry Flynt Publications a run for its money and which should just throw in the jizz-stained towel.

HUSTLER (1) THE HEAVYWEIGHTS

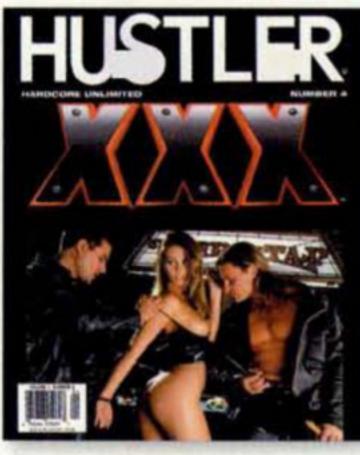


HUSTLER (Larry Flynt Publications, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211) and controversy are synonymous because America's Magazine never plays it safe. For 26 years, Larry Flynt's pride and joy has been demolishing boundaries, inducing boners and pissing off all the right people. Sizzling girls, in-depth adult-film coverage and scores of hometown Honeys guarantee wood, while its world-infamous cartoons, ad parodies and political commentary stimulate the upstairs head without straying from the inherent purpose of a dirty magazine: providing plenty of first-class tits, ass and snatch.



Playboy (Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611) thinks it's The New Yorker. No matter how badly Hef's baby bores readers with fashion layouts and useless hi-fi buyer guides, it will never be a serious read. That leaves the girls, a Stepfordesque array of surgically and digitally tweaked phantasms, revealing only the occasional hint of labe. Penthouse (General Media Communications Inc., 11 Penn Plaza, 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001) is on the right track when it comes to pushing limits. Every issue touts a layout of blowjobs, insertion and jizz. Too bad the other hundred pages are a complete joke. Penthouse subjects readers to pointless stories, stupid comics ("The Balloonheads") and embarrassing, '80s-style soft-focus photos.

HUSTLER XXX (18) DEEP AND RAW

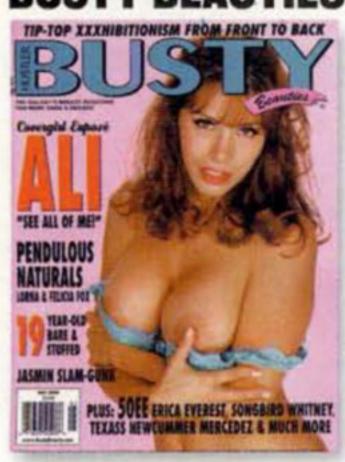


The diamond-hard version of HUSTLER overflows with anal penetration, dripping cunts and messy facials with two dicks in almost every girl. Balancing porn sluts, Euro cooze and HUSTLER models perfectly, HUSTLER XXX offers a little something for every hard-core connoisseur. Home-grown pissshots submitted by readers round out the raunchy publication. The gorgeous group-sex photography of Pierre Woodman (late of Private) and Clive McLean comes to life on the high-quality, glossy paper. Bare-bones text and the near absence of ads make this hot slab a joy to jerk to.



Puritan International (Index Publishing Ltd., P.O. Box 442, Whitehall, PA 18052-0442) offers hard-core anal and facials messy enough for the most desensitized horndog, but its raunchiness is spoiled by its equally messy design and an overabundance of articles, stories and ridiculous text. Some knowing jerkoffs consider the import digest Private (Private USA, P.O. Box 18709, Los Angeles, CA 90018) to be the premier hard-core publication, but the content is often marred by crowded, confusing and overly busy layouts. Private's obscenely small format is another detriment to this otherwise excellent, D.P.-crazy, Eurogash extravaganza.

BUSTY BEAUTIES BOSOMMANIA!



Most hooter-centric mags forget that the love of huge breasts, though not uncommon, is still a fetish. The avid tit man will appreciate the way HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES treats every mammothjugged model with the loving care and attention of a curator. Shots of comely girls cradling their flesh orbs are accompanied by interviews, quotes, video graphics, fan-club and Web-site information, guaranteeing the boob freak another glimpse of his favorite melons. Vivid colors, crisp reproduction and ace photography guarantee that the enormous ta-tas stay in sharp focus.



Many of the well-endowed ladies of D-Cup (Swank Publications Inc., 210 Route 4 East, Suite 211, Paramus, NJ 07652-5116) are quite beautiful. Looks often become secondary when huge mammaries are a rag's focus. D-Cup's editors are wise to make sure a pretty face sits atop the gargantuan knockers, but their efforts fall short in the production department. Blurry, grainy pictures undermine the top-heavy models' attractiveness. Juggs (MM Publications Ltd., 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10013), on the other hand, obviously couldn't give a shit who its huge mammaries are attached to, presenting girls who range from pretty to pretty appalling. Pregnant chicks with swaying udders mix with busty amateurs old enough to be Abe Vigoda's mother. Raw and often creepy, Juggs knows what it likes and doesn't sweat the other details.

HUSTLER'S TABOO (10) DUNGEONS & DRAG QUEENS



Full of mind-bogglingly beautiful kink, HUSTLER'S TABOO is the kind of rag you browse cover to cover before rereading it, slowly drinking in every striking image. This mag is the ultimate in twisted, erotic eye candy and boner-inducing bliss. Gorgeous fetish girls are bound, spanked and slathered with various body fluids in stylish sets that delve further into hard-core than other kink mags dare. The photographic stylings of Fresh Media, Richard Kern and Sean Hartgrove walk a perfect line between art and filth. Even conservative porn connoisseurs can't deny the powerful pull of TABOO.



Extreme Fetish (D&L Consulting, 1360 Clifton Avenue, Suite 327, Clifton, NJ 07012) is an amateurish home-grown that probably won't survive another year of publication. Cheesy sets, terrible reproduction and claustrophobic layouts mark this mag as a soon-to-be casualty. Fetish (Cody Publications, 6700 Valijean Avenue, Van Nuys, CA 91406) caters to upscale freaks. Printed on pricey paper stock and expertly laid out, this shit is art, not porn, and belongs on your coffee table, not in your sock drawer. Way out in left field lurks Nugget (Dugent Corp., 14411 Commerce Way, Suite 420, Miami Lakes, FL 33016), nasty filth you keep locked in a trunk. Chicks with dicks and flabby, lactating sluts accompany low-budget bondage play-nasty, cheap and more likely to melt a bone than inspire one. >

HUSTLER'S ODOR BEATERS
LEG WORLD

The gho Tease (153 W.

Graced with style, sophistication and class, HUSTLER'S LEG WORLD crushes other foot-and-gam fetish rags under its graceful arches. Honoring the foot worshiper with plenty of shrimping while satisfying the calf lover with high heels and hose is no easy balancing act. LEG WORLD succeeds, throwing in sticky footjobs to seal the deal. Photographer Chas Krider sets a trashy tone with his naturally lit, hotel-room snaps, while columns such as Heel Print and Celluloid Sole complete the vital mind-togroin circuit that most ped-centric readers require.



The ghosts of Penthouse haunt Leg Tease (World Media Group LLC, 153 W. 27th Street, Room 1005, New York, NY 10001) and Leg Action (Leg Action Publications Inc., 210 Route 4 East, Suite 211, Paramus, NJ 07652-5116). Big hair and soft focus scream "1980s," but these atavistic publications insist on carrying the torch of cornball porn. Tapping photographic talents such as Eric Kroll and Richard Kern, Leg Show (Leg Glamour Inc., 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10013) starts off on the right foot, but also falls prey to slutty fishnets. Classy, outdoor up-skirt shots and European-looking sex scenes prove that Leg Show is the closest to hitting the mark that LEG WORLD bull's-eyes every month.

HUSTLER'S (1) FEATHERWEIGHTS BARELY LEGAL



Unspoiled, 18-year-old debutantes share their raunchiest sexual experiences and spread their tender, virgin buds in HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL. For the best collection of young first-timers, look no further. Constantly recruiting brand-new tenderfoots for her legion of Beaver Scouts, magazine mascot Corky never fails to please the reader with an eye for tight, young snatch. Hot letters, stories, columns and reviews dissect the estrogen-addled, legal-teen brain, while a man's share of pictures allows close examination of every young blossom.



If BARELY LEGAL's competition pooled their resources, they'd have a chance at toppling our groundbreaking mag. As it stands, the ripoff artists at Finally Legal (Dowager Inc., 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017) lead the pack of pretenders by running shots of 18-year-olds in a variety of nasty situations. Tight (Far East Publications Inc., 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10013) nails the teenybopper design sensibilities of chick magazines to a T and offers better color and reproduction than Finally Legal, but falters in model quality. Hawk (Killer Joe Productions Inc., 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017) scores major points for digging up superfine gamines, but could learn a thing or two about design from its playmates. If any of these upstarts manages to improve, BARELY LEGAL could be in for a serious catfight.

HUSTLER'S CHOP SOCKY ASIAN FEVER



Like the exotic women it worships, HUSTLER'S ASIAN FEVER is clean, tight and eager to please. From its superb writing to its plethora of Oriental poontang, this offering stands out as one of the best-looking, most satisfying publications in the Flynt family. Dozens of cumgargling Koreans, Thai anal queens and Japanese cocksuckers grace ASIAN FEVER's pages. Fans of subservient sluts from the Far East could do much worse.



Asian Beauties (Tribeca Publishing, 350 Fifth Avenue, Suite 2418, New York, NY 10118) suffers the same woes as most second-tier magazines. Shoddy production and design weaken what should be a strong spank mag. The addition of Chinese text adds a sense of realism, as do hand-carved, wooden dildos, while super-tight coochie close-ups satisfy the randiest gaijin, but Asian Beauties is a mere firecracker next to ASIAN FEVER's Roman candle of Pacific Rim smut.



CHE GOOD, THE BAD & THE FUGLY



For the love of girls, CHIC would do just about anything. Thankfully, one thing this chick-worshiping magazine won't do is tolerate the unholy army of mangled tit jobs that plagues the porn industry. Opting to accept only natural breasts into the fold, CHIC is doing more than maintaining a high level of quality control. It's making a bold statement against the senseless Frankenstein mentality that transforms pretty girls into freakish beasts. Cover to cover, the magazine overflows with incredibly gorgeous, all-natural women and the men who fuck them in some of the hardest sex situations on any newsstand. Used by Larry Flynt as a vanguard to test the limits of market acceptance, CHIC tends to contain even more penetration shots than LFP's flagship title.

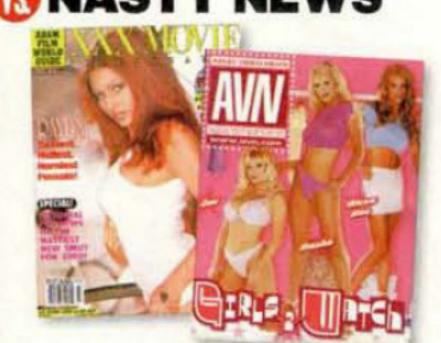


A gaggle of jealous periodicals scrambles for the crumbs that fall from the table of four-star Flynt Publications. Many, like Swank (Swank Publications Inc., 210 Route 4 East, Paramus, NJ 07652-5116), Gallery (Montcalm Publishing Corp., 401 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016-8802) and High Society (The Crescent Publishing Group Inc., 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017), deserve their lowly standing for carelessly throwing together shoddy HUSTLER ripoffs, then pawning them off on hardworking jerkoffs. Club (Paragon Publishing Inc., P.O. Box 380, Sandy Hook, CT 06482) earns kudos for monthly features starring fan favorites, such as Jenna Jameson, but will never rise from the gash heap if it continues to avoid pushing the limits of newsstand taboos. The elegant design and fatcontent of Cheri (Cheri Magazine Inc., 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017) help boost its meager standing.

HUSTLER NASTY NEWS EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE



Despite its sober, almost scholarly name, HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE is a true porn fan's dream. A XXX resource periodical, the magazine provides tons of reviews in HUSTLER's world-famous petermeter format and pairs them with plenty of nasty screen shots from the reviewed flicks. Interviews, columns and industry news quench the fan's thirst for the skinny on his favorite starlets. Best of all, every issue is crammed with raunchy pics worthy of HUSTLER's legacy. Cocks crowd mouths, nut butter spatters faces and holes are crammed with everything imaginable. A dual-purpose tool, the entertaining and informative HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE truly earns its honored place under the smut aficionado's mattress.



Adam Film World Guide (Knight Publishing Corp., 8060 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90046-7082) looks and feels like HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. Thoughtful criticism, in-depth industry coverage, columns and interviews accompany hundreds of steamy photos. The major difference is that Adam runs only soft shots, a debilitating blow to a magazine that purports to cover hard-core films. A fanzine for smut enthusiasts, Fox (Montcalm Publishing Corp., 401 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016-8802) provides plenty of filthy action, culled and assembled by starlet Jill Kelly and friends. Video reviews, however, are a mere afterthought. Adult Video News (AVN Publications Inc., 9494 Eton Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311) is the industry source for news. Filmmakers, shopkeepers and fans all peruse this top-notch news journal to stay abreast of developments. current porn Columns, ads and loads of reviews (which are often criticized for displaying blatant pro-advertiser bias) take precedent over erotic content. Mooks hoping to sprout wood may be disappointed by this invaluable jizz-biz resource. In addition, digging too deeply into AVN puts the reader face to face with pages and pages of gay-porn coverage. That's very bad for straight boners.





Last weekend, I was banging my girlfriend, and I decided to pull out and pop
a load in my girl's eye as a joke, but the
first wad hit me square in my own eye! It
hurt like a motherfucker! My eye turned
bloodshot, and I was screaming bloody
murder. My girlfriend helped me wash
the cum out; she was so nice, she didn't
even laugh, which made me feel guilty as
fuck. Why does spum hurt so much when
it touches your eye? I never want to experience such pain again. Now that I
know what it feels like, I'll never aim at
anything above my girl's belly. —A. S.
Hollywood Hills, California

Since you've experienced eye-frosting firsthand, I won't rub it in. Now you know that there is nothing funny about a cum eyewash. Your eye hurt because it was burning—splooge is acidic. The severity of the burn depends on what the shooter eats. Did you drink any grape-fruit juice the day you accidentally popped off in your face? I fuckin' hope so, you sadistic asshole! It sounds to me like you have learned your lesson the hard way. Keep filling up your girl-friend's navel for healthy, happy and sane, goopy fun.

BLOWJOB ADDICT

I am a 19-year-old male who is addicted to blowjobs. I usually have my dick sucked at least seven or eight times a day. I live with four roommates; three of them are females, and the fourth is a guy who always hides in his room. One roommate I especially like is always horny. I receive blowjobs whenever I want: at the dinner table, watching TV, in the bathroom, driving, at the computer—basically anywhere, anyplace and anytime. In fact, one of my roommates is sucking me off right now! The only problem is, my dick becomes sore, and I just can't say no. I'm always horny, even though my cock aches. Is there any salve or cream I can use before I go to sleep that will help soothe my sore dick? What do the male porn stars use after a hard day's work?

—C. L. Detroit, Michigan

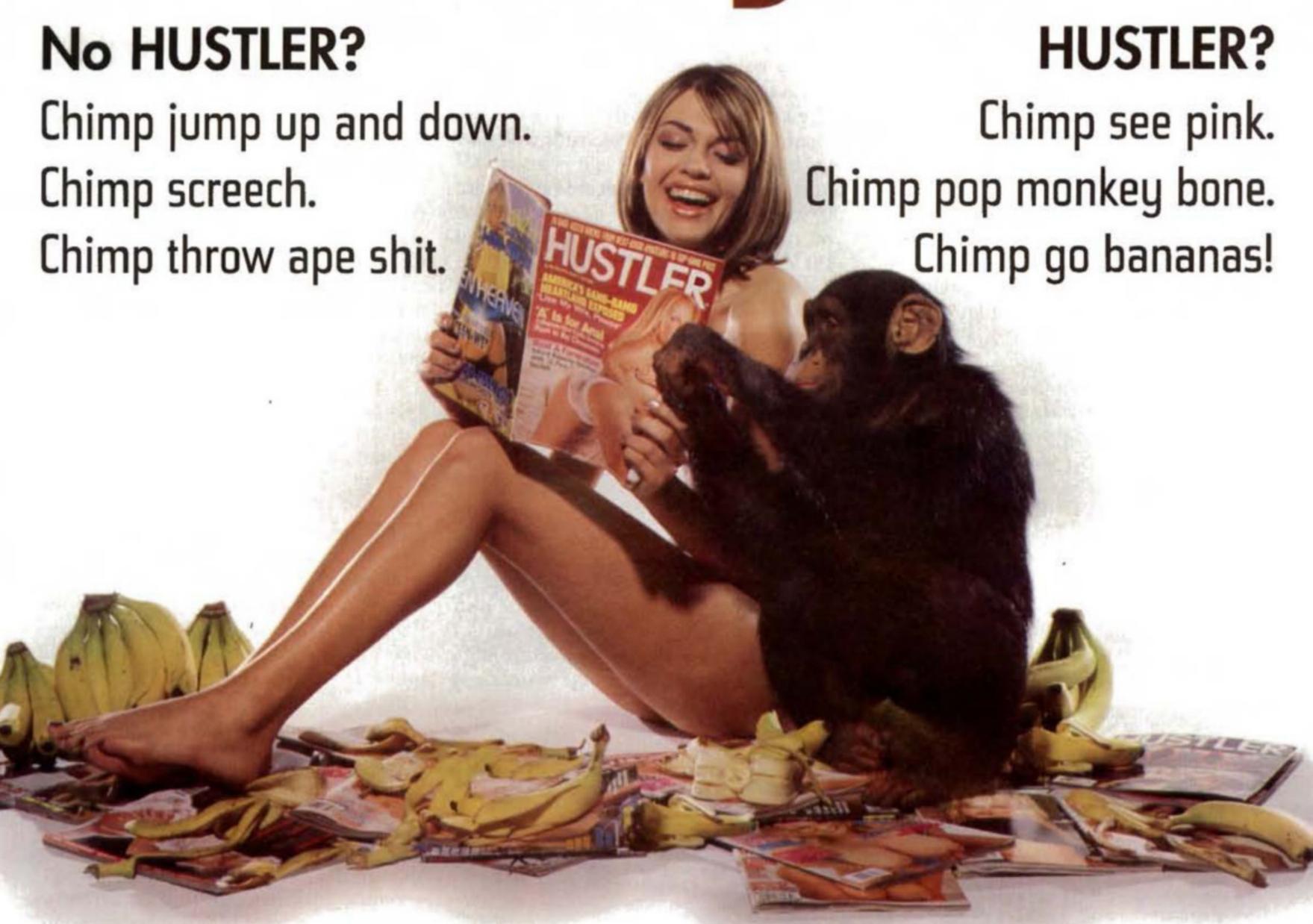
How dare you! I expect your complete attention when you're writing to me. Pull your dick out of your roommate's mouth and listen up! It's nice that you have so many wanting, willing and able mouths to service your piggish needs, but ask yourself this: How many other dicks are they sucking? Yes, it may be harder to contract the HIV virus orally, but the fact remains that your housemates are wearing out the skin of your cock with their mouths, which could result in microscopic open cuts. You're setting yourself up for disease! Haven't you ever heard of a condom? As for

your less pressing question, there are no miracle salves or cures for soreness, short of abstaining from your blowjob carnival. Time heals all wounds, including the ones on your cock. Have you considered taking matters into your own hands and giving your house sluts a break? Their knees might be just as tired as your cock. Take time out to recover, and give the girls a rest.

BALLIN' THE FAMILY

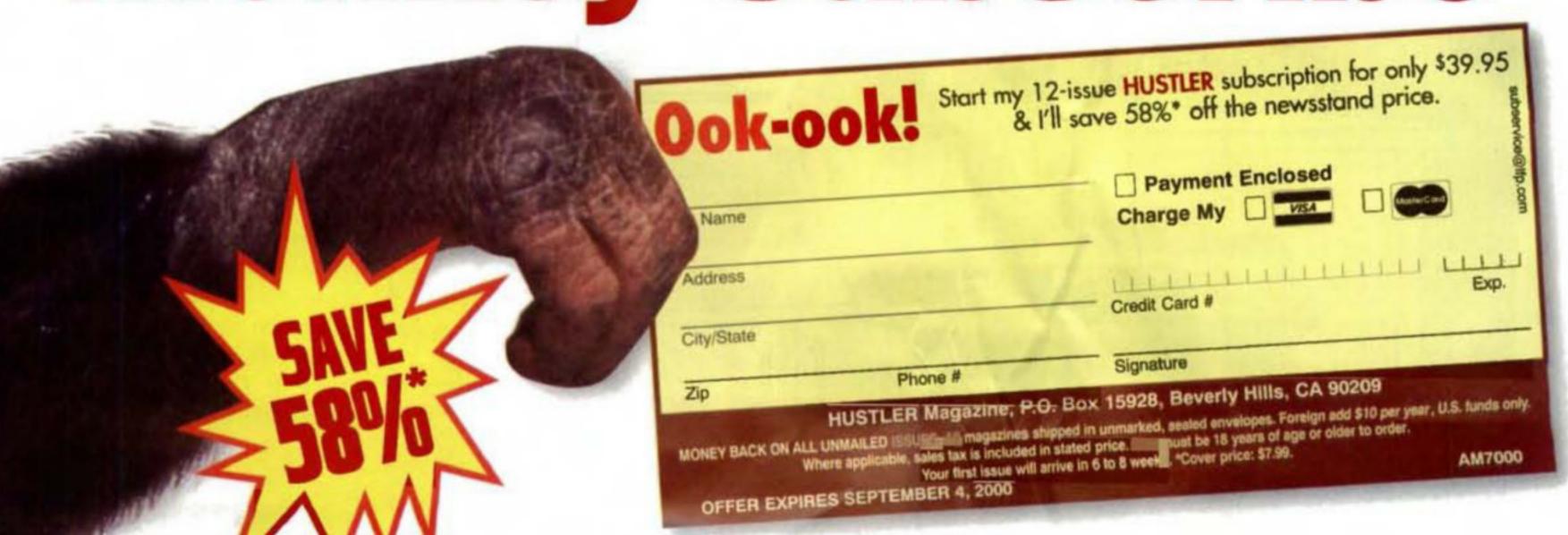
Thanks to you and your column, my wife of 13 years finally consented to have anal sex. Your advice has really opened us up to exploring new and exciting aspects of our sexuality. We've recently been entertaining the possibility of a threesome. At first, my wife feared that a group encounter could hurt our marriage. After much thought and discussion about a suitable third, my wife decided that my cousin would be perfect. But ever since my wife admitted that she's always had the hots for the guy, I've started to feel jealous, even though nothing has even happened between the three of us yet. I feel like I started the ball rolling and I can't stop it now, espe-

Monkey See



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Dear Slut Your chances with a porn star are fairly limited, no matter what you look

like. If it's any consolation, half of the boyfriends or husbands of grade-A porn stars are butt-ugly.

cially since my wife is finally trying new things. What should I do? —A. G. via Internet

Stay out of your cousin's pants! How often have you heard me say that fantasy is often best left a fantasy? The realization of your deepest, darkest desires will never live up to the expectations created by your imagination. Blood is thicker than cum. Your jealousy in advance is a strong indicator that you are not capable of handling a threeway situation. Consider satisfying your wife's urges within the safer confines of role-playing. You can pretend to be your cousin invading your wife's dripping-wet pussy, but do not allow your cousin's dick inside your wife's snatch for real. The resentment will be instant, and your extramarital dalliances could tear your family apart.

SMALL DICK, THICK SKULL

My husband and I are big fans of HUSTLER and your column. We often refer back to your advice during our many conversations about sex. We have been happily married for six years and enjoy a very active and satisfying sex

life. However, he still thinks that to really satisfy me, he needs to last for hours and have a 12-inch dick. I keep telling him he is wrong, but he doesn't believe me. He never stops complaining that his dick is too small to please me, disregarding the fact that he perfectly satisfies my carnal needs with the cute little willy he was born with. My husband is a very attentive lover, but his insecure ravings are driving me nuts. I know he will listen to you. Could you please reassure my man that there's a lot more to pleasing a woman than just the act of intercourse?

> -M. A. Fleetwood, Pennsylvania

There's nothing worse than fucking a big-dicked man who believes all he has to do is shove his 12-inch rod in your slot and rely on his meat to finish the job for him. As women, we both know that there's much more to lovemaking than monster-schlong insertion. Personally, I can't stand Olympics-style, marathon fucking. After I've had one or two good orgasms, I'm content and happy. Foreplay is my favorite sexual activity, and a man doesn't need a huge schlong to be an expert pussy-licker. A

variety of sexual positions helps to vary the stimulation no matter what size penis you're riding. Doggy-style is my favorite position, and this angle also works for men who are a tad shy about their size. Take it from me, it ain't the meat; it's the motion.

SEEKS PERFECTION

I have a desire to have sex with a grade-A, porn-star-beautiful woman. Ideally, she would have a face to die for, huge, round tits, a tight ass, long legs and, of course, beautiful, long, straight, blond hair. I'm not ugly and I'm a great fuck, but I just don't draw any attention from the sex goddesses in my neighborhood. If a woman like that gave me half a chance, I know she'd come back for more. Should I give up my wishful thinking or stick it out and hope for the best? —С. М.

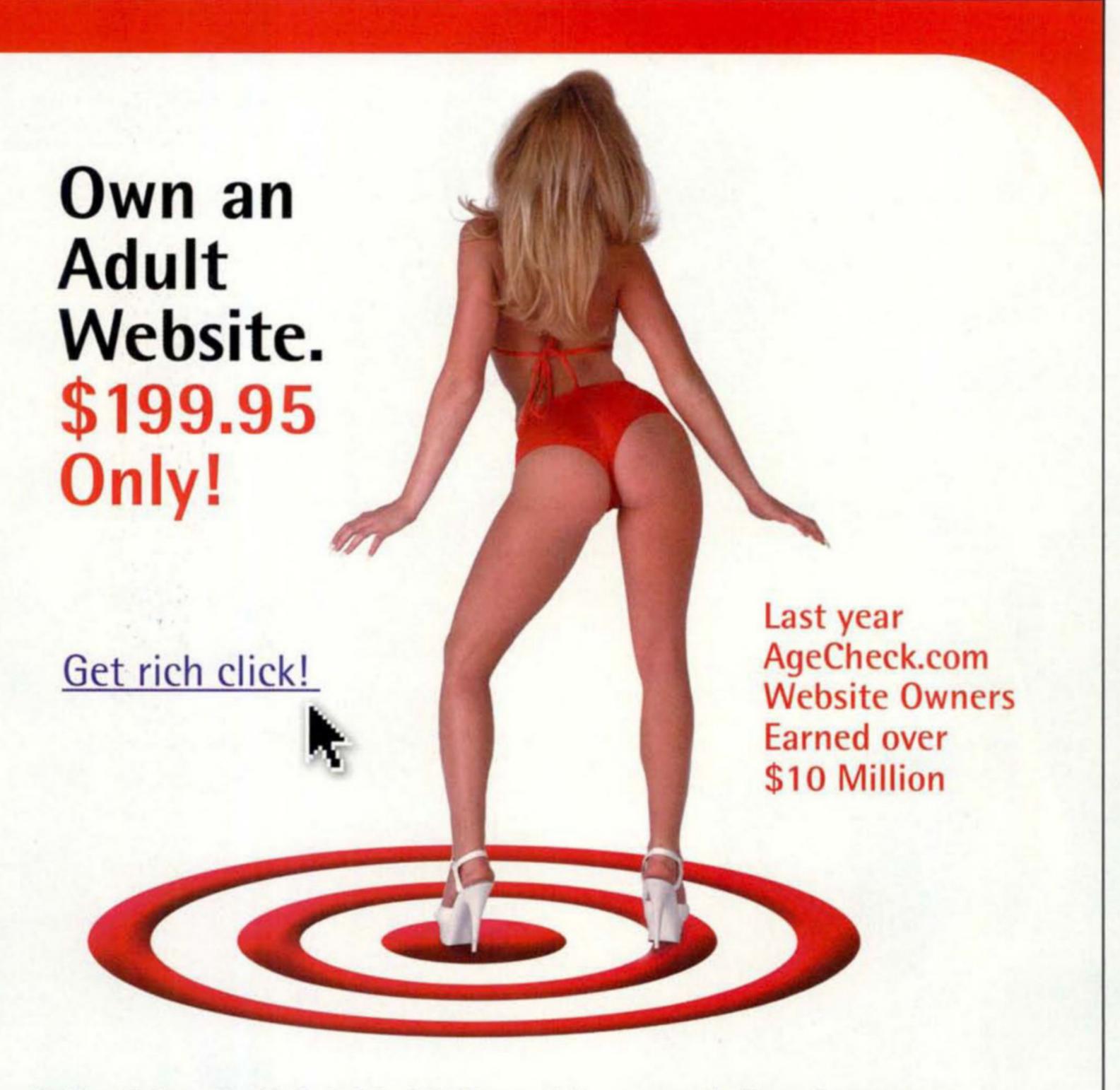
Las Vegas, Nevada

Don't you know that beggars can't be choosers? Please understand that the woman you are searching for is a wellpaid Los Angeles harlot. Unless you are willing to move to L. A., keep unlimited quantities of cash in your bank account and drive a bitchin' Ferrari, your chances with a porn-star-beautiful babe are fairly limited, no matter what you look like. If it's any consolation, half of the boyfriends or husbands of grade-A porn stars are butt-ugly. The Barbie-doll vixens you wish to nail do not require Ken-doll looks, just buckets of money. I'm certainly not suggesting that you settle for a toothless guttersnipe with tits that point straight to hell, but you should consider bringing your standards down to reality and taking an honest look at the beautiful women in your world. Besides, visual stimulation alone will only go so far in maintaining carnal interest. I can attest to the fact that the very woman you describe is, more times than not, a cold, dead fish in bed. Forget about the perfect-on-the-outside women who may or may not exist in your neighborhood. Instead of fantasy babes, try to meet a lady who will arouse you with her winning smile, sense of humor and sparkling personality.



Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.





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HUNDREDS of TEENS

When working as a babysitter for a side job, I always manage to show my fresh pubes to the "daddy" (my employer). There never seems to be a shortage of babysitting or hard cocks. So look at my soft, hairy, "bush" really close then call me on the Wet-Teen line... I'll get You off again and again.





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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 12)

the past, and Beaver Hunt consistently represents ladies of all ages, but most of the HUSTLER readership-both young and old-prefer coochie with lower mileage.

Go to Persia

I have a deep-seated appreciation for brunettes with thick, hairy pussies and hairy anal areas. Persian women especially turn me on—they make me melt in my tracks. When they wear seamed nylons and high heels, have pretty feet and show off their assholes, I experience a total meltdown! Please show more Indian and Persian women in your pictorials; I will thank you eternally if you do.

> —C. G. via Internet

The hairiest Persian beauties are in Persia, but HUSTLER has been privileged to photograph hairy, Arabian cooze on occasion. With any luck, a gorgeous Kama Sutra maiden will heed your call and present herself to the HUSTLER Talent Department with a fur-flying belly dance.

Beaver Hunter

I'd like to commend Mr. Larry Flynt and the fine staff at LFP, Inc. for producing the most incredible publication in the Free World-HUSTLER. I've been subscribing to HUSTLER for three years, and I have no complaints whatsoever regarding America's Magazine, except that I need more Beaver Hunt! I recall seeing a BEST OF BEAVER HUNT collection once upon a time, but have been hard-pressed to obtain a copy for myself. Is there a current edition? Are there back issues? Is there a book containing all of the amateur bush that's been sent to your Beverly Hills offices? Please let me know. —F. W.

You're a little late to the Beaver Hunt party, but there's still time to catch up on the neighborhood gashfest. HUSTLER is now up to Volume 22 of the amateurcooch collection. You can order back issues of BEST OF BEAVER HUNT by calling the HUSTLER Subscription Department at (323) 651-2348.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Desperately Seeking Miss Schwarzenegger

I have many back issues of HUSTLER, and in one article I recently read about female bodybuilders (Steroid Sisters:

The Juiced Highs and Rotten Lows of Female Bodybuilding, Holiday Issue 1996), I was amazed by the description of steroids causing permanent enlargement of women's clitorides. Have you ever considered doing a pictorial with a female bodybuilder? There's only one magazine devoted to nude female bodybuilders, but they don't show pink. HUSTLER has featured transsexuals, fat chicks, old broads and chicks with outof-control pubic bushes; so I don't know why you wouldn't honor my request. My perverted gym buddies would certainly appreciate seeing a buff bitch in the raw, and I'm certain the rest of the country would be curious to see naked

female muscle too. -J. B. Hauppauge, New York

In the sea of pussy, HUSTLER generally favors exceptional beauty over photo-sets depicting physical extremes. Nevertheless, your suggestion will be taken into consideration for the future.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.









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ENTERTAINMENT
HAS TO OFFER



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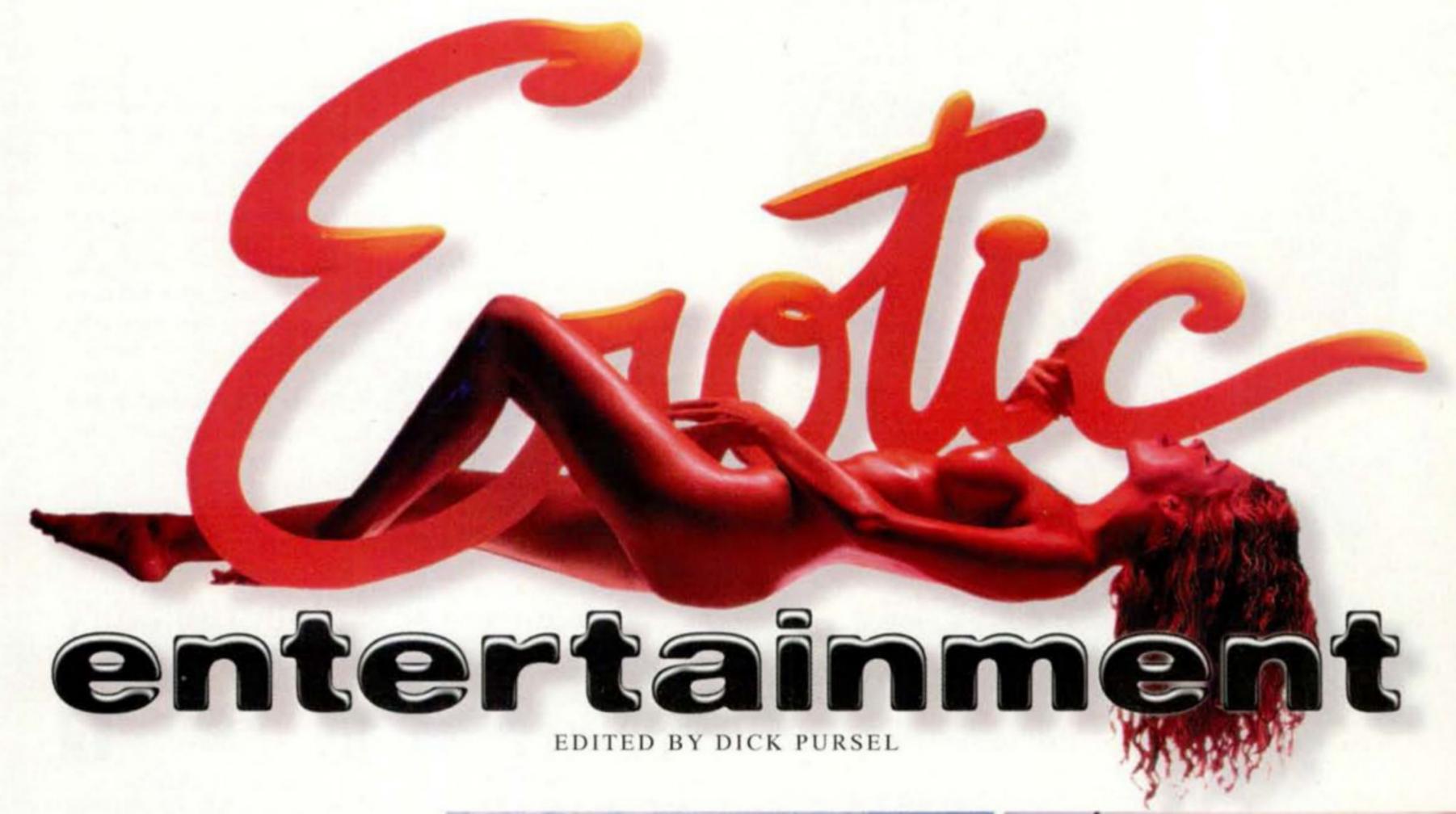


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Caribbean Undercover



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Nicholas Steele; starring Tara Patrick, Caroline Cage, Cheila, Jessica Drake, Schelly Elson, Judy, Vanda, Evan Stone, Brick Majors, Mark Davis, Anthony Crane and Mickey G. Videocassette: Adam & Eve.

Packaged as a XXX spy thriller, the action in Caribbean Undercover is all sexual. While a CIA-style mission leads horny spies to the lush, tropical paradise of St. Martin, the plot is merely an excuse to fuck foreign babes on yachts and hot, sandy beaches. Exotic ball bloater Tara Patrick is the only American lass on the island, an ice-queen emissary who thaws on penile contact. The other babes appear to be European Mata Haris who only manage to steal government secretions from American-spy dicks. Mark Davis enjoys two Nordic blondes on the bow of a ship. The flaxen-tressed lookalikes feast on Davis's meat missile. Waves crash onshore as spies and Old-world sluts reenact From Here to Eternity, improving on the original romantic vision by adding wet, slurpy blowjobs and tight anal delights. In Caribbean Undercover, the emission is a complete success, causing viewer willpower to self-destruct in 60 seconds.

-Dan Panorama



Mark Davis relaxes in the tropical coochie shade.



Vanda caught between a Brick and a rock.



Tara Patrick chooses to accept her mission.



R XXX Debuts on Video

To kick off a new, erotic millennium, HUSTLER drops its raunchiest video series yet. Straight from the pages of HUSTLER XXX, the über-hard edition of HUSTLER, comes Larry Flynt's latest small-screen masterpiece, HUSTLER XXX #1. Former Private helmsman Pierre Woodman climbs aboard the USS HUSTLER and aims his camera at five ultraraw vignettes. Stamped with Woodman's signature down-and-dirty style and overflowing with a bevy of devastatingly beautiful choad fiends, HUSTLER XXX #1 is sure to attain legendary status in the adult-film world.

Sand invades every hole when a desperate slut takes on five pussy-starved mooks. The suntanned nymph rides a scrotum pole, desperately milking a brace of cocks until her face is bathed in a flood of salty ball brine. A leggy bartender earns the ultimate tip from her favorite customers: a taste of twat and a foamy facial. An oral examination

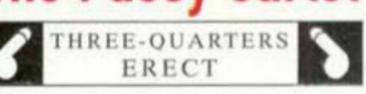
turns carnal when a lucky patient starts filling his sexy dentist's cavities. When the routine checkup evolves into a threeway pipe cleaning, it's only a matter of time before the spit sink is coated with frothy jizz. A peeping Tina spies on her hedonistic neighbors as they bone in the bathroom next door. She plays with her petals while the fuckers rut from every angle. Two lesbo lovers think that a tropical waterfall is the perfect private spot for an outdoor tryst. Luckily, they're wrong; a hiker happens upon the dykes, observes their mutual tongue bath and then, unable to resist, dives into the poontang.

Chock-full of raunchy gang-bang, anal and D. P. scenes, replete with high production values, exotic locations and loads of gorgeous women, this inaugural installment raises the bluescreen bar with HUSTLER-style hardcore smut. Welcome to a new age in adult video: the era of HUSTLER XXX.

HUSTLER XXX video provides high-definition sleaze.



The Pussy Cartel



Directed by Drill; starring Brigette, Charlene Aspen, Claudia, Chandler, Samantha, Obsession, Tony Montana, Chris Cannon and Billy Glide. Videocassette: Gentlemen's Video.

"We take you now to the first installment of The Pussy Cartel," a narrator intones in this tale of carnal intrigue. Cutting straight to the scene already in progress at Tony Montana's tropical hideaway, the camera finds Montana basking in luxury, enjoying an expert blowjob from cum-hungry brunette Claudia. Brigette languidly reclines beside a pool until Charlene Aspen arrives and leads the leggy blonde to the rooftop patio for a lesbian interlude. Aspen slides her fingers inside Brigette's butter churn as their tongues lock in a kiss. Finger-banging Brigette's slippery hole, Aspen sucks her golden-locked lover's natural titties with starving-infant urgency. Nerve endings connect, igniting sparks in Brigette's pussy. Brigette returns the favor, feasting on Charlene's dusky crotch. Explosions occur between the legs of the trembling carpet grazers. Shock is the result, and then all is calm. Wait a minute-aren't these babes supposed to be freedom fighters? Who cares? The Pussy Cartel commands dicks to stand at attention and fight the good fight until they come. -D.P.

The Sopornos



THREE-QUARTERS



Directed by James DiGiorgio; starring Tabitha Stevens, Johnni Black, Lauryl Canyon, Kendra Jade, Bobbie Barron, Phyllisha Anne, Julian, Herschel Savage, Guy DiSilva, Steve Hatcher and Tice Bune. Videocassette: VCA Platinum Plus.

The Sopornos offers a good excuse for porn studs to masquerade as mobsters, overact and fight. Lucky for them, the dames are worth fighting for. Bobby Soporno is the mob boss with a problem. Just as in The Sopranos, the head mafioso pours his heart out to his analyst. "The girls in my casino are horny as hell. When they're not fuckin' the customers, they're fuckin' the dealers. When they can't fuck the dealers, they're fuckin' each other. They're fuckin'

sex maniacs, and they're fuckin' crazy!" Therapy sessions turn into casino vignettes: Tabitha Stevens and Bobbie Barron suck twat in a feverish 69 on a roulette table. Mafia hothead Julian complains about the Don while receiving a blowjob from porn vet supreme Lauryl Canyon. Canyon thrusts her pussy in Julian's face to stop his bellyaching. Soaking the blonde's shaved clam with spit, Julian wedges his Italian sausage so deep into the drool-slathered crevasse that Lauryl can taste the spicy herbs in the back of her throat. Apropos of its mobster theme, The Sopornos inspires many whacks. -D.P.

Chloe: The Story of a Sex Addict



TOTALLY LIMP



Directed by Kris Kramski; starring Chloe Nicholle, Danielle Rogers, Cheyenne Silver, Barrett Moore, Linda Restelli, Constance, James Bonn, Randy Spears, Chris Cannon, Able Dickens, Denni Towey, Terry Stone, Jose Arieta, Laurent Sky, Buddy Daniels, John Durham and Jaime Medina. Videocassette: Sin City.

Director Kris Kramski batters erections into totally limp submission with Chloe, a depressing and depraved drama about a suicidal waif (Chloe) who is drugged and abused by a sadistic doctor (James Bonn). Technically, Chloe is superb (both Chloe and James Bonn received Best Actress and Best Actor honors at this year's AVN Awards for their performances), but its cinematic aspiration and dour moralism come at the expense of eroticism. Depressed, broke and unwanted, Chloe slices her wrists beside a road in an industrial wasteland. Dr. Bonn happens upon the nearly comatose Chloe and takes her home. Bandaging and drugging the poor waif, Dr. Bonn entertains his sick fantasies with the barely living fuckdoll. He smears her with fried eggs in the kitchen, jerking off with his ovule-lubricated dick and feeding her a sperm omelet. Further on, Bonn prods Chloe's asshole with a cordless-telephone antenna and crams her pussy with a beer bottle. Kramski clearly should go back to Europe and make dystopian dreams for housebound vampires. The only wood Chloe inspires is a stake through the heart. -D.P.

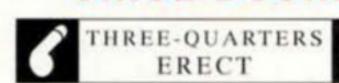


THE PUSSY CARTEL: Charlene Aspen liberates Brigette's oppressed booty.



THE SOPORNOS: Mob muff keeps Tabitha Stevens alive.

Chica Boom



Directed by Mark Archer; starring Carmen, Charlene Aspen, Melody Love, Aurora, Jane, Roy L. Shaft, Jack Hammer, Guy DiSilva, Oliver Sanchez and Brandon Iron. Videocassette: Toe-to-Toe Video.

Exotic and spicy fish-taco coochie coaxes man salsa from throbbing chorizo in Chica Boom, a collection of vignettes featuring five gorgeous Latin chicas. Each chapter unfolds with a simple story: Petite Cubana Melody Love teaches a klutzy gringo how to cha-cha, while Puerto Rican sensation Charlene Aspen entertains a recent ex-con. Sitcom dialogue that actually entertains is punctuated by Telemundo-style varietyshow laugh tracks and canned applause. The canned hilarity drops out of the mix once the action heats up and returns when appropriate. After Charlene Aspen hoovers a mouthful of spum from the ex-con's cock, the freshly sprung criminal remarks, "You're a good little bitch, just like your fuckin' brother was inside the joint." Pissed, Charlene launches the con's load at his face, and the laughs resume. Carmen, an incredible 19-year-old Spanish import, is clearly the star of the show. Carmen's bilingual novio interprets for his raven-haired girlfriend in a pre-fuck interview. The international language of lust commences with inspired anal poundings that pack the boom into Chica Boom. -D. P.

Skin XIV: Cuntrol

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Toshi Gold; starring Jill Kelly, Lauren Montgomery, Cheyenne Silver, Alexandra Silk, Angela D'Angelo, Alana, Shaena Steel, Sophia, Nakita, Cinthia, Dana, Alexandra Nice, Timber, Marble Delight, Mr. Marcus, Eric Price, Brick Majors, Cuba DeMoan, Ryan D., Evan Stone, Mark Anthony, John, Robert Rose, Dana, Max Cady, Michael J. Cox and Red. Videocassette: Eurotique Entertainment.

Jill Kelly longs to empower her damaged soul in Cuntrol. The statuesque blond bombshell runs through the woods crying and clutching a Bible. She collapses to the ground and sobs, her tears transforming into cum. A painted crucifix appears over Jill's shaved snatch. Submissive, pleather-clad slave girls grovel and flash gash. What does it all mean? Is this a Renaissance Faire run amok? Is masturbation possible during what amounts to a sacrilegious porn production of Cats? The answer is a qualified yes. Vignettes unfold like dreams. A couple fornicates in the woods. A naked Indian tribe comprising blacks, whites, Asians and Hispanics surrounds the couple. One Indian fires a dildo-tipped arrow into the porn chick's cooch like Cupid, and an orgy erupts on the grass. Another fantasy involves Jill Kelly giving birth to her full-grown self and suckling her offspring double. Jill symbolically regains Cuntrol of her frenzied life, but will viewers relinquish sperm? If they fast-forward to the two incredible orgy scenes,

they most certainly will. -D.P.



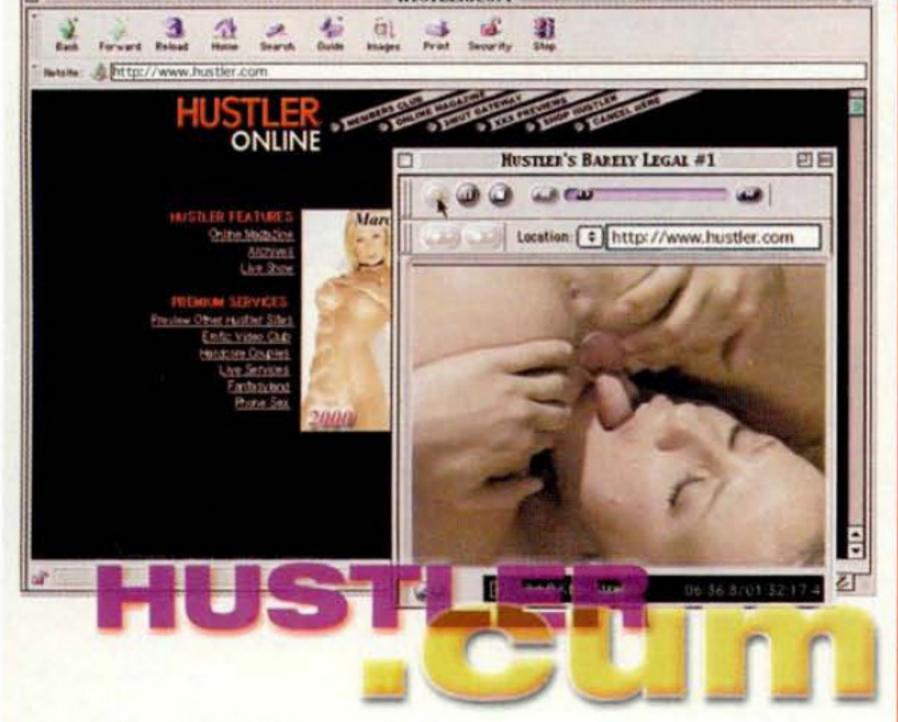
CHLOE: "Chloe, it's for you."



CHICA BOOM: Aurora gives Iron a 'v.'



SKIN XIV: CUNTROL: Kelly's new car came equipped with a passenger-side hosebag.



Digital Smut From America's Magazine

Always on the cutting edge, HUSTLER continues to fortify its presence on the smut-filled Internet with a sticky Web of hard-core pages. Offering high-quality subscriber services for online horndogs, Flynt Digital and its pantheon of sites are the premiere porn providers on the masturbation superhighway. Users can click through full issues of HUSTLER, BARELY LEGAL, TABOO and a host of other adult magazines. Exclusive bonus shots accompany the photo-sets, offering extra outtakes of our Honeys in positions and

HUSTIER'S BARELY LEGAL #1

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Above: Fearless leader Flynt addresses the XXX horndog masses.

Below: A BARELY LEGAL carnal feast.



poses that couldn't fit into our jampacked print publications. Video junkies can score a fix on 12,000 easy-to-use sex channels, while voyeurs can peep and chat with housebound nymphos 24/7. With an army of more than 100,000 users already subscribing and an average of 50,000 random hits per day, traffic to our online erotic emporium is a pleasure ride that more and more porn commuters are taking.

To better serve the onslaught of sexcrazed surfers, HUSTLER's eye is trained on the future. High-speed cable modem, DSL and T1 users can stream more than 1,000 full-length porn titles from myriad labels. With HUSTLER, Zane, Max Hardcore, Pussyman, Cinderella, Fallen Angel and many other purveyors weighing in with content, hours of first-class spank fodder are only a click away. Highoctane modem users can also watch and chat with live girls on a 30-frame-per-second Real Audio stream that places highresolution pussy right on your laptop.

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S.I.D.S.

(Sexually Intrusive Dysfunctional Society)

TOTALLY

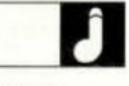
Directed by Lizzy Borden; starring Alana, Iroc, Monique, Lizzy Borden, Monique DeMoan, Donita, Luciano, Jon Dough, Earl Slate, Brian Surewood, Jake Steed, J. J. Michaels and Oliver. Videocassette: Extreme Associates.

A calf's head floats, half submerged in a pool of tepid, yellowed milk. Unnaturally endowed Donita smears a dripping slab of tripe across her swaying silicone udders. On hands and knees in the filthy muck, Donita succumbs to a sloppy rear entry. A stud slathers her back with a chunk of raw fish meat. Disgusted yet? That's only the tip of the shitberg. With films like S.I.D.S., director-cum-screenwhore Lizzy Borden attempts to smash every rule of porn. Instead, Borden should aim for raunchier sex and steer clear of the silly gore. Some of Borden's avant-porn touches succeed. The low-budget barbed wire, trash-bag and partystreamer sets are actually a refreshing change from the usual generic hotel rooms and embarrassingly tacky producer homes. The bizarro ambient and Tibetan chants on the soundtrack also set a suitable acidtrip tone. Still, there's no excuse for subjecting the viewer to multiple dildos penetrating some kraut dude's sphincters. It's no coincidence that the title S.I.D.S. bears close resemblance the 20th century's deadliest venereal disease; both the video and the virus are plagues that intelligent horndogs should avoid. -Nicholas Veridian

Taxi Dancers

Ĵ

FULLY ERECT



Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Tia Bella, Asia Carrera, Alexandra Silk, Liza Harper, Angelica Sin, Carol, Jessica Darlin, Leianni Lei, Mickey G., Herschel Savage, Tom Adams, Tim Hard and Rich Handsome. Videocassette: Vivid.

Sex-starved ladies amble up to the bar looking for willing partners in *Taxi Dancers*. Who wouldn't drop a dime on exotic hotties such as Asia Carrera and Tia Bella? Leggy chicas like these send fellas running for the ATM, especially when the lights go down and their

clothes come off. Onstage, Asia struts her sweet stuff for Herschel Savage, teasing his brown-speckled prick with her delectable snack cake. Savage fingers Asia's pie, then crams his prong in the beauty's mouth for her to slobber on. She lowers her cooze onto his spitlubed prick, cooing and moaning with delight as his spotted dick invades her girl trench. Asia flips her mane and diddles her clit as she gallops toward the big O, expertly milking the Savage wand, which casts its magical cream all over Asia's gorgeous bod. Paul Thomas tosses in high production values, good acting, a great story and scores of cheap sluts to sweeten the deal. For just a dime, a twirl with the slutty escorts of Taxi Dancers is the deal of the century.

-N. V.

Barefoot Confidential #5



HALF ERECT



Directed by Mark Archer; starring Bunny Luv, Blair, Scarlet Fever, Alicia and Van Damage. Videocassette: Toe-To-Toe Video.

Footjobs and cream-covered tootsies are de rigueur with the fetish set, but are surprisingly scarce in Barefoot Confidential #5. Kink auteur Mark Archer plants his starlets in interesting situations, but doesn't pair them with enough schwanz to satisfy. Blair and Bunny Luv fantasize about killing Bunny's dad and spending his inheritance. A G.I. Joe doll becomes their symbol for the unwanted parental figure. The girls berate and trample the action figure, then force it to eat Bunny's sweet clam. The pair share a double-headed dildo and fuck each other silly. Blair piledrives Luv's snatch with the pseudodick and licks her puckered bunghole. The only boy/girl fuck scene, between Van Damage and Alicia, comes late in the flick. Alicia cups Van's balls as he buries his bone in the brunette's browneye. As Alicia rims Damage's shitter, he milks splooge onto her toes. When it comes to fucking, the saying is true: Better late than never. For pussy-loving worshipers of the extremities, Barefoot lower Confidential #5 is a baby step in the right direction. -N. V.



S.I.D.S.: "Look—it's Herschel Savage's dick!"



TAXI DANCERS: Carrera's snake dance.



BAREFOOT CONFIDENTIAL #5: Bunny Luv worships at Blair's pussy altar.

Guttermouths #15



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Jim Powers; starring Aspen Brock, Donita Dunes, Gina Ryder, Goldie, Jane Lixx, Joel Lawrence, Dave Hardman, J. J. Michaels, Lance Romance, Jack Hammer and Johnny Thrust. Videocassette: JM Productions.

Filthy pillow talk is the cornerstone of a raunchy fuck flick, and in Guttermouths #15, the dirty gab flows freely. The problem is, once sluts start flapping their gums, it's impossible to shut them up. When henpecked porn studs finally cram their meat plugs into the chatterboxes' spewing pieholes, the silence is golden. Aspen Brock is a wiry minx who's great to look at, but a real pain in the ear. Thankfully, two cocks squelch her phone-sex orations with deepthroat thrusts. Aspen straddles a stairway banister and noisily invites the studs to bang her cooze. Brock's tiny titties jiggle as the studs bang her twat from every direction. After a cacophonous D. P., she finishes the boys off and licks leftover jizz off the floor. Spice Girl-gone-bad Goldie saves the affair with a sexy British accent that puts Valley-tramp bleating to shame. "Beat that meat," the blonde demands. Jerking off while Goldie luxuriates under a lesbo tongue bath is a pleasure, but gal pal Gina Ryder's squawking plagues wood worse than termites do. When it comes to talk, dirty doesn't always equal sexy. Most of the chicks in Guttermouths #15 should keep their fucking mouths shut. -N. V.



GUTTERMOUTHS #15: Jane Lixx can't keep her trap shut.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

FULLY ERECT

The Awakening (Vivid Film) Kobe Tai, Inari Vachs, Bobby Vitale

Chloe's "I Came, Did You?!!" (Elegant Angel)

Chloe, Tina Tyler, Pat Myne

The Uranus Experiment #2 (Private/Odyssey Group Video) Bettina, Sylvia Saint, Frank Major

Where the Boys Aren't 11 (Vivid Video) Leslie Glass, Kobe Tai, Tia Bella

Action Sports Sex #5 (Vivid Raw) Envy, T. J. Hart, Bobby Vitale

Babewatch #10 (Multimedia Pictures) Temptress, Chennin Blanc, Alec Metro

Gallery of Sin (Legend) Sadie Jordan, Lola, Mike Horner

Nothing to Hide 4: Club Purgatory (Metro) Gwen Summers, Melissa Hill, Herschel Savage

Shane's World 21: Cliffhanger (Odyssey Group Video) Bobbie, Halli Aston, Ian Daniels

Superstition (Vivid) Kate More, Genevieve, Nick Lang

Tales From the Pink (Adam & Eve) Stephanie Swift, Temptress, Alec Metro

The Violation of Jewel Valmont (JM Productions)

Jewel Valmont, Gwen Summers, Vivi Anne

HALF ERECT

Gang Bang Angels 6 (Elegant Angel) Jade Marcela and a small herd of dongs

Wildflower (Adam & Eve) Asia Carrera, Jill Kelly, Devin Wolf

ONE-QUARTER

Air Tight 6 (Toxxxic/Metro) Envy, Chennin Blanc, Tice Bune

True Hookers Stories (VCA) Bobbi Bliss, Christi Lake, Herschel Savage

TOTALLY

Fear and Loathing With Kid Vegas (X-traordinary Pictures) Caroline Pierce, Heaven Leigh, Kid Vegas

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

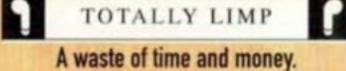
Above average. Hard-on material.

HALF ERECT

Standard fare. Has moments.

ONE-QUARTER

ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.



The Blowjob Adventures of Dr. Fellatio #21

HALF ERECT

Directed by Zakk Wylde; Starring Nature Blossom, Stormy Dream, Sasha Cummings, Nova, Dyn-a-mite, Cumisha Amado, Heather Lynn, Lita Chase, Shaena Steel, Vivian Valentine, Phyllisha Anne and Amber Michaels. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Fleshy tongue depressors batter swollen tonsils in The Blowjob Adventures of Dr. Fellatio #21. In this oral-only outing, a dozen cock-starved patients are prescribed a regimen of cock therapy followed by a healthy dose of jizz. One subject, the statuesque Sasha Cummings, fights valiantly for her medicine, coaxing the life-giving serum from a hard-on before begging for an extra dose of sploogy elixir. Sadly, some of the patients are too lethargic to generate copious amounts of ball balm. Dyn-amite is too concerned with licking bung to properly huff man meat. Several others suffer harsher diagnoses. Their pallid complexions and bored faces negate the johnson-stiffening benefits of good head. These lackluster ladies should take notes from co-stars Vivian Valentine, Heather Lynn and Amber Michaels, three respected Ph.D.s of the oral arts. Their rigorous mouth massages are a glory to observe, let alone experience. The uneven mix of hum junkies in The Blowjob Adventures of Dr. Fellatio #21 results in a shaky prognosis. -N. V.

Millennium



Directed by Michael Raven; starring Katja Kean, Sydnee Steele, Charlie, Antonia, Julie Meadows, Paisley Adams, Jeannie Rivers, Bridgett Monroe, Allysin Chaynes, Candy Apples, Shay Sweet, Herschel Savage, Alec Metro, Eric Price, Evan Stone, Lexington Steele, Dante, Mark Vega, Mark Davis, Mr. Marcus

> and John West. Videocassette: Sin City.

When the Millennium comes, futuristic fucker Katja Kean laps up the splooge like a true nextgeneration slut. Katja's a slender blonde well worth traveling



THE BLOWJOB ADVENTURES OF DR. FELLATIO #21: A dirty blonde washes her mouth out with cum.



MILLENNIUM: Squack to the future: Kean rides slime machine.

through time to screw. Not surprisingly, a gang of badass pricks from 2099 navigates the time stream to pursue Kean's sweet coochie. Clad in aluminum-foil lab coats, two villainous pricks seize Katja and probe her vage within inches of orgasm. Vibratortipped hoses prod Kean's ass and twat cyborg-style. Katja grabs a fleshy prong and bobs while a horndog slams her behind. Boldly going for broke, Kean welcomes a cheek-splitting D.P. and barely breaks a sweat as

she's gang-banged. Like a true heroine, Katja faces her fate head-on. Stroking dual pricks, Kean extends tongue to chin. Shining semen strafes her cheek, smears her lips and coats her smiling face. Director Michael Raven successfully steals riffs from sci-fi classics The Matrix and The Terminator, but the cool effects, killer drum-'n'-bass tracks and sizzling cyberbabes, such as Katja and Charlie, make Millennium an apocalypse-rocking End of Lays sex party. -N. V.































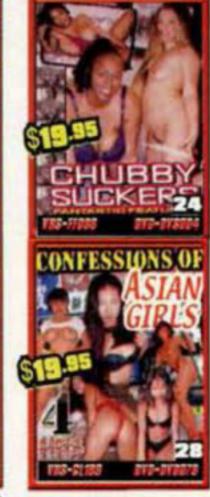














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LAY YOUR HANDS IN ME

My life fell apart when I discovered that I was barren. I cried uncontrollably for weeks, cursing God for depriving me of the ability to bear children. Mad with grief and rage, I left my husband and went on a four-day bender. I eventually came to in a fleabag motel room somewhere in Arizona, sprawled naked next to a pool of vomit and an empty bottle of Southern Comfort. At that moment, I resolved to regain control. Wallowing in self-pity and distilled spirits would only aggravate my despair. Determined to mend my shattered soul, I traveled to Phoenix in search of a new life.

I took a job waiting tables at a roadside diner called The Lazy Stable. At that unlikely greasy spoon lurked my salvation. Her name was Madison. The big, beautiful short-order cook won my heart during my first day on the job when I dropped off a ticket for a fried-egg sandwich with hash browns.

"He wants the eggs runny," I said.

Madison's majestic frame cast a shadow over me. She leveled me with her dark-eyed stare from behind the counter. Her mighty hand gripped a spatula; my nipples tingled. I admired the impressive chef's strong, generous figure.

"Then his eggs will be runny," Madison asserted, her words both firm and comforting. My loins burned with longing. I knew then, without a doubt, that this fine woman could fill my void.

My shift ended at six o'clock. I sat at the counter and ate a sandwich. Madison emerged from the kitchen. She shed her chef's coat and apron, revealing a swollen, fecund pair of breasts that swayed hypnotically under a thin, white T-shirt. The goddess of the grill slid her ample ass into the seat next to mine. She smelled of fry grease and Pine-Sol.

"You feel like hanging out with me tonight?" Madison asked.

"Yes," I answered without hesitation. I finished my BLT and followed Madison to her battered Datsun truck. We drove to her apartment, a small one-bedroom filled with collectible beer cans and sports mem-

orabilia. Madison removed an enormous tabby cat from the sofa and told me to sit down.

"Hope you don't mind if I take off my pants," Madison muttered, squirming out of her britches.

She flopped next to me on the couch in well-worn floral briefs. Her ripe, bountiful body hypnotized me. Madison slapped a paw on my thigh and scooted closer.

"You're pretty," she observed, "and kinda fragile. I'd like to touch your vagina. I think you'd appreciate it."

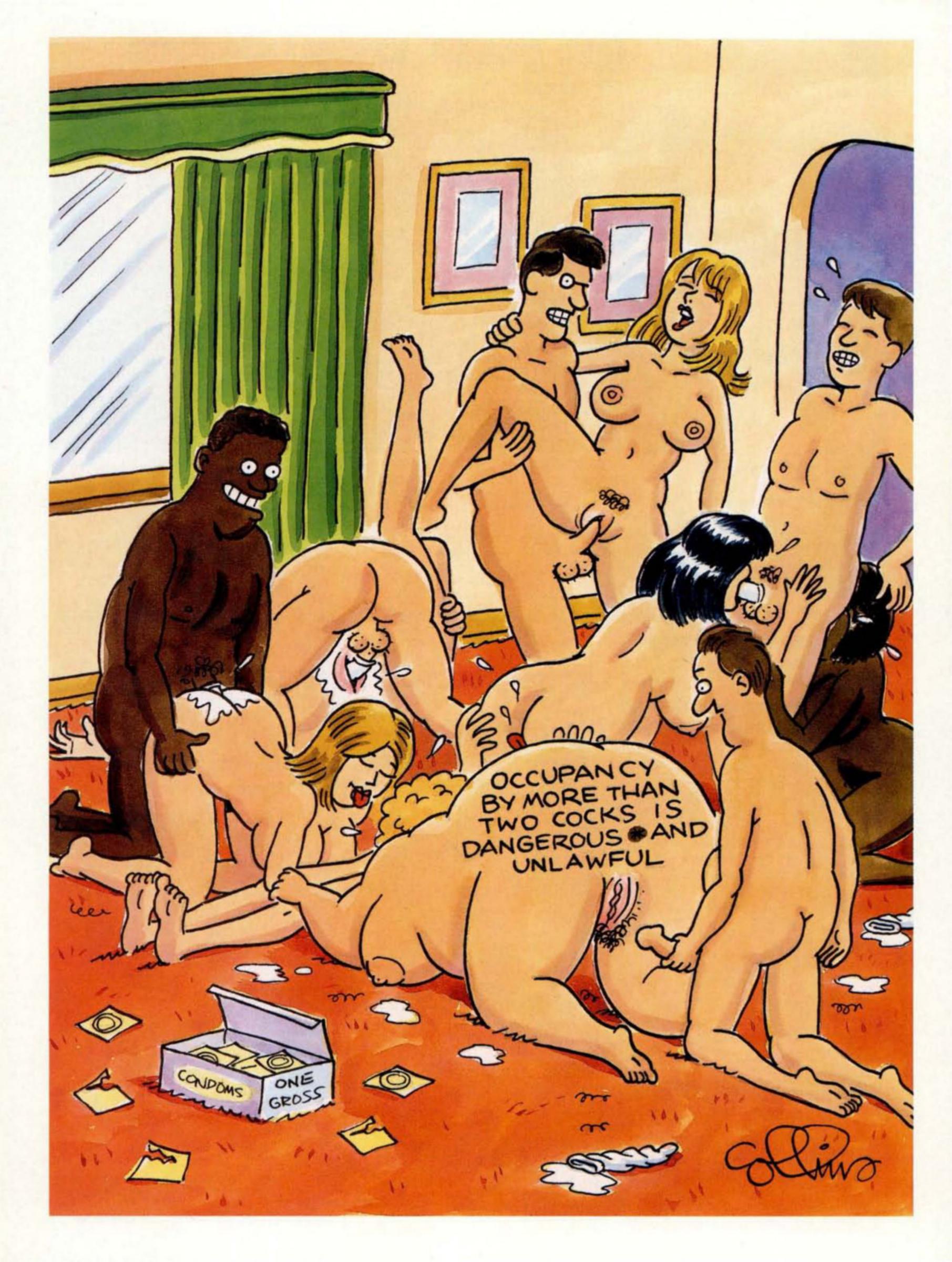
The short-order siren's forwardness snapped me out of my reverie. I nodded in agreement and raised my skirt to expose already damp, nylon panties. Madison dipped her thick fingers under the gauzy fabric and massaged my tumid labes while her other hand crept beneath my shirt and caressed my diminutive titties. My nipples shot up like tiny bullets. I reached for Madison's massive mams. My hand sank wrist-deep into her billowing breasts. The

rhythmic strokes of Madison's fingers against my lower lips made my skin tingle warmly. Yearning to wallow in the fertile slopes and valleys of her luscious form, I pressed my crotch against her strumming hand and urged her to jab a finger up my flue.

THETTERS

"Just a finger for starters," I cautioned. Madison complied. The digit entered. A vivifying tremor raised goose bumps on my skin as the lovely dyke's thick, calloused pointer wriggled up my canal. I welled up with an intense pleasure beyond anything I'd known before and





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Hot Letters she balled her hand into a tight fist and nudged her way up my

tunnel. I yelped; Madison hesitated. "Don't stop, you incredible fucking dyke!" I cried impatiently.

stuffed one of her huge nipples into my mouth. The clay-red nozzle tasted warm and earthy in my suckling yap.

"Two more fingers now," Madison murmured, sliding half of her hand into my snapper. A soothing pressure spread through my pelvis.

"It's so good," I murmured, oozing flue juice down Madison's arm. "I never liked it when my husband fingered me."

"More?" Madison inquired. "I think we have a little more room to work with."

"Shit, don't stop," I urged. "You want to give me more, I'll take more."

She slipped a fourth finger inside. Craving further penetration, I arched my back and urgently pumped my pussy against her hand. I wanted it all.

"Curl it up and put it in me," I moaned. My hungry cunny ached to swallow Madison entirely. I yearned to suck her up as far as my slight figure would allow.

"All right, honey," Madison breathed. "I'll put it all in." She balled her hand into a tight fist and nudged her way up my tunnel. I yelped; Madison hesitated.

"Don't stop, you incredible fucking dyke!" I cried impatiently.

Madison's fist inched forward till it was completely immersed in my girl gulch. Her knuckles massaged my cervix. My womb throbbed. For the first time, I felt whole.

"Keep it right there," I huffed, rearranging myself on my knees. I crouched on Madison's clutch and rolled my hips in circles. With each motion, my sense of fullness intensified. I was bloated with rapture. I braced myself for the orgasm of a lifetime.

"This is it," I spat through clenched teeth. "You're doing this, you beautiful bitch. This is all there is! I am complete!"

I came so hard, I nearly blacked out. Brooks of hot cunt broth bubbled from my snatch and down Madison's arm, forming fragrant pools on the sofa. I remained crouched for a while, savoring the heady sensation of the hash-slinging hottie's fist resting against my uterus. As Madison withdrew her hand, the tugging sense of release made me come again. With gratitude, I licked Madison's dank, piquant cunt. She bleated with bliss. Feeding on her pie relaxed and comforted me; the moist crevice of her cunny was like a damp sanctuary. I lapped away, relishing the taste of salt and honey until my probing tongue drew a moaning orgasm from my mighty mama. Drunk on pussy juice, we fell asleep on the sofa, my head buried in Madison's heaving bosom.

I was empty and lost until Madison pumped me full of life. Sometimes at work, we'll sneak into the pantry, and she'll slip a few fingers into my slot, a teasing preview of the bigger, better things to follow. Madison fills my void each night with her roving paw. I really have to hand it to her after all, turnabout is fair play. —G. F.

Phoenix, Arizona

SMARTY PANTS

Happy anniversary, HUSTLER. I was going to buy you a present, but I couldn't find anything that would begin to repay the debt I owe you. I am a voracious student of pussy, and HUSTLER is my wise and brilliant teacher. Women love to love me because I am so learned in the ways of their snatches. I navigate the damp, fragrant regions of their sugar walls with deft skill and unwavering confidence, fully exploring each tender fold and quivering clitoris. My bedmates' coy little butt puckers become pliant and willing when coaxed by my scholarly schween. I have produced orgasms in females that lesser men can only dream of conjuring. Once hooked on my studious schtupping, the grateful ladies always come back for more.

Just last week, an appreciative acquaintance named Tawny visited me with four beautiful girlfriends in tow. The honeys rewarded my prowess with countless blowjobs and stimulating displays of lesable as mine, this experience took the fucking cake—and all five delectable cookies.

I was poring over the latest issue of HUSTLER when my doorbell rang. Setting aside my notepad, I opened the door to find Tawny beaming at me, flanked by a stunning, multicultural array of girls. A petite Asian beauty and a smoldering black chick were on Tawny's right; a saucy Latina and a stately Czech stood to her left.

Holy shit, I mused, dumbstruck by the gorgeous gaggle standing eagerly before me. I shook myself from my stupor and invited the girls inside.

"Have a seat," I offered. The babes squeezed onto my couch in a ravishing row. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"That would be fine," Tawny replied. "We like Amaretto sours."

Another reason I'm so successful with women is that I keep my bar stocked with all the liquors necessary to mix girl drinks. Few men are prepared to whip up five Amaretto sours on demand. I, however, am always ready.

The misses sipped their drinks and introduced themselves. I listened carefully and committed their names to memory. Lucy was the Oriental, Tania the Negress, Rosa the Chicana and Katia the Czech. I quaffed a scotch and soda and made idle chitchat. bian love. Even with a sex life as remark- When Tawny finished her drink, she



"Y'know, there's something about beating the shit out of someone that just makes me wanna suck a dick."



CREDIT CARD BILLING

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SEKTOYS. GOM

Hot Letters I dipped my dick, already slippery with Rosa's spit, into Lucy's dank butt cave. The filthy geisha ground her vise-tight tush against my crotch to encourage deeper penetration.

assumed her position as ringleader.

"Your hospitality is greatly appreciated," the golden-tressed trollop began, "but we aren't here for the conversation. I experienced the fucking of a lifetime when we last met. Now I want to share your skills with my friends and show you my gratitude for such a great lay. Ladies, strip."

The sweet muffins shucked their finery. Tawny instructed me to put on some music. All females dig the girl power of Etta James; so I spun her greatest-hits CD and watched as the naked babes danced and rubbed lasciviously against one another. My member swelled as Lucy sucked on Rosa's engorged nipples and Katia's tongue speared Lucy's labia. Tawny winked at me and slid three fingers into Tania's chocolate coochie. The pair writhed against each other, creating a mouthwatering chocolate-vanilla swirl. Slowly, all five flowers linked to form a colorful daisy chain.

"Come closer," Tawny coaxed between slurps of Rosa's picante pie. "Pull out your cock."

Dick in hand, I approached the undulating kaleidoscope of flesh. Tania pulled her lips from Lucy's sushi and wrapped her protuberant kisser around my throbbing wad. The mahogany goddess's nimble licks drew an appreciative yelp from limply against my chest. Satiated, the my lungs. Tania bounced forcefully against Katia's Eastern European yap as she devoured my dong with voodooqueen ferocity. Spellbound, my head lolled back, and my vision grew blurry.

"That's enough corn pone for you," Tawny interrupted, bumping Tania aside. "Baby wants candy too. Mmmmrrrmm," Tawny slobbered, my fat dong crowding her throat.

Each horny honey took a turn fucking my tool with her tender mouth. The feel of their traps on my hammer was distinctive. Tania's tongue flicked forcefully while Katia's slurps were soothing and pensive; Lucy's licks were silky and fine, Tawny's, rapid and aggressive. Finally I experienced Rosa. Her churro-chomping technique was so spicy hot, it nearly threw me into a seizure.

"It's too good," I wheezed, forcing the Latin love doll's lips from my veiny tamale.

"Rosa's too much for you, eh, gringo?" Tawny teased as she and Katia frigged themselves over the HUSTLER I'd been reading earlier. "See if you can handle drilling little Lucy's ass."

Lucy waited patiently on all fours like an obedient Pekingese, waving her round, yellow bottom at me with an enticing giggle. I mounted the Asian cutie, sniffing her dirty lotus blossom with my twitching pistil. I dipped my dick, already slippery with

Rosa's spit, into Lucy's dank butt cave. The filthy geisha ground her vise-tight tush against my crotch to encourage deeper penetration. Gentle murmurs floated from Lucy's lips as she bucked her buns against me with surprising force. I reached for her tiny titties and massaged her puffy, brownish-pink areolas. Tania, itching for a piece of the fine concubine, hunkered down on all fours and shoved her slice of sweet-potato pie in Lucy's face.

"Good idea," Tawny remarked as Lucy moistened Tania's brown-sugar flaps with saliva. "Let Lucy give Tania her pretty head while the rest of us take a spin on the big man's bone."

Tawny sank her manicured fingers into my shoulders and popped my peen from Lucy's poop chute. Unfazed by the traces of fecal matter clinging to my shaft, Tawny pushed me to the floor and sat squarely on my schwang. The blond trollop bounced merrily on my honker like it was a pogo stick. Intrigued, Katia and Rosa approached; Tawny grabbed them by the wrists and chewed on their teats like a hungry, unweaned baby who'd sprouted teeth.

"Aww, fuck!" Tawny choked. "I'm fucking coming like fuck!"

The well-spoken dong fiend convulsed and cussed a bit more before flopping

towheaded sex machine rolled off me and gestured for Katia to climb aboard. The statuesque Slav seized the reins, rolling her juicy sluice up and down my dick with a warm, serene expression on her high-cheekboned face. While I plowed Katia, an impatient Rosa took a seat on my face and fucked my tongue. Tawny, lazy with fulfillment, relaxed on the couch and enjoyed the show.

Tania and Lucy, who had squirmed into a 69, squealed on the brink of blowing their chick wads. Their ecstatic moans caused my already-boiling ball butter to surge insistently. I held my load back until the Hispanic on my face and the Czech on my cock began, in unison, to howl their way toward climax. As their pussies wildly expanded and contracted, I busted my big, sticky nut up Katia's smooth, hot snatch.

That was a night to fucking remember. Thanks to the deep understanding and appreciation of females I've gained from HUSTLER, women such as Tawny habitually return to me bearing lavish gifts of pussy. Take note, men of feeble mind who don't read HUSTLER because you think it's insensitive and vulgar-America's Magazine has a great deal to teach you. You just have to be man enough to learn.

> —F. L. Portland, Oregon



"Keep in mind, daughter: Being in heat is not the same as being in love."

Hot Letters I grabbed Bonnie's downy head, stood back for a moment and admired

the view: nothing but velvety ears and pink fur, with a peachy flesh bottom peeking from beneath a puffy tail.

BUNNY LOVE

This sounds really retarded, but my girlfriend, Bonnie, totally by accident, gave me a bunny fetish. I don't mean I want to do it with little rabbits or some perverted thing like that. I just want to fuck like hell when my girlfriend wears her bunny suit.

This bizarre fixation began after Bonnie's batty aunt gave her a silly set of pajamas for her birthday. The pj's are all one piece, with feet, a butt flap that unsnaps and a hood with big rabbit ears. The suit is pink and made of super-plush material, like a stuffed animal. Of course, when Bonnie first showed me this gift, I thought it was ridiculous. We figured she'd try it on, and we'd have a good laugh. I wasn't prepared for the tingling in my loins when Bonnie emerged from the bathroom wearing that dumb, fluffy suit. Bonnie hopped toward me, giggling and twitching her nose. I forced a nervous laugh and shifted my stance, attempting to hide the swelling boner poking from my drawers.

"Ha," I wheezed feebly. Bonnie whirled around and shook her butt at me. The puffy cotton tail quivered.

"It's really pretty cute," I noted. The predatory tone in my voice startled me. "I gling to sound innocent.

"Aww, you're cute too," Bonnie chirped. She wrapped her furry, pink arms around me and planted a wet kiss on my mouth. The rest of my body stiffened; Bonnie was pressed against me and about to discover the shameful secret in my pants.

"Is that a carrot in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?" Bonnie roared at her joke, replacing my momentary embarrassment with an almost angry lust. "Ha, ha! I'm Bonnie the Bunny, look at me! I like to frolic and roam free!"

Bonnie capered around the bedroom, hooting with laughter. Enraged and aroused, I grabbed her by her fluffy tail and unsnapped her fuzzy butt flap. Bonnie's firm, juicy butt jutted out of the opened hatch. I smacked her bunny buns hard enough to leave a rosy handprint.

"You're a bratty bunny," I boomed, slapping her tush once more for emphasis. "Don't tease, or I'll make rabbit stew out of your cotton tail."

I grabbed Bonnie's downy head and bent her over the bed. I stood back for a moment and admired the view: nothing but velvety ears and pink fur, with a peachy flesh bottom peeking from beneath a puffy tail. I jumped out of my pants and pounced on my helpless prey, rolling my

Crouching down, I stuffed my nose in her warm, aromatic crack. My tongue found her salty, wet pussy. I nibbled and sucked with great zeal. Bonnie squeaked softly and wiggled her tender flaps against my yap in supplication.

"So succulent and juicy," I enthused, rolling a savory labe along my tongue. "But enough snacking. It's time for my cock to hop down the cunny trail."

I rose to my feet, firmly gripping Bonnie's fuzzy shoulders. With a hearty thrust, I was balls-deep in her hare pie. A guttural roar erupted from my throat. I pounded Bonnie's angora groove mercilessly.

"I was hiding a big-ass carrot in my pocket, see?" I growled. "This is where the carrot goes when bunnies act too sassy."

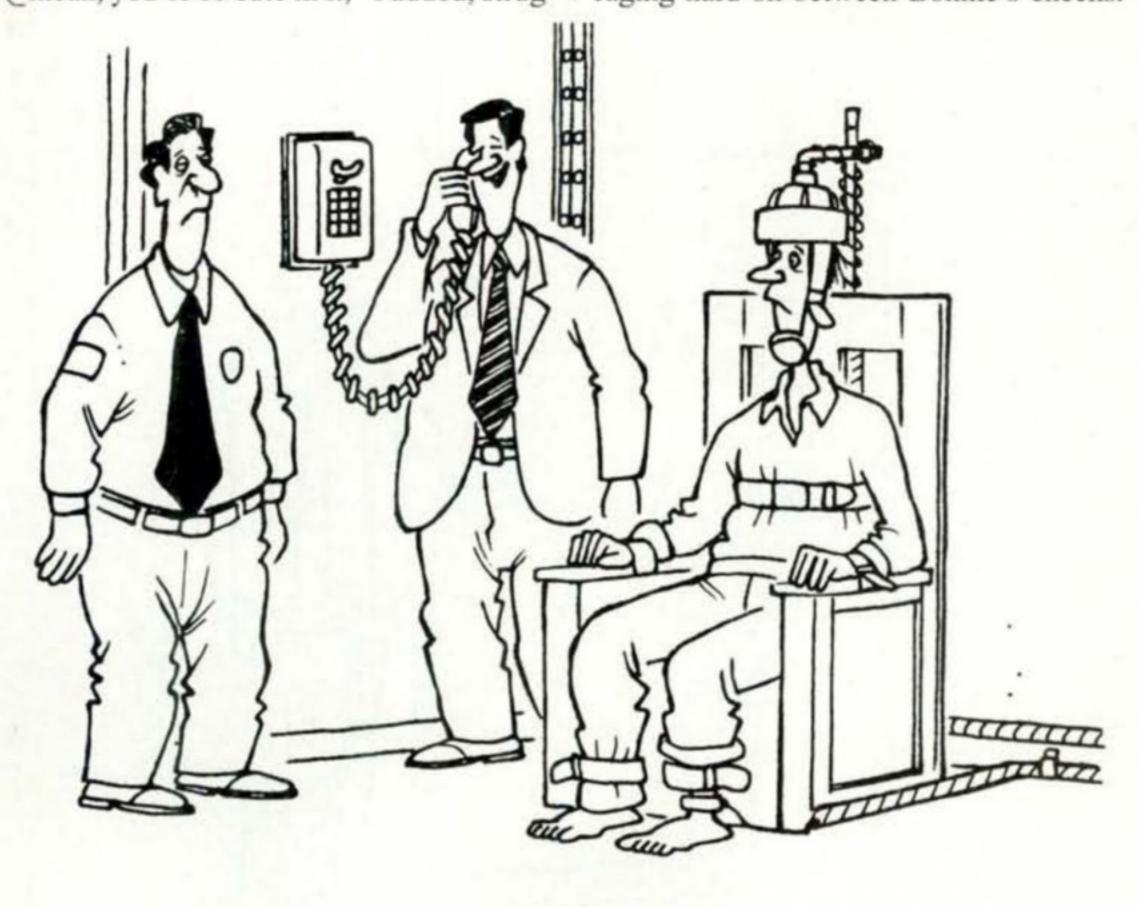
I watched as my sizable root hammered in and out of Bonnie's slot. Her cries alternated between blissful coos and startled yelps. Bonnie's cooter muscles tightened and spasmed around my ramrod. I clutched her silky ears to steady myself as she screamed in violent orgasm. Hot girl gunk bubbled down my shaft. My nuts rumbled, heralding the impending explosion. In a last-minute frenzy, I wrenched my dick from Bonnie's snapper and flipped her onto her back.

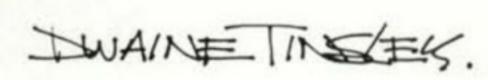
"Now I'm going to fuck your mouth so mean, you're so cute in it," I added, strug- raging hard-on between Bonnie's cheeks. I can come all over your sweet little face," I panted, gripping her furry skull and cramming my billy club down her throat. It didn't take much; my overstimulated flogger needed only a few strokes to erupt. Wads of man jam arced through the air, landing on Bonnie's cheeks and satin rabbit ears with a loud fwap. I groaned with primal release and fell on top of my conquered prey for a post-hunt nap.

Maybe my amorous inclinations toward the bunny jammies sound weird. Some guys might even think I'm some kind of sissy or pedophile for being turned on when my girl's dressed like a cute child's toy, but that fur suit brings out my inner brute, a fierce hunter who'd lain dormant until Bonnie the Bunny hopped along. I feel manlier and more virile than ever, and Bonnie says I've never fucked her so damn good as I do lately. She's even talking about buying a furry bear suit, and who knows? That might be even hotter. Just take my advice and don't freak out if you find yourself aroused the next time your lady dons a fuzzy, ducky-patterned nightie or even some asinine clown suit. It could lead to the best sex you've ever had. —D. F.

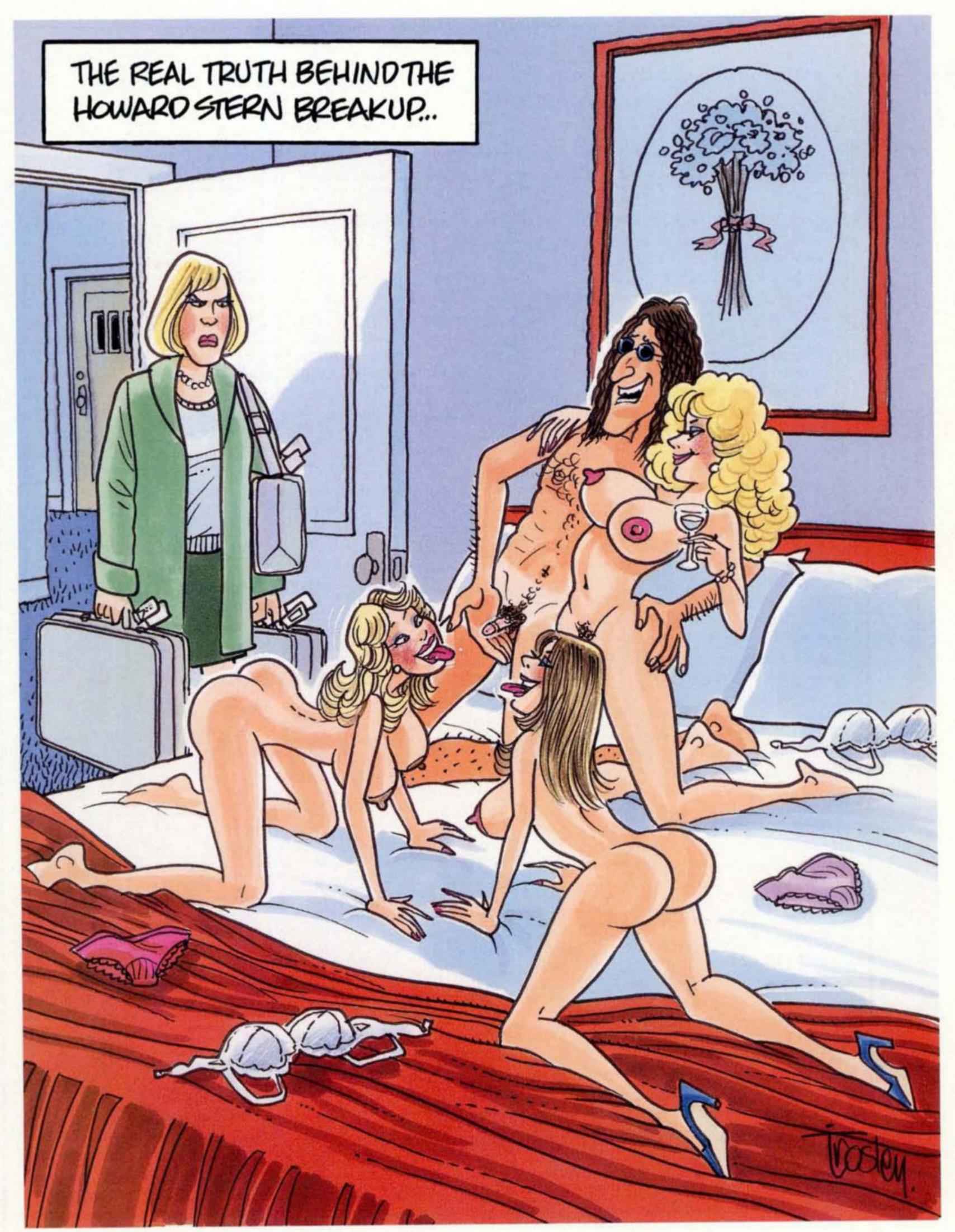
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"It takes a big man to admit he's wrong—so that leaves me out!"



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Ladies, Show Us Your Beavers!

CROTCH-SHOTS AS SOCIAL MIRROR

BY MARCUS CORNELIUS * ILLUSTRATION BY THE PIZZ

In 1976, HUSTLER commemorated America's bicentennial in patriotic fashion by inaugurating what is perhaps the most extensive organized search for poontang ever undertaken: Beaver Hunt.

HUSTLER's call to the colors namely, pink—came by way of an inconspicuous ad that appeared in the front of the June 1976 issue:

"Ever alert to new opportunities for reader participation, HUSTLER is now offering every reader able to heft a Brownie the chance to be a certified HUSTLER 'Beaver Hunter' freelance photographer in our new amateur photo contest."

The success of *Beaver Hunt* depended on a steady stream of prospective models each month. Hoping to inspire readers to enter the contest, *Beaver Hunt* Editors provided tips on how to capture the cuddly but elusive woodland creature, *Beaver Americanus*, on film.

"Ladies, in hot weather, you'll sweat, and, when that happens, those unsightly perspiration stains will appear on your clothes. To avoid looking bad, go naked whenever you can. Men, when they do that, take their picture and send it here."

Happily, HUSTLER's plea for grass-roots pussy was answered. In its July 1976 issue, America's Magazine introduced Miss Mollie Meggs of Lyons, Illinois, to the masturbating public. The 23-year-old brunette flashed what is thought to be the first instance of amateur pink ever seen in a national newsstand magazine. Porn historians ping-pong over this point in the XXX record at professional conferences and seminars, but one thing is beyond dispute: Miss Meggs spread her pussy lips like a woman who's truly proud of her snatch.

Also embodying the Spirit of '76 in that history-making July issue are 13 other rascally Beavers who popped out of hiding long enough for a "friend" to snap a photograph and send it to HUSTLER's Editorial offices.

Over the next 24 years, a whopping 4,181 girls appeared in *Beaver Hunt*,

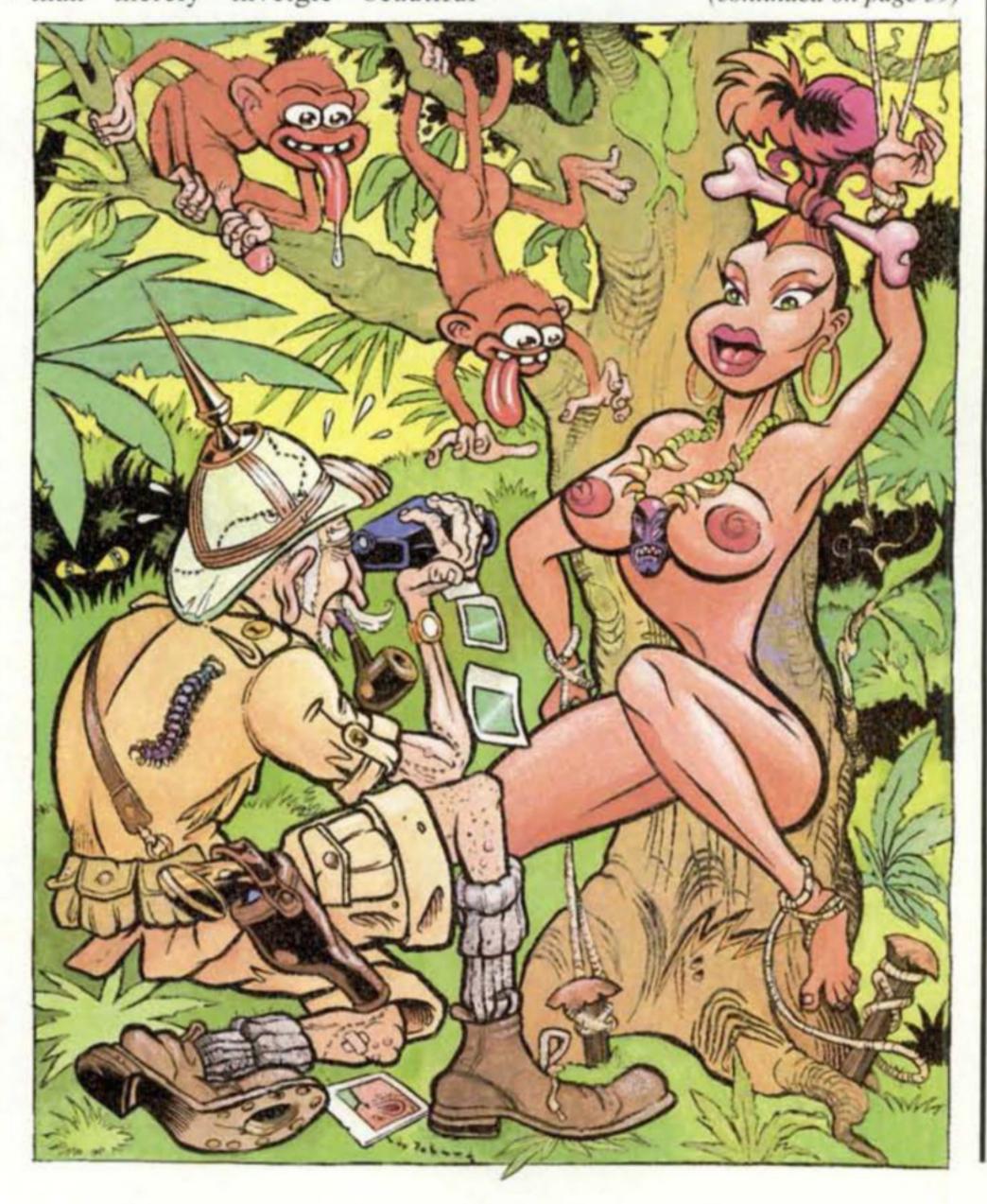
hailing from every state in the Union, as well as Puerto Rico, Guam and the so-called Virgin Islands.

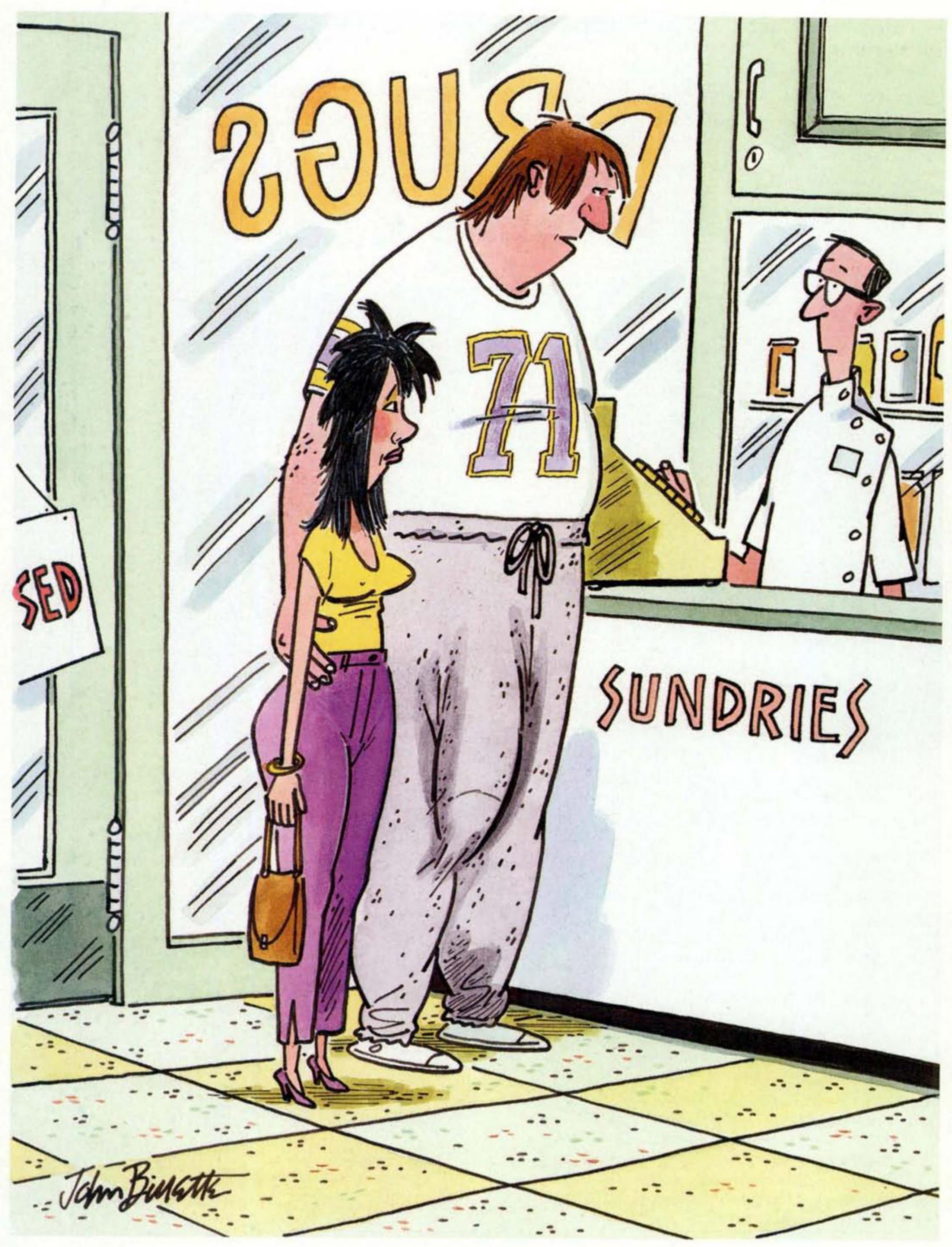
Considering that fewer than 20% of the X-rated snapshots that are sent to HUSTLER are selected for publication, a small army of women have entered the photo contest with the hopes of going public with their pudenda. HUSTLER statisticians estimate that the total number of females who have sent in crotch-shots is well over 20,000.

Beaver Hunt's primary purpose is to provide strokeworthy photographs of "the girl next door" for HUSTLER readers, but the feature does more than merely inveigle beautiful women to spread their legs for posterity—Beaver Hunt is also a surprisingly rich source of sociological information.

Social scientists, along with sexologists and porn historians, have utilized *Beaver Hunt* as an exhaustive photo archive of the depravity and abandon that lurks in bedrooms, kitchens, living rooms, haylofts, mobile homes, national parks and on car hoods all across the country.

HUSTLER's in-house team of researchers conducted a longitudinal study based on all 304 installments of Beaver Hunt, painstakingly culling data on a variety of indices. The results paint a penetrating portrait of (continued on page 59)





"You got any salve or something for a really sore cunt?"























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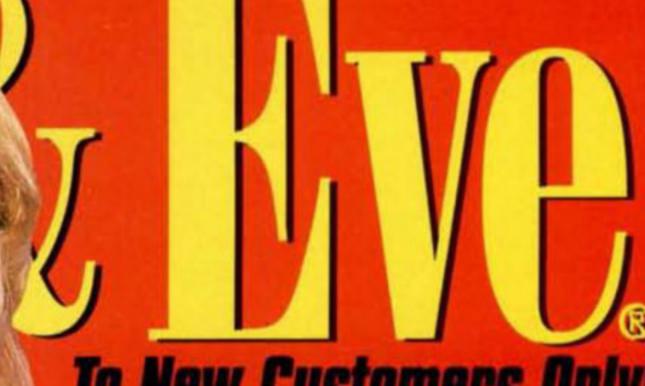
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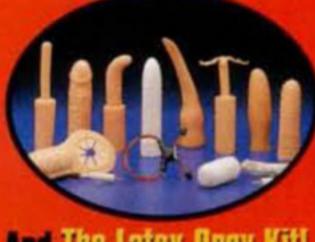


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Sex Play The number of women who expressed a preference for threesomes, foursomes, gangbangs and orgies doubled between 1979 and 1999. Today, about 30% of Beavers say they crave some form of group sex.

the changing state of sex, society and snatch over the past 24 years.

RAZOR SALES ARE UP

The American woman's assault on her pubic hair has nearly brought about the extinction of the hairy beaver, or Beaver Pubis.

Throughout the 1970s and well into the 1980s, the average Beaver Hunt contestant sported an unruly shock of pubes; the bald beaver was a rare exception to the "natural look." By the mid-1990s, however, the wooly bush had become as rare as the wooly mammoth.

In 1999, the most recent year for which data is available, a total of 221 women were featured in Beaver Hunt. Of that number, 139 (nearly 63%) favored completely hairless slits; another 74 (34%) had sculpted their pubic hair into a tuft, patch or "landing strip"; and only eight women (less than 1%) allowed their pubes to grow into a fuzzy delta. Jamie, a 24-year-old screen printer from Turlock, California, was the only old-school Beaver of the bunch: In the April 1999 issue, she sported a full beard between her legs.

PREMARITAL SEX IN DECLINE

Each photograph that appears in Beaver Hunt is accompanied by a photo credit. By tallying the total number of shutterbugs bangs and orgies doubled between 1979 with being proud of your cunt. who identified themselves as "Husband," HUSTLER was able to determine that the use of Polaroid cameras during extramarital sex has dropped in the past two decades—by an astonishing 20%.

In the 1970s, only one in four photographers admitted to being married, whereas a shocking one-third of the lensmen identified themselves as "Husband" during the 1990s. At the current rate of decline, experts predict that extramarital sex will cease to exist altogether by the year 2082.

BEAVERS LOVE SUNSHINE

Nearly 40% of all Beaver shots are postmarked from just three sun-drenched states: Florida, Texas and California. A woman's willingness to strip off her skivvies seems to fluctuate in accordance with temperature and climate.

Alabama and Minnesota, for example, are comparable in terms of population, but are in different leagues when it comes to flashing clam. Alabama is home to three times more Beaver than the Land of 10,000 Lakes—demonstrating that cold climates have a chilling effect on exhibitionism.

PLAID SOFAS STILL POPULAR

Some of the most exciting findings of HUSTLER's statistical survey have to do with home furnishings. Preliminary data suggest that a plaid sofa appears in one out of every 20 photographs featured in Beaver Hunt; these figures hold steady over time and across racial and geographic lines. The plaid couch hides stains well, but it is still not clear why this piece of furniture plays such a central role in Americans' sex lives. More extensive data analyses are pending.

RAPE NO LONGER SEXY

In 1977, Deborah Bishop, a 19-year-old dancer, wrote that her fantasy was to "get raped on a beach by four good-looking guys." About one in 40 girls shared similar favorite turn-ons until the early 1980s, at which point the fantasy began to disappear from the pages of Beaver Hunt. The rape fantasy went into decline during the same period that forced-sex scenes began to disappear from XXX films due to pressure from the Reagan Department of Justicehardly a coincidence. Some researchers posit that blue movies have a strong influence on viewers' fantasy lives, and Beaver *Hunt* seems to reflect this theory.

On this note, HUSTLER researchers have discovered a precipitous rise in group-sex fantasies in recent years—a time during which video-store shelves have sagged under the weight of gang-bang flicks. The number of women who expressed a preference for threesomes, foursomes, gangand 1999. Today, about 30% of Beavers say they crave some form of group sex.

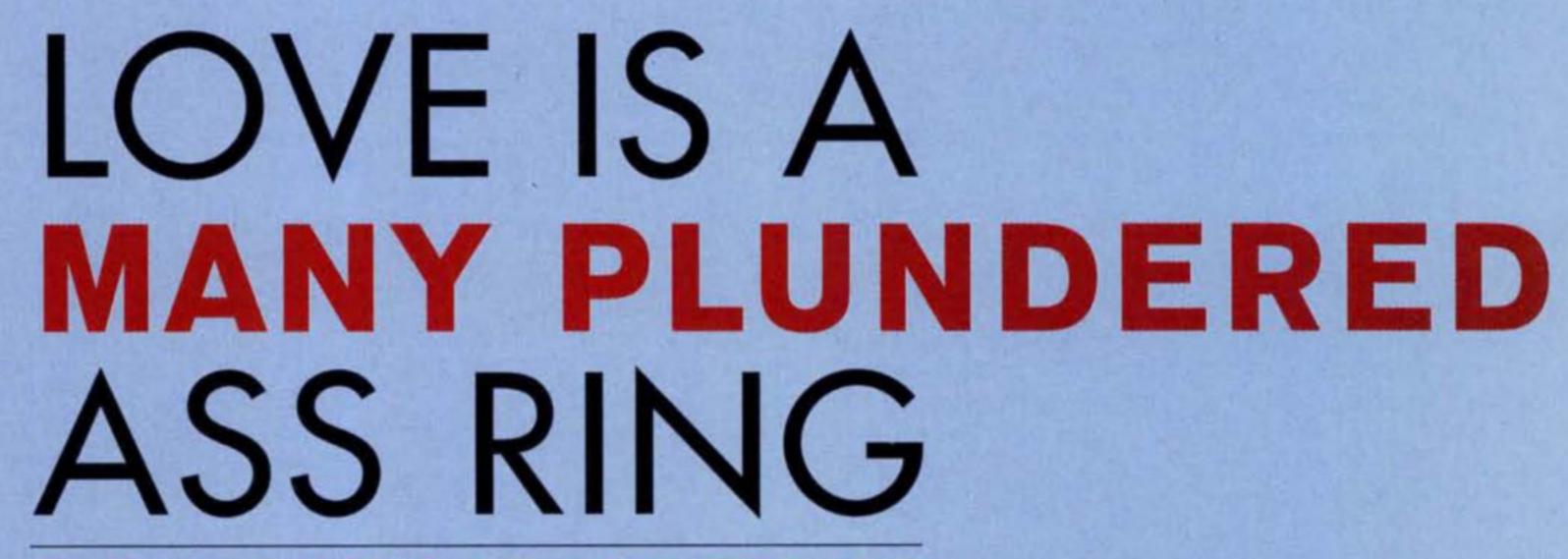
A curiosity about lesbian sex and exhibitionism has always figured strongly in Beaver Hunt, as has a group of utterly female fantasies that can best be categorized as "wishful thinking." Scenarios such as "sex in a horse-drawn carriage" or "making sweet, passionate love under a waterfall with the one I love" regularly recur in the pages of Beaver Hunt, unlike fantasies such as "getting it on with Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent" or "having a threesome with Starsky and Hutch," which have gone the way of macramé and pubic hair.

By 1997, the volume of Beaver Hunt submissions was so high that the section was expanded to feature 17 girls each month-girls who brazenly expose themselves to neighbors, coworkers, family members and parishioners. If nothing else, Beaver Hunt proves that women of all shapes and sizes crave fame badly enough to drop their clothes, spread their legs, smile for the camera and send the results to HUSTLER. Ever-increasing numbers of females express the sentiment embodied in HUSTLER's bicentennial issue: Being proud of your country starts



"Well, there it is—some dipshit always begging for something."



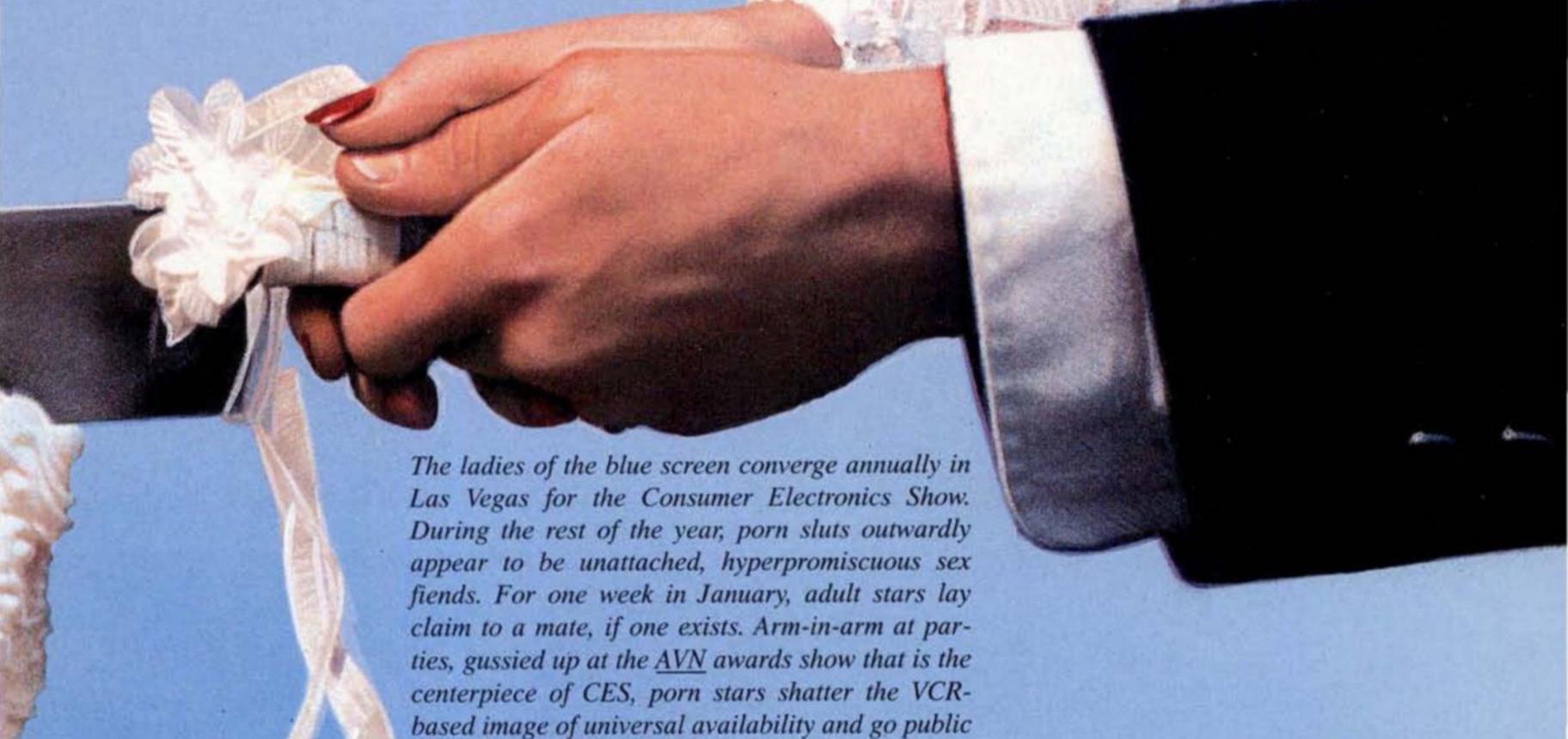


THE ROMANTIC LIVES OF ADULT-FILM STARS

with the ones they love. >

SWEETIE-PIE REPORT BY DICK PURSEL ILLUSTRATION BY STAN WATTS

Cupid's arrows are notoriously indiscriminate. What happens when love captivates a smut star? Is it possible for a hardworking, romance-minded stud to find a gang-bang girl who will stand by her man? Can a XXX princess ride off into the sunset with Mr. Right, even while someone else's dick ravages her ass? HUSTLER takes a mushy look at puppy love in the porn world.



Romance "Your past is always going to haunt you. That word comes up all the time: whore. It's hard for a 'normie' to grasp that your heart is really there, but your pussy was elsewhere that afternoon."

In Sin City for the unofficial porn week, HUSTLER caught up with the leading ladies and hired dicks of the adult-film industry to cast light on the paradox of love and loyalty in the world of hard-core fuckers.

It's Friday night at the Drink, a cavernous nightclub located a couple of blocks from the Las Vegas strip. Porn stars are in town, and a sea of mooks is on hand to gawk, drool and, if possible, paw. On a stage that runs the length of the club, rapper Ice-T rocks the microphone while starlets Gwen Summers, Houston, Misty Rain and Syren grind and gyrate to the driving music. At a bar situated against the back wall of the club, XXX superstar Jenna Jameson spots her colleague and friend Jeanna Fine, along with Fine's husband, Jim.

"I'm getting married!" Jameson shrieks, fluttering a hand over her bodacious bosom and displaying a sparkling engagement ring. The two porn queens hug and exchange air kisses, each careful not to smudge her makeup. "My fiance's last name is Fine; so I'm going to be Jenna Fine," Jameson laughs.

Pressed in on all sides by young, redblooded admirers, Jenna and Jeanna, accompanied by their significant others, flee by limo to transvestite porn director Chi Chi LaRue's birthday party. Sexually irrelevant to the fags at the sodomite shindig, the world-famous megasluts are free to be happy for each other's happiness.

Buoyed by the warm fuzzies of new love, Jenna Jameson is making a second pass at monogamous bliss. Before hooking up with "civilian" Teddy Fine (civilian is insider slang for a person who does not work in the adult-film industry), Jameson dated director/producer Brad Armstrong. Many in the porn industry were certain that the Jameson/Armstrong power couple was built to last, but the flames of love between the two blue-screen icons ultimately flickered and died.

"Porn people perform acts of intimacy over and over again, without real intimacy on camera, and are just dying for intimacy in their real lives," says porn legend Sharon Mitchell. Nonetheless, for a variety of reasons, steady relationships among blue-screen performers tend to be short-lived.

"Some have lasted a couple of years at a time; for me, that's a good track record," says Mitchell.

accompanied by their significant others, flee by limo to transvestite porn director former mate Kobe Tai are the latest in a

long line of adult-film couples to call it quits. Porn stars' batting averages in love are so low that Peter North and Jewel De'Nyle's on-again, off-again relationship has long been ballyhooed as a model romance.

"I know I sound old-fashioned, but I haven't seen many successful relationships really last when the two people were both performing," says woodsman Herschel Savage, a 25-year veteran in XXX. "For me, I don't want to see a person that I really love being touched with less love than I would touch her myself."

Blond bombshell Jill Kelly agrees that commitment is not an easy proposition for an adult-film star. "A porn chick is pretty much fucked unless she's lucky in love," Kelly says. "Intimacy is hard to find."

Kelly was no early winner in the lottery of love; she was deeply involved with woodsman Cal Jammer until he put a gun to his head and committed suicide in front of Kelly's house. She later dated porn stud Eric Price, but that union ended as well, albeit in a far less dramatic fashion. Currently, Kelly is making a third go at long-term love with megaschlonged porn stud Julian. The two adult-film stars were recently engaged in Tampa, Florida, and plan to marry this summer.

"I never thought I'd meet my soul mate in porn, but I did," Kelly says. "I don't regret being in the business because otherwise I'd have never met Julian. Besides the fact that he's a good-looking guy, big dick, whatever—if you strip all that away, I would still be with him.

"I got lucky with Julian, and I ain't letting my man go," Kelly adds. "Julian and I are living a total fairy tale."

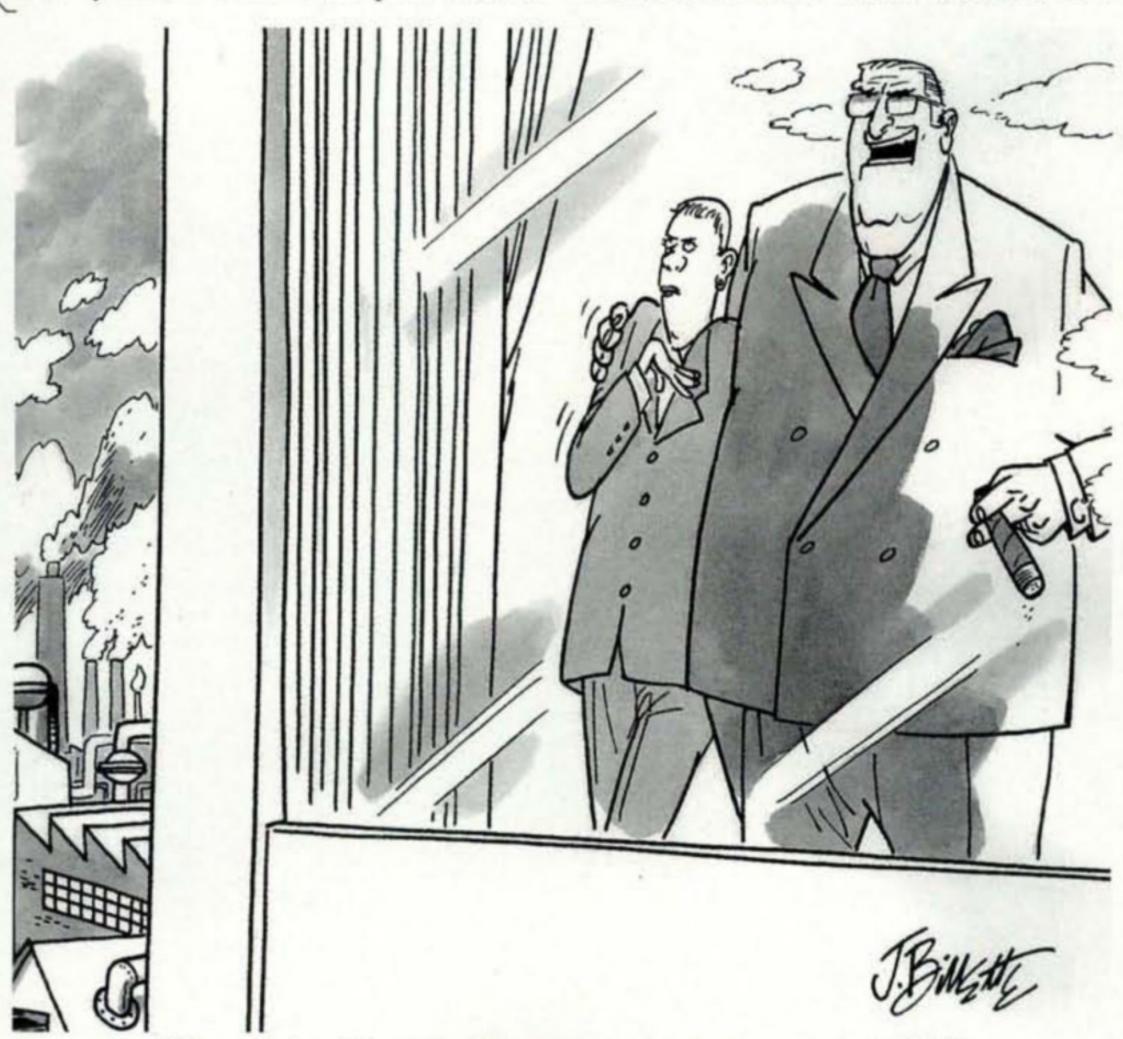
Many adult-film stars believe that the key to a lasting relationship is to date someone who is in the same line of work.

"It's easier for both parties to handle it when they're both doing the same thing," says Chloe, a petite, brown-haired anal queen. "My boyfriend is a musician. I don't think he really understands this business very well, and I don't want him to. I tell him what he needs to know."

Sharon Mitchell has found relationships with civilians to be nearly impossible to manage. "Your past is always going to haunt you," Mitchell says. "That word comes up all the time: whore. It's hard for a 'normie' to grasp that your heart is really there, but your pussy was elsewhere that afternoon.

"In the last situation I was in, this problem was a big factor in our splitting up," Mitchell continues. "This person believed

(continued on page 70)



"Money is just like pussy, Son-you can never get too much of it!"



"Tip number one: Spit it out—don't swallow it!"









The brainy redhead recalls the loneliness she felt the last time she was overlooked. "Two guys were checking out my perky tits. When they noticed that I was reading, they took off. Idiots—I would have swallowed both of their pricks in a second. Girls who read Jane Austen love sucking cock; all you have to do is ask."

The frustrated intellectual's brow furrows. "Never mind our scowling expressions. We're just thinking of ways to lure men into bed."





Romance Porn monogamy may sound like an oxymoron, but to those who grind out a living in the XXX trenches, a fantasy fuck doesn't constitute infidelity—it's just a job.

that if I have the ability to have sex with anyone at any time, I can't possibly be monogamous. In fact, I'm probably more ready for a monogamous relationship at this point in my life than I've ever been."

Porn monogamy may sound like an oxymoron to a "normie," but to those who grind out a living in the XXX trenches, a fantasy fuck doesn't constitute infidelity—it's just a job.

"I'm basically monogamous by nature," says Herschel Savage, who has porked countless starlets since his appearance in Debbie Does Dallas in 1977. "I continued my career after I got married, and my wife had no problem with it at all. When I'm in a committed relationship, I'm not looking outside."

"What is considered monogamous in an adult-entertainment relationship is not what's deemed monogamous in the dictionary," says Mitchell. "Typically, monogamous in an adult-entertainment relationship means that you only have sex with other people in front of the camera."

Jill Kelly and Julian are unwilling to make even that concession. "How does it work maintaining a relationship while working in this business? It doesn't," insists Kelly, who says she will only perform sex scenes with her fiance. "We're other in October 1997 before a justice of

started dating six months ago, Julian and I thought we could last until January working with other people. We lasted about a month. He said, 'I don't think I can handle you working with anyone else,' and I couldn't either; so we made an agreement right then and there that once his contract was up, he wasn't going to re-sign, and I wasn't going to work with anybody else.

"I've been with so many women and so many men, that now it's special for me to have sex with one person," Kelly adds. "I've already done everything-everything and everyone; so I don't need to be sexually fulfilled by anybody else."

Super-slut Shane made an even more radical move when she wed rock musician Bobby Hewitt: She stopped doing sex scenes altogether, though she continues to direct her popular Shane's World series.

Other porn stars have managed to continue having onscreen sex while maintaining a committed relationship off camera by adopting guidelines aimed at avoiding jealousy.

Buxom, blond porn vixen Kim Chambers and mustachioed dick for hire Scott Styles swore eternal loyalty to each both extremely jealous. When we first the peace in Red Rock Canyon, an hour outside of Las Vegas. After the honeymoon, the newlyweds found it necessary to establish a set of rules to balance their personal and professional lives.

"We wanted to make sure that our marriage came first, business second," says Chambers. "We decided to keep the work sex even; so if I'm going to have sex with another guy, then Scott has sex with another girl. Another rule is: If Scott's making a movie, I'm there. If I'm making a movie, even if it's girl/girl, he's there."

Porn director Ernest Greene and porn star Chloe were an item for many years. Greene believes that maintaining a few simple guidelines helped make their love last, if not forever.

"We did not engage in S&M play in private with others-that was our personal thing," Greene says. "On camera was an exception because we're both performers, but in our private lives, Chloe was my slave, I was her master, and we used specific terminology that we never used in public. We roped it off into our own private terrain."

Some husbands cope with loving a woman who screws for a living by becoming even more deeply involved in their loved one's career.

"My husband is well aware of what I do on camera; as a matter of fact, he works key light when I shoot for my own line," says blue-screen actress Tina Tyler. "There I am, giving a blowjob to another guy right in front of his face, and he's fine with it.

"Then again, he knew what he was getting into," Tyler adds. "I explained to him before we even got serious, 'This is what I do: I have sex with men; I have sex with women; I have sex with two men at the same time who are having sex with each other; I have interracial sex.' Sometimes there's a shower on the set; sometimes there isn't. When there isn't, I come home reeking of sex. It could be I come home smelling of pussy; it could be I come home smelling of cum-either way, my husband's okay with that."

Jeanna Fine and her civilian husband, Jim, are considered XXX relationship role models, with seven years of marital bliss under their belts. Jim, a newcomer to the world of hired pussies and rentable fuck poles when the two met, quickly learned to overcome jealousy.

"Jeanna ran me through a few tests, starting on our first date," Jim says with a laugh. "The first time we ever had sex, we had a guy with us, which we haven't even done since. She brought this dude she was seeing a bit, and she wanted to know if I



"He's got my vote!"



"...and I want to thank the wonderful surgical team at Valley Hospital for putting my asshole back together!"

Romance "They don't call pop-shots money-shots for nothing. When a stud has three scenes to shoot the next day, he might be reluctant to waste \$500 pop-shots the night before with his lady at home."

would trip or if I could hang. I was just happy as a clam, saying, 'Hey, no problem here.'"

Jeanna defends her dating tactics. "If I had sensed for even a moment that my husband was the jealous type, there never would've been a second date," Fine says. "I refuse to set myself up for heartache."

When the lovebirds first met, Jeanna was on a hiatus from porn; she had given birth to a child and was working at a bar in San Diego, California. Jim was a regular, and the two fell in love. Not long after, Jeanna decided to return to the blue screen, and Jim was forced to adopt the role of chronic cuckold. For a short time, Jim accompanied Jeanna to sets to gain a better understanding of the nature of her work and learn to deal with its carnal libertarianism.

"I went on the set with Jeanna from the very first shoot that she did after we got married," recalls Jim. "I would watch her perform her sex scenes for a little bit and then walk out. It didn't bother me, but it wasn't something I wanted to sit and stare at."

Based on the time he spent sitting in on porn shoots, Jim was reassured that the sex he enjoyed with Jeanna was a world apart from the fucking she was paid to do for the movies. "It was really quite boring," Jim says. "I decided I didn't need to go up there every time she did [a scene]. A lot of men have a need to control a woman or feel superior to her, but I've got a real woman; she can hold her own with anyone. Now I stay home."

Though Jeanna and Jim are porn monogamous, they have added an amendment to their exclusivity agreement.

"We both give the other the option to have sex with other people," Jim confides. "The only thing that screws me up is that she'll make fun of who I choose, and then I can't go through with it. I'll say, 'Look at her, she's fine; she wants to bone,' and Jeanna says, 'Ugh, she's kinda ugly,' and I say, 'Oh, no, I can't do an ugly.' Although we've had this permission from one another, neither has taken the other up on it yet."

Establishing, let alone maintaining, a relationship with a civilian is exponentially more difficult for the industry's male performers.

For the average American guy, there is a considerable cachet attached to dating an adult-film actress, while the average civilian female sees a porn stud as no more than an AIDS risk with a big dick. Woodsmen are also hit particularly hard by the unique demands of a career that requires having sex on a daily basis.

"The problem comes from an unavoidable biological conflict between the imperatives of home and the imperatives of work," says director Ernest Greene. "They don't call pop-shots *money-shots* for nothing. When a stud has three or more scenes to shoot the next day, he might be reluctant to waste \$500 pop-shots the night before with his lady at home."

Though the deck may be stacked against them, men are not alone in making compromises in their personal sex lives for the sake of making movies. The ladies of the blue screen rent out their orifices with a frequency that often renders them unfit for recreational boinking.

"Sometimes the girls come home, pack their pussies in ice and soak their feet." says Greene. "The last thing on their minds is boning their boyfriends."

One couple that has found a way to achieve intimacy on camera as well as in their private lives is Kim Chambers and Scott Styles, who were married about eight months after they met.

"We met on an orgy set, but I only gave him a blowjob and let him eat my pussy," says Chambers. "About three months later, we met officially, and we haven't been apart since."

Kim and Scott are willing to work with—that is, fuck—other people, but they prefer to "pornicate" with each other whenever possible. On notable occasions, the newlyweds even manage to make love to each other while doinking others.

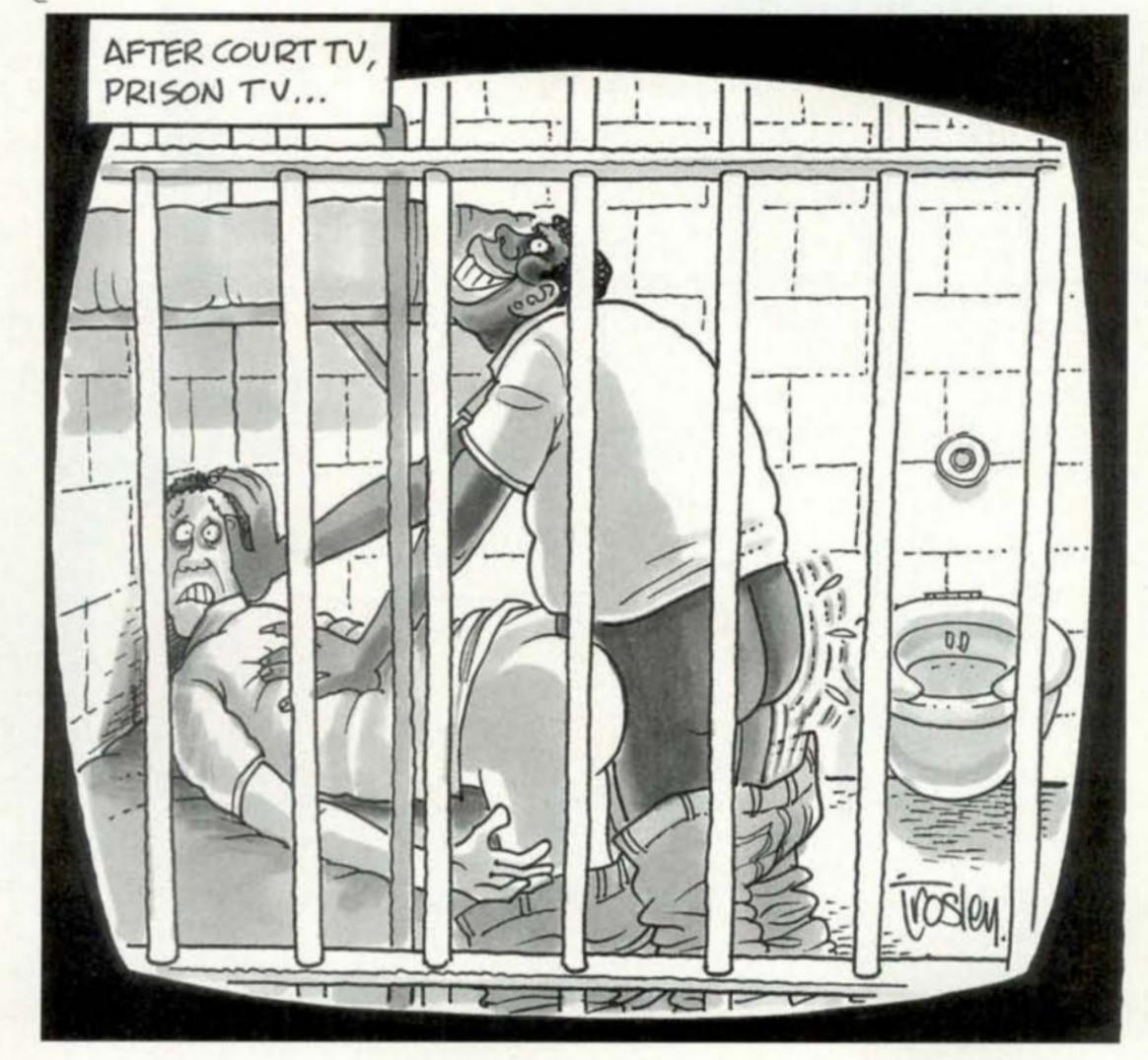
"Our favorite scene together was a Jill Kelly shoot—Succubus," reminisces Styles.

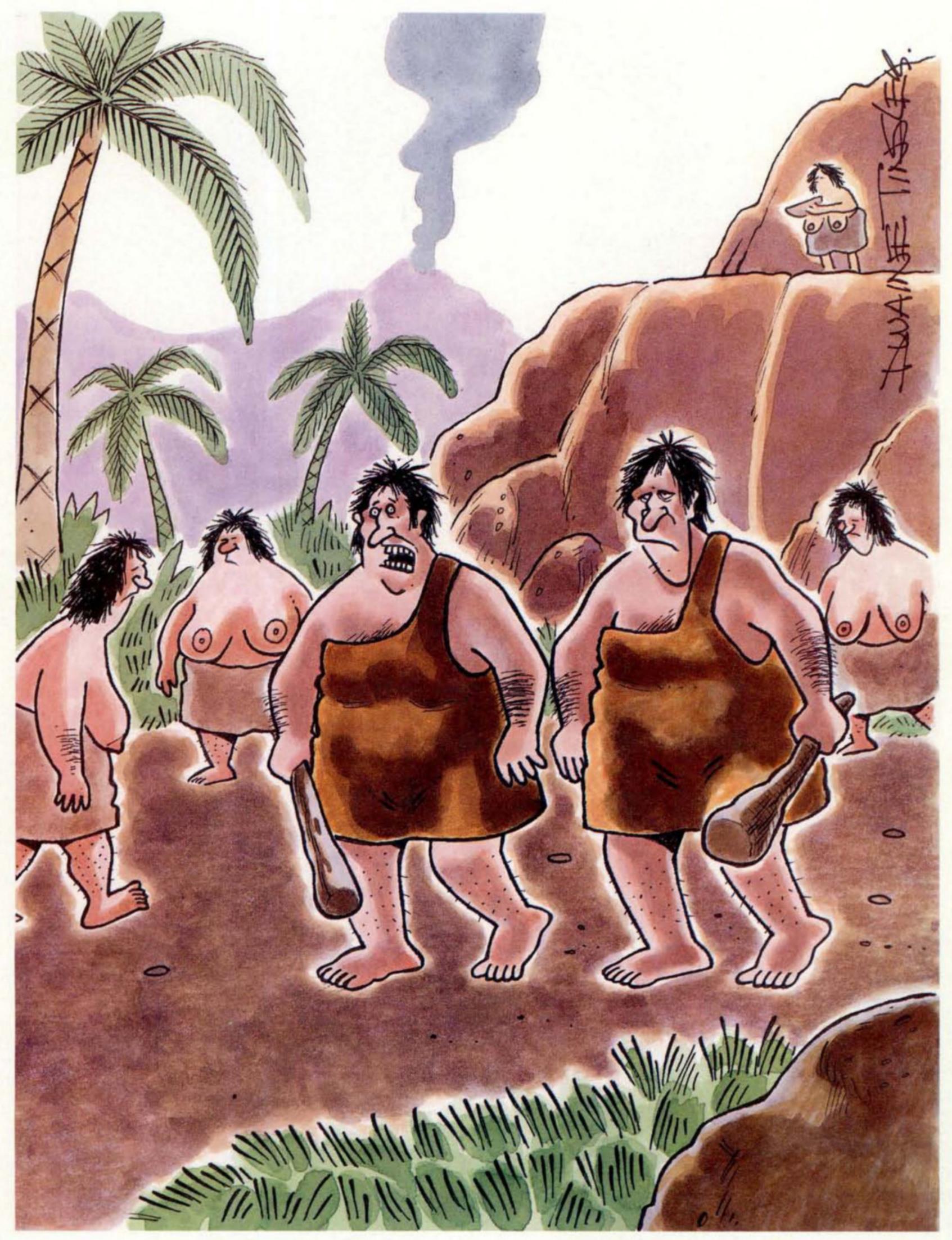
Wife Kim continues the story: "There was an orgy scene where Scott was having sex with one of the other girls. I was watching him watching me getting turned on while I was having sex with another guy. We were totally focused on each other, but having sex with other people.

"It was like an out-of-body experience," Kim exults.

Kim and Scott may not have the kind of marital union sanctioned by Laura Schlessinger or the Christian Coalition, but two professional fuckers who find a way to make love work in the emotional minefield of the jizz biz have as much of a right to happiness as anyone else.

"Just because the traditional style of relationship doesn't work for you, it doesn't mean you're a bad person, and that you don't deserve love, or that you're not 'normal,' " says Tina Tyler. "Why strive for normality when you can be extraordinary?"





"I wish someone would invent pornography. I need some hot chicks to whack off to."























Erica kept making excuses to see her dentist. Every visit,
Dr. Wilson would fuck her cross-eyed.

"Honey," the dentist fretted, "we have to stop seeing each other. Your husband's going to find out about us one day."

"Not a chance," Erica giggled. "After all, it's been six months, and that fucking lummox doesn't suspect a thing."

"Maybe not," Dr. Wilson replied, "but you're down to one tooth."

Question: How was copper wire invented?

Answer: A Jew and a Republican found the same penny.

Chuck the basset hound dragged himself into the next yard to see his friend, a schnauzer named Mitch.

"Ever since my bitch ran away, I keep thinking negative thoughts," Chuck bayed. "I'm always bored. I don't eat, I pick fights with the mailman—I'm completely miserable."

"Goddamn, listen to yourself," Mitch growled. "You need to see a psychiatrist."

The basset hung his head. "Well, I would, but they don't let me on the fucking couch."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines impotence as: nature's way of saying, "No hard feelings."

A young couple parked behind the high school to fuck. The car bounced from the eager humping inside. The windows fogged over; so the youths didn't realize that a patrol car had stopped nearby until a policeman opened the door.

"Put your clothes on," the patrolman said. "I'm writing the driver a ticket."

The kids scrambled to cover themselves. "A ticket?" the girl asked. "What for?"

The cop smirked. "What do you think? You were doing 69 in a school zone."

Father Mike and Naomi Campbell were boarding a plane.
As he took his seat, the cleric crossed himself. Naomi slipped off her panties and sat down next to him.

The priest was taken aback. "Miss, I know why I crossed myself; am I to assume that you remove your underwear for luck?"

"Not at all," said Naomi. "It's just that when a plane crashes, the rescuers always look for the black box first."

Question: When is it okay to spit in an Italian girl's face?

Answer: When her mustache is on fire.

Joan locked up her Harley, walked into the best whorehouse in town and sought out the madam.

"I'm a great, big fuckin' dyke," Joan thundered, giving the old doxy a shove, "and I want a little 15-year-old with braces. Got a problem with that?"

"You get the hell out of here," the madam shot back.

"We don't serve minors to lickers."

Doc," Arthur said, "I want to be castrated."

"What on earth for?" the doctor asked in amazement.

"It's something I've been thinking about for a long time, and I want to have it done."

The physician informed his patient of the seriousness of the operation. "Castration is permanent," the doctor warned. "Once it's done, there's no going back."

Arthur was adamant. "You're not going to change my mind—either you arrange for the operation, or I'll find another doctor to perform it."

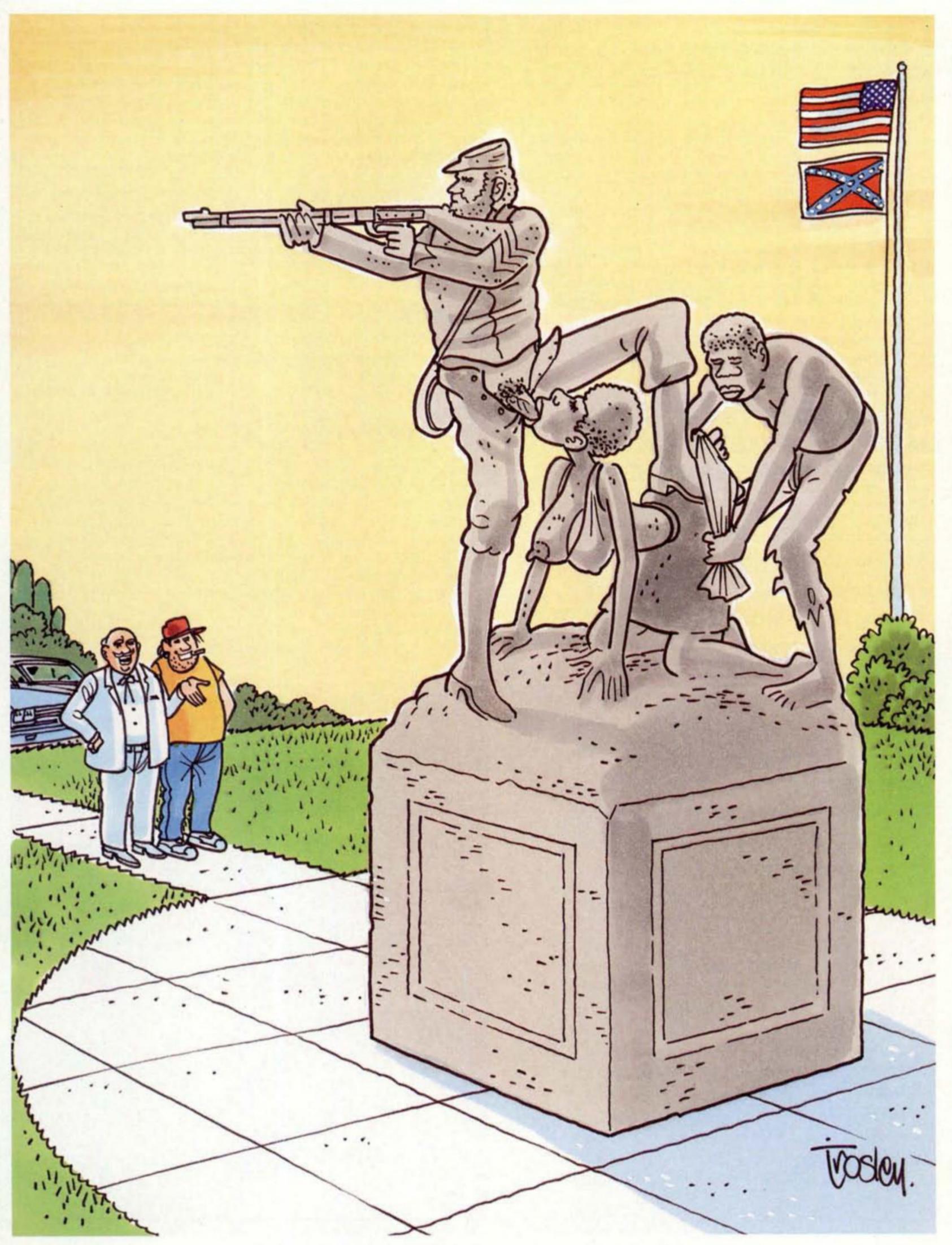
The medical man acquiesced against his better judgment and hacked Arthur's balls off. The next morning, the patient was up and hobbling down the hospital corridor with his intravenous drip trailing on a stand. Heading toward Arthur came another patient, walking in the same slow, painful manner.

"Hi there," said Arthur. "It looks as if you've just had the same operation I had."

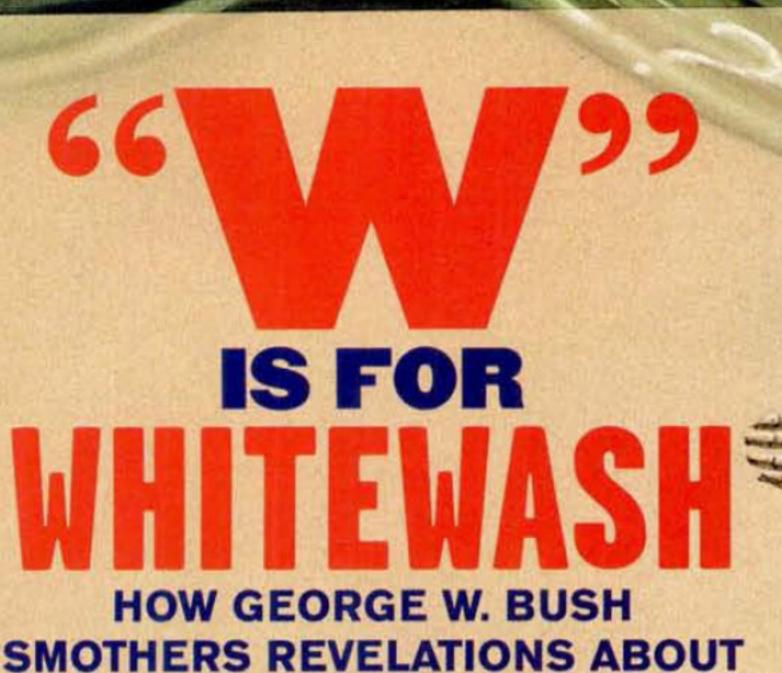
"Could be," said the newcomer. "I finally decided, after 37 years of life, that I would like to be circumcised."

Arthur stared at him in horror, then slapped his own forehead. "Shit! Circumcised—that's the word!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"What's all the fuss about? It's just a monument to the soldiers who served in the Civil War and the Southern way of life they fought for!"



REPORT BY GIDEON MORRIS
ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

HIS "IRRESPONSIBLE" PAST

If Republican-establishment darling George W. Bush is elected President of the United States this November, it will be because he manages to convince voters that he keeps his nose clean and his zipper up. Bush's political machine works overtime to cram the candidate's skeletons back into the closet. In this investigative report, HUSTLER exposes the ruthless tactics that are used by Bush's handlers to prevent embarrassing stories from leaking into the light of day.

Presidential campaign trail, someone with an ear for the seamier side of politics might hear one of the following rumors about the Republican crown prince, George W. Bush: That when W. was an oilman in Midland, Texas, he knocked up the family's Mexican maid and paid her hush money to relocate to a border town in Mexico. ABC News reportedly found the tidbit credible (or juicy) enough to send a reporter south of the border to check it out, but couldn't come up with adequate proof.





Damage Control A former Reagan White House official was unsettled by

Bush insiders from Austin and Washington who told him, "If anything is going to stop [Bush], it's a zipper problem."

That when G. W. Bush was in his 20s and 30s, he would drink heavily and rough up the women he dated. "That would be the silver bullet," says a GOP official in Texas-one of the few who isn't in Bush's pocket and the source of the dirt. "He would lose the female vote right there."

That Bush the pro-life candidate helped arrange an abortion in Houston for a "good-time girl" he impregnated in the early 1970s-before abortion was legal in Texas. An alternate version of this story has the procedure taking place in New York and the woman as a Houston socialite.

That Bush the family man fathered an illegitimate child with a woman who worked in the White House when his father was President.

The one "rumor" about G. W. Bush that the mainstream media has seen fit to print is that Bush, as the joke goes, was born with a silver spoon up his nose. All sorts of lurid stories about the Presidential hopeful's indulgence in nose candy float around, such as the Bush relative who, according to a former neighbor, was known to comment, "Everyone knew that Junior had a taste for whores and cocaine."

For his part, "Junior" has done little to dampen speculation about his drug use. G. W. Bush brushes aside questions about his past with the catch-all nondenial that when he was "young and irresponsible," he acted "young and irresponsible." Bush insists that he doesn't want to go into details about his drug use for fear that a young person might use his example as an excuse to do what he might have done.

"I've said all I'm going to say," Bush told Tim Russert on Meet the Press. "I don't want to provide any excuse for your 14-year-old child to say, 'Hey, maybe if old Governor Bush did something, I think I'm going to try it, that."

In other words, use your imagination.

With so much riding on the narrow slopes of George W. Bush's character-\$71 million in campaign contributions and counting-consternation has been festering like an ulcer among some GOP money men worried about protecting their investment. A Nevada pol and former Reagan White House official told HUSTLER about being unsettled by conversations he'd had with Bush insiders from Austin and Washington who told him, "If anything is going to stop [Bush], it's a zipper problem." Given Bush's already mixed reviews on the for Texas governor in 1994. Bush is even

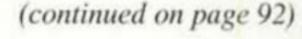
campaign trail, such X-rated revelations could be devastating. "It's bad enough that people think he's a lightweight," says one national political observer. "If they think he's a lightweight who screws around, he's finished."

Protecting the would-be Commander in Chief from untimely revelations—say, a photo of him receiving a lap dance within snorting distance of a pile of cocaine while partying in Mexico-is something the Bush campaign takes very seriously.

More than any other candidate in the race, Bush's handlers have gone to extraordinary lengths to keep his skeletons in the closet and to quickly neutralize scandals when they do surface. Lying, stonewalling and browbeating the press; planting dirt about enemies and disinformation about themselves; employing strong-arm tactics: It's all in the name of "protecting the candidate." When www.gwbush.com, a Web site lampooning the candidate for his "irresponsible youth," went up last fall, the Presidential front-runner said, "There ought to be limits to freedom," and sicced his lawyers on the site in a failed attempt to shut it down.

According to published sources, G. W. Bush hired private detectives to investigate his own background before he ran said to have had Texas State Troopers keep his twin daughters' driving accidents from public view. A Texas political consultant who spent months researching Bush called the governor's damagecontrol operation "unprecedented" and part of a pattern of "deniability" in which Bush, who campaigns on the issue of "personal accountability," has been protected from the consequences of his actions. "From early on, this is a guy who has had someone there to clean up his mess after him," says the source.

So far, apparently, Bush's damagecontrol apparatus has worked. Former Texas governor Ann Richards, Bush's opponent in the 1994 gubernatorial campaign, spent hundreds of thousands of dollars digging into Bush's background; one of her consultants became known among Texas journalists as "Dr. Dirt." Richards's muckraker came up with stories about Bush's checkered business past, sweetheart deals with his father's political cronies and allegations of insider trading. Due to the fact that Richards herself had had public bouts with alcoholism and not-so-public bouts with drugs, these topics were off limits. Ultimately, the Richards campaign couldn't come up with a revelation



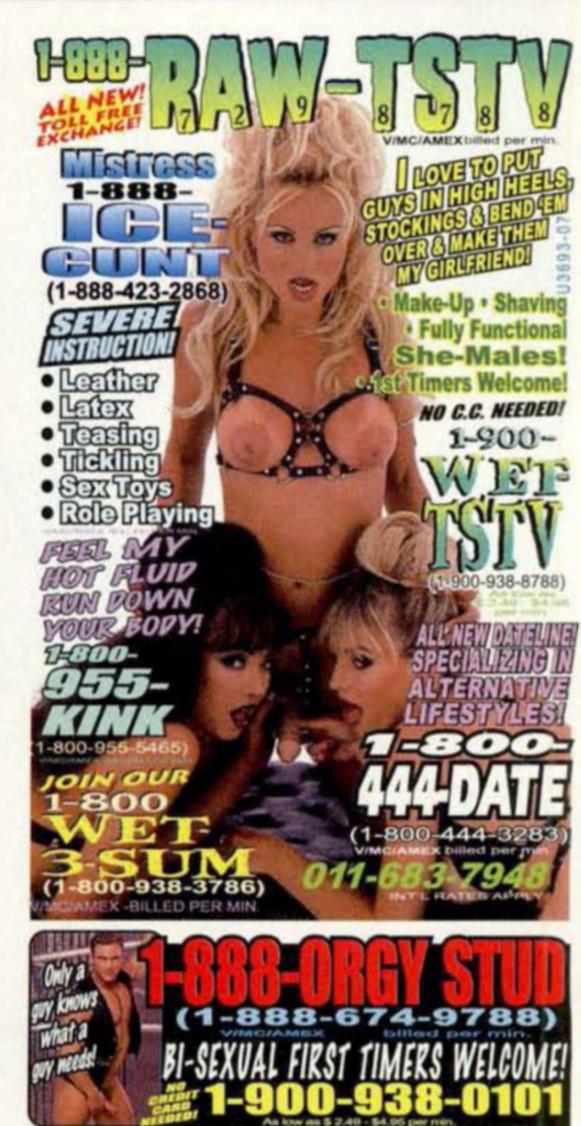


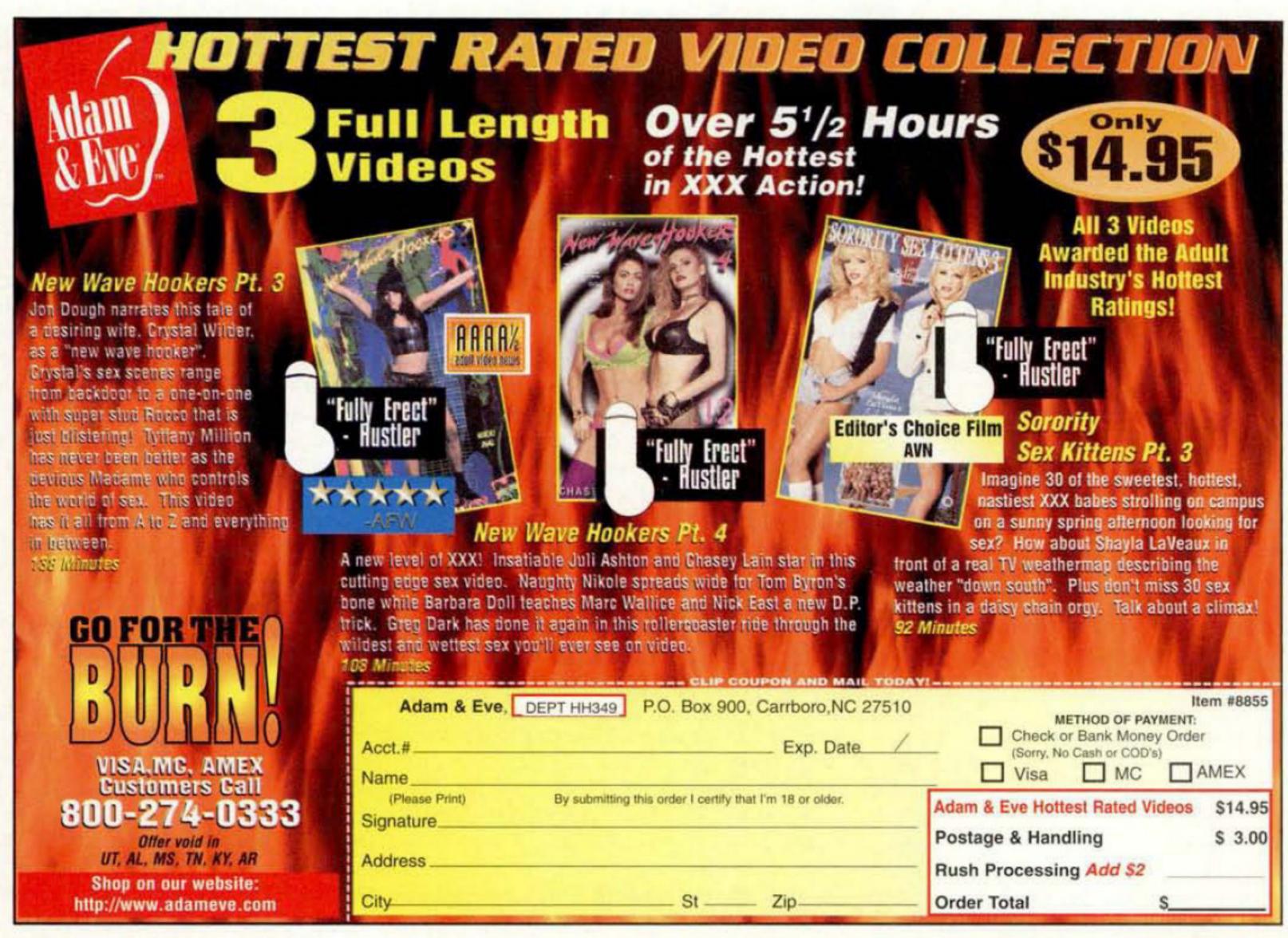
"Well, I see your rehabilitation is going nicely."















Damage Control Denouncing the piece, a Bush spokeswoman flatly

declared, "The Times got it wrong." The Times was eventually proven right—Bush did get help getting into the Guard.

explosive enough to stop the steady, efficient Bush machine.

"By the '94 campaign, there were no loose ends in his life," says Jason Stanford, an Ann Richards aide who was involved in the research effort against Bush. "There is always someone who comes forward, some woman who says she was wronged. They call you. Not on this one. Bush's people had it all figured out before it started.'

A case in point: On July 4, 1999, the Los Angeles Times ran a front-page story about the unlikely series of good breaks a young George W. Bush enjoyed during his service with the Texas Air National Guard. From winning a coveted pilot slot to receiving a promotion to second lieutenant without the usual months of training and tests to being assigned to fly the F-102, an outdated interceptor plane that wasn't being used in Vietnam, G. W. Bush was pampered by military brass.

Though the Times story didn't spell it out, the article implied that G. W. Bush received preferential treatment because of his father's political connections. It appeared that G. W. Bush, like Bill Clinton in 1992, was due to face a string of embarrassing questions about "dodging" the Vietnam War. The Times piece Lt. Governor Ben Barnes admitted in a

was the first big negative story of the season on the GOP golden boy, and the Bush campaign bit back like a rabid Doberman.

Denouncing the piece as "unfair" and "full of innuendo," a Bush spokeswoman flatly declared, "The Times got it wrong." The Bush campaign, meanwhile, reportedly distributed a videotape of testimonials from Bush's fellow Guard pilots and commanding officers. Among the supporters was Bush's tough-talking unit commander, Colonel Walter Staudt, who asserted in the *Times* piece, "There was no goddamn influence on his behalf," and added, "Neither his daddy nor anyone else got him in the Guard."

"They have a very aggressive way of dealing with the press," one longtime Texas GOP operative says of the Bush camp. And effective—the front-runner's blitz of denials and counterattacks resulted in a round of stories questioning the Times's findings. At the same time, the paper was hit with a blistering letter-writing campaign. Within a week, the Los Angeles Times was backing away from its own story. The Texas Air Guard scandal had effectively been killed.

The Times was eventually proven right—Bush did get help getting into the Guard. In September 1999, former Texas

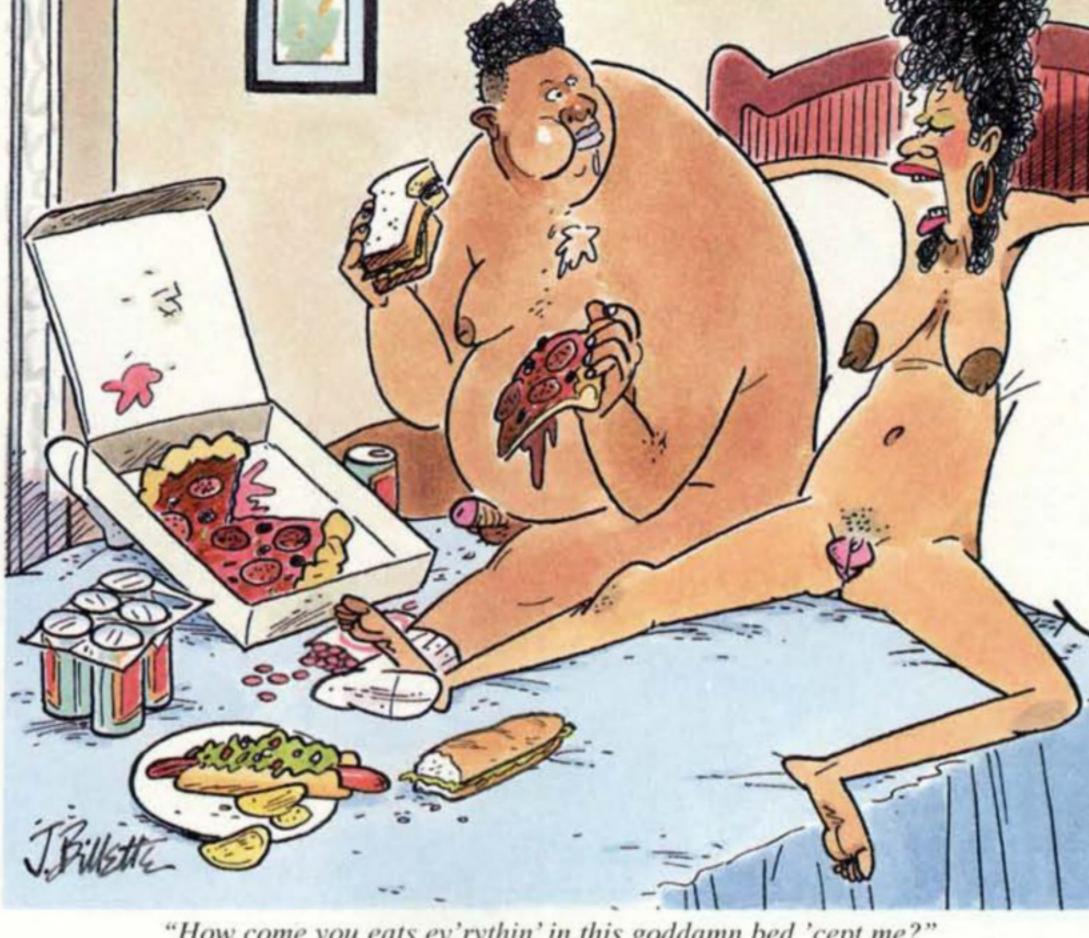
deposition that, in 1968, he was approached by a Houston oilman named Sidney Adger about finding a way to help George Bush Junior land a spot in the Guard. Barnes, a legendary influence broker and lobbyist for G-Tech, the company that runs the Texas state lottery, testified that he passed the request along to Brigadier General James Rose, head of the Texas Air Guard. Barnes gave the deposition in connection with a lawsuit that alleged that Governor Bush approved a lucrative contract extension for G-Tech in return for Barnes keeping silent about intervening on Bush's behalf 30 years earlier.

As it turned out, top advisors in the Bush campaign had known about Barnes's efforts all along—even as they were mounting vociferous denials of any special treatment.

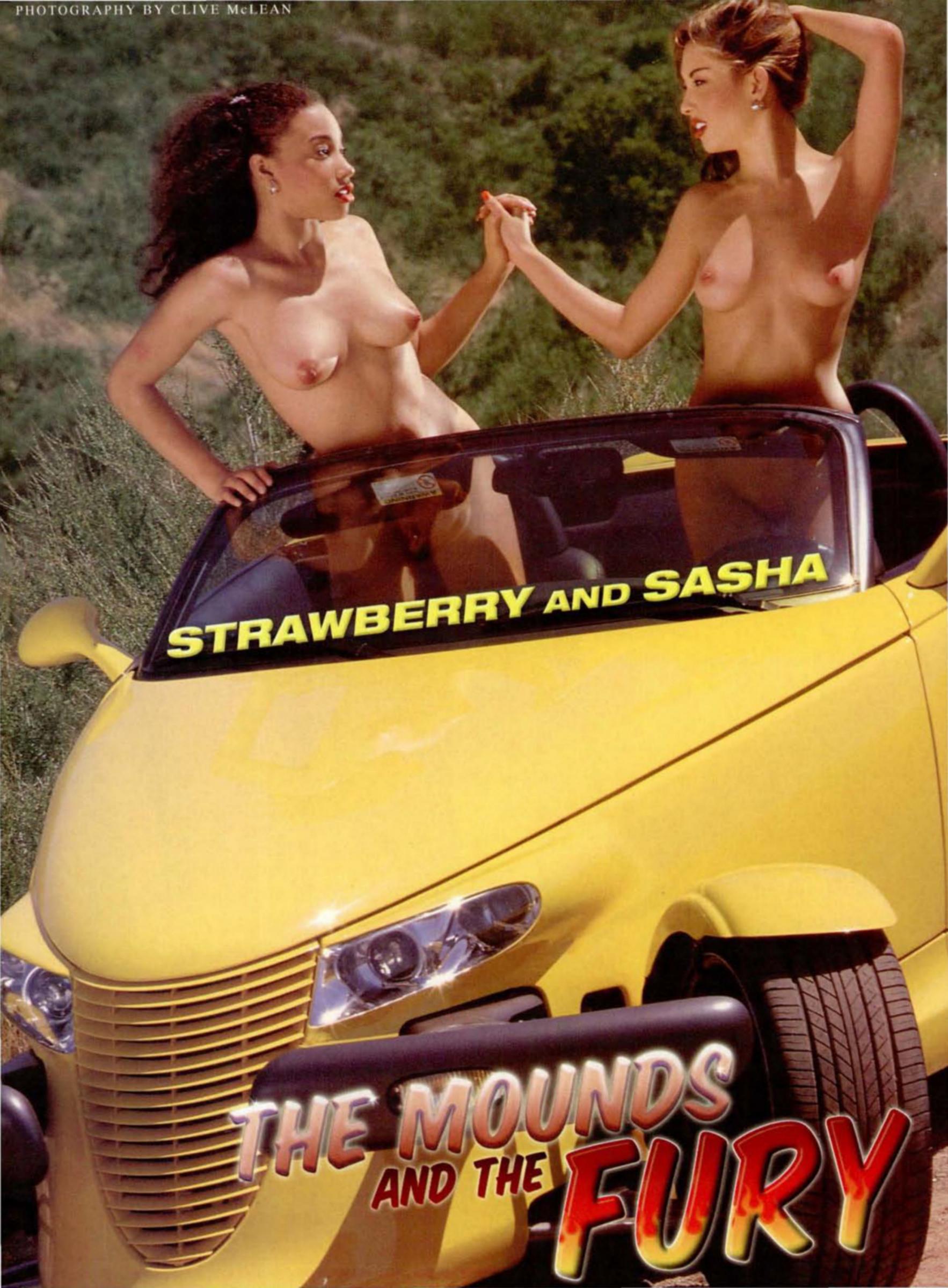
A year earlier, in September 1998, an anonymous letter surfaced in Austin, Texas, detailing the role Barnes had played in helping Bush into the Guard. When he heard about the letter's existence, Midland, Texas, millionaire oilman Donnie Evans, then-chairman of Bush's reelection campaign (now finance chief for Bush's Presidential bid and one of Bush's closest friends), decided to pay Barnes a visit to find out what he knew. Evans didn't tell Bush he was going to approach Barnes; he didn't have to. The same way George Bush Senior had Sidney Adger by his side to take care of problems before they became problems, George Bush Junior had Donnie Evans to clean up his messes. Both Evans and Adger are loyal family insiders. As one Texas pol said, "This is not the kind of thing they subcontract out."

Evans's and Adger's roles as buffers are crucial to understanding how both George Bushes-Senior and Juniorcame to have plausible denials to the persistent charges of favoritism: denials that the older Bush asked for special treatment for his son-it was Adger who had done so, and he died in 1996—and denials that candidate Bush knew anything about it. Evans claimed he reported to G. W. Bush only that Barnes had confirmed that no Bush family member had ever approached him on the National Guard issue, while leaving out everything else.

Thus, in September 1998, ten months before the Texas Air Guard story broke, G. W. Bush was able to write a note thanking Barnes "for your candor and for killing the rumor about you and Dad ever discussing my status." When the Times (continued on page 107)



"How come you eats ev'rythin' in this goddamn bed 'cept me?"









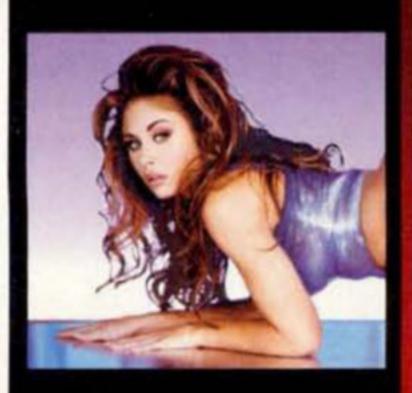






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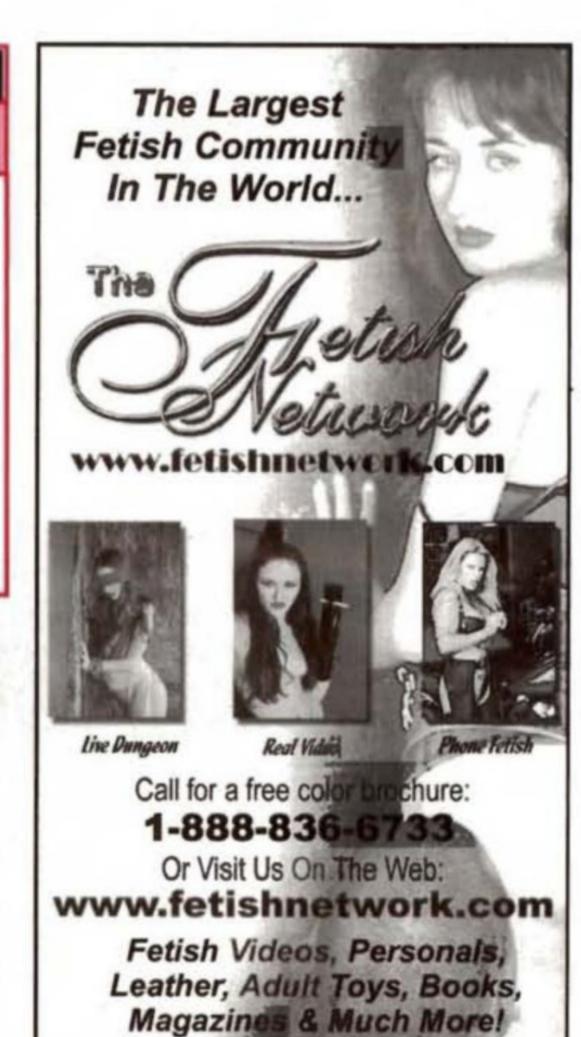
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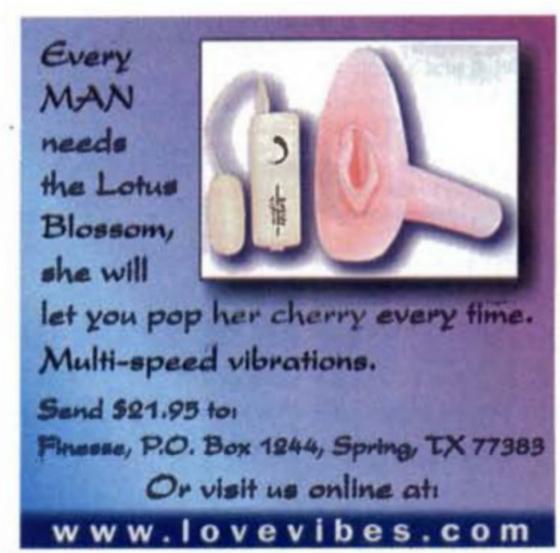
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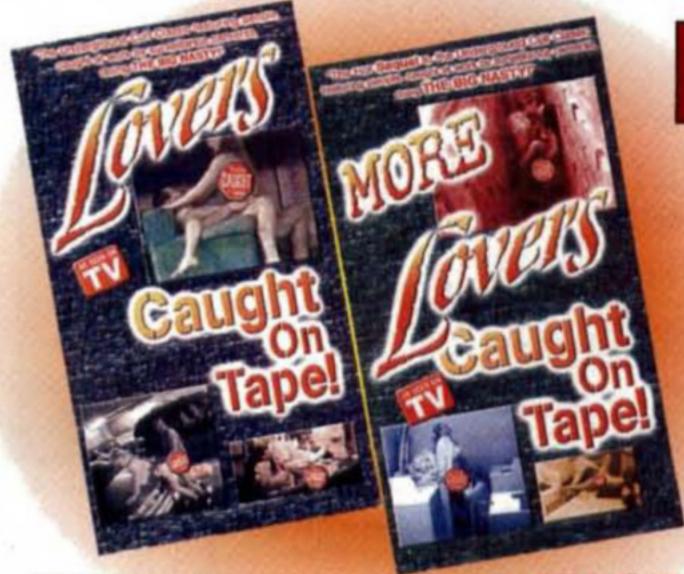






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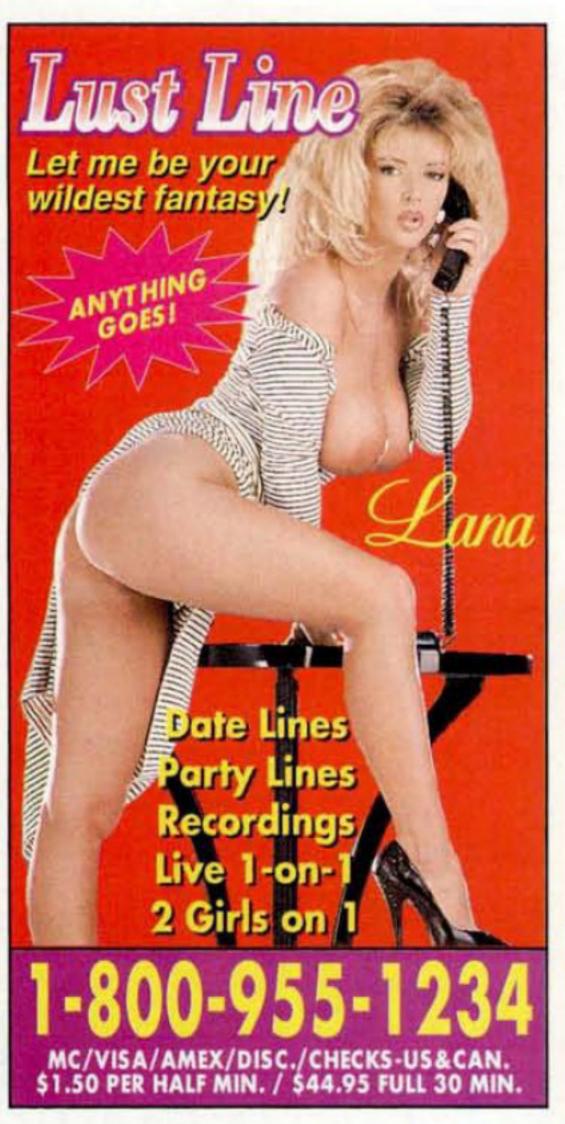




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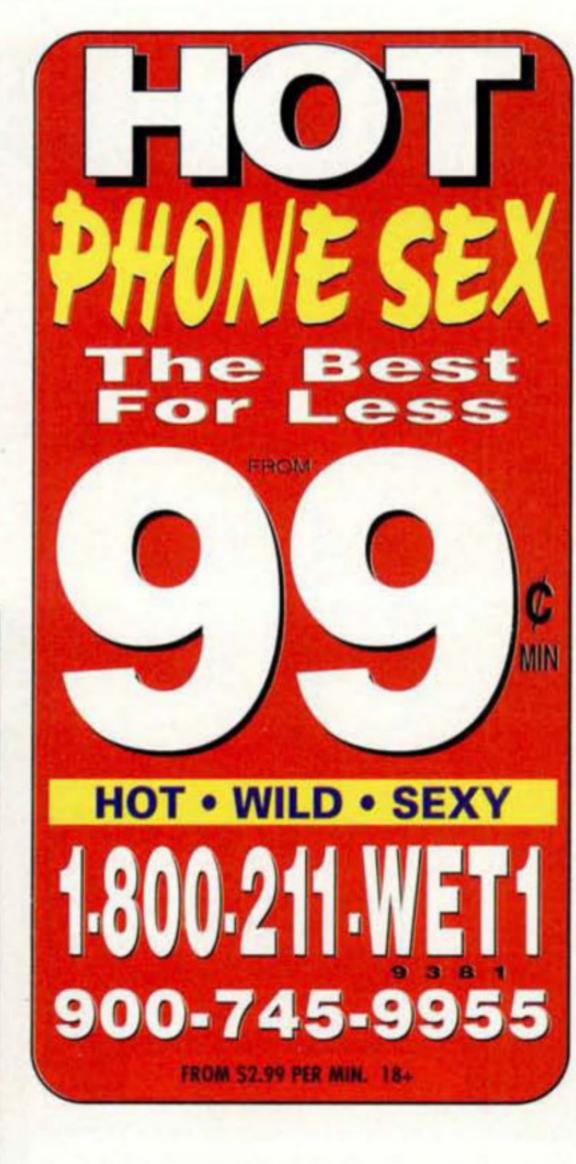
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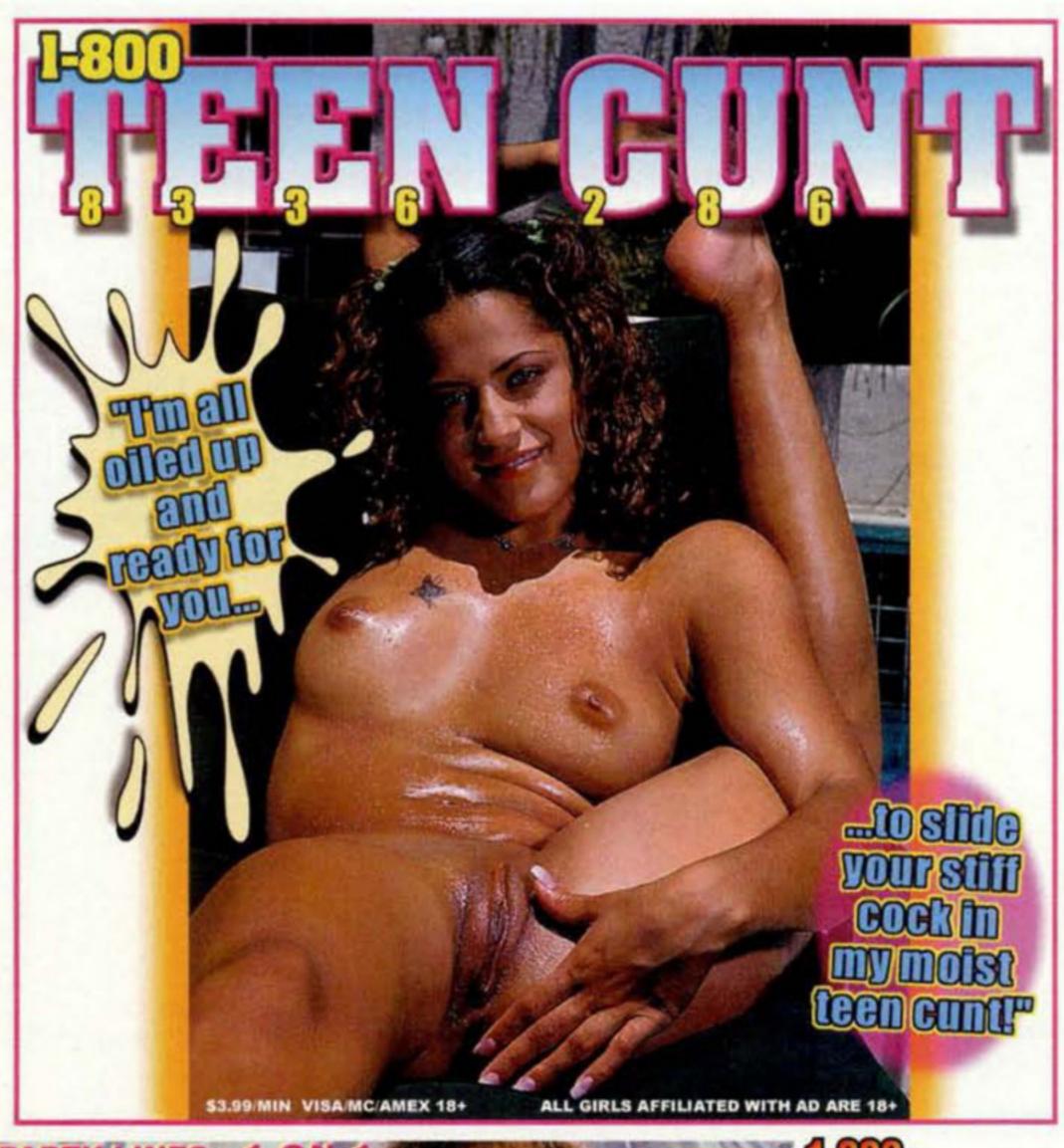
















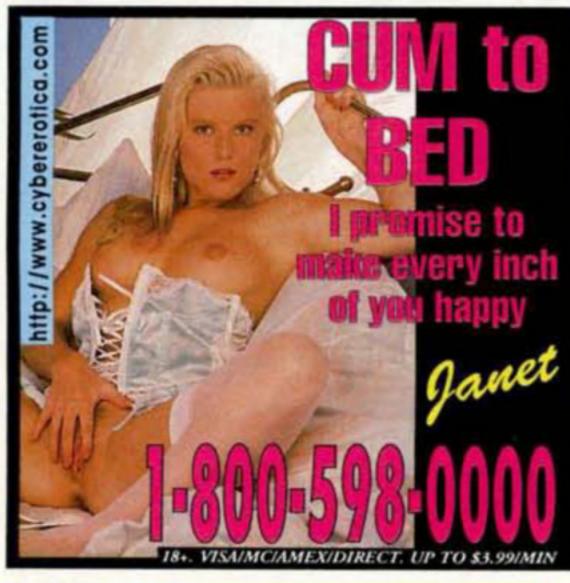


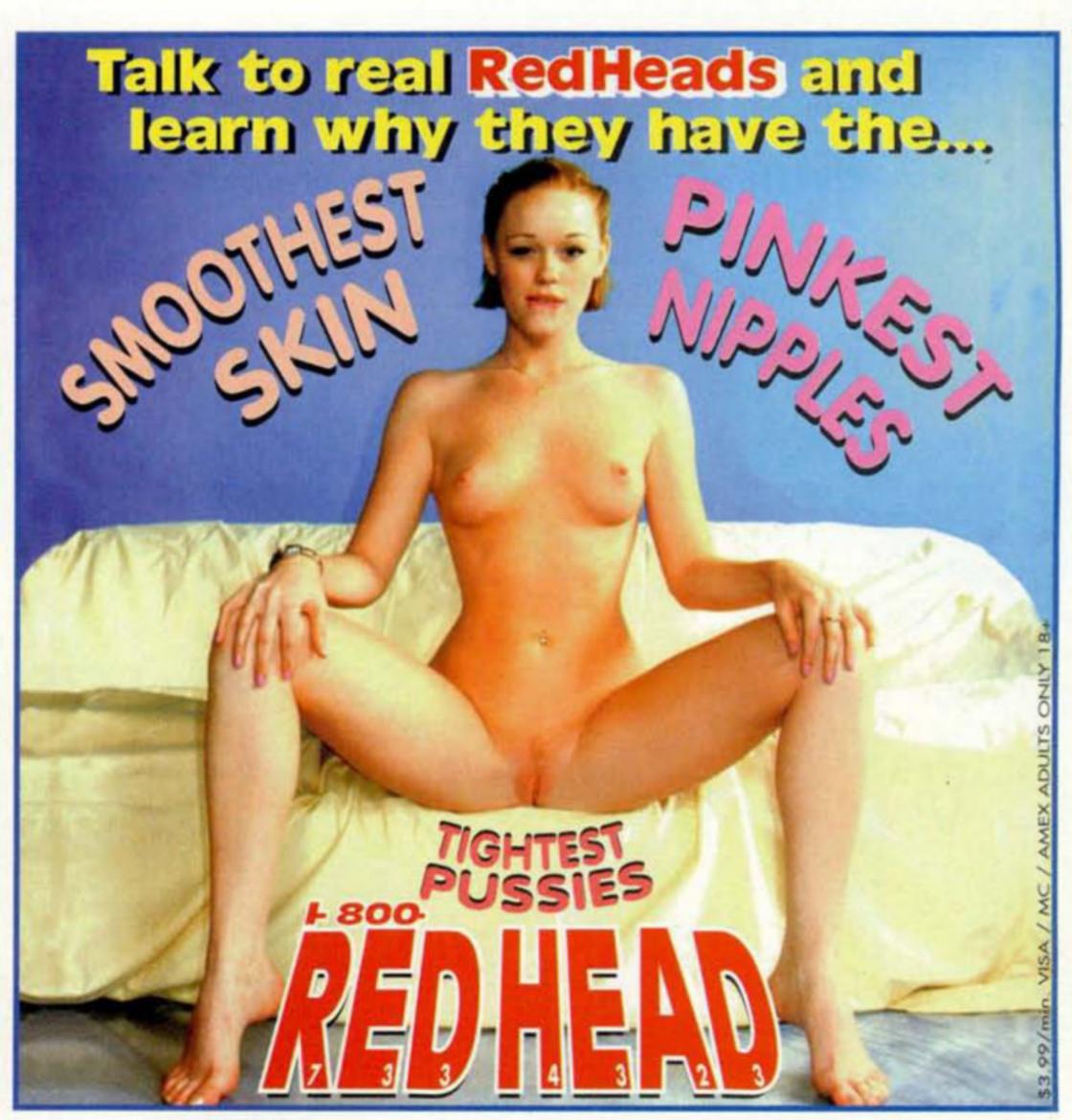






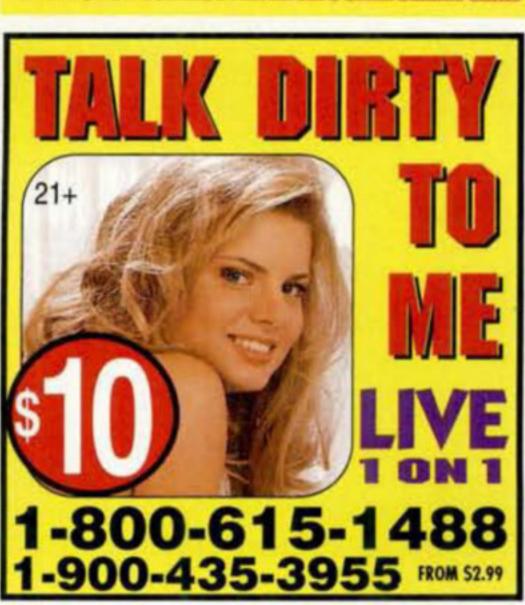


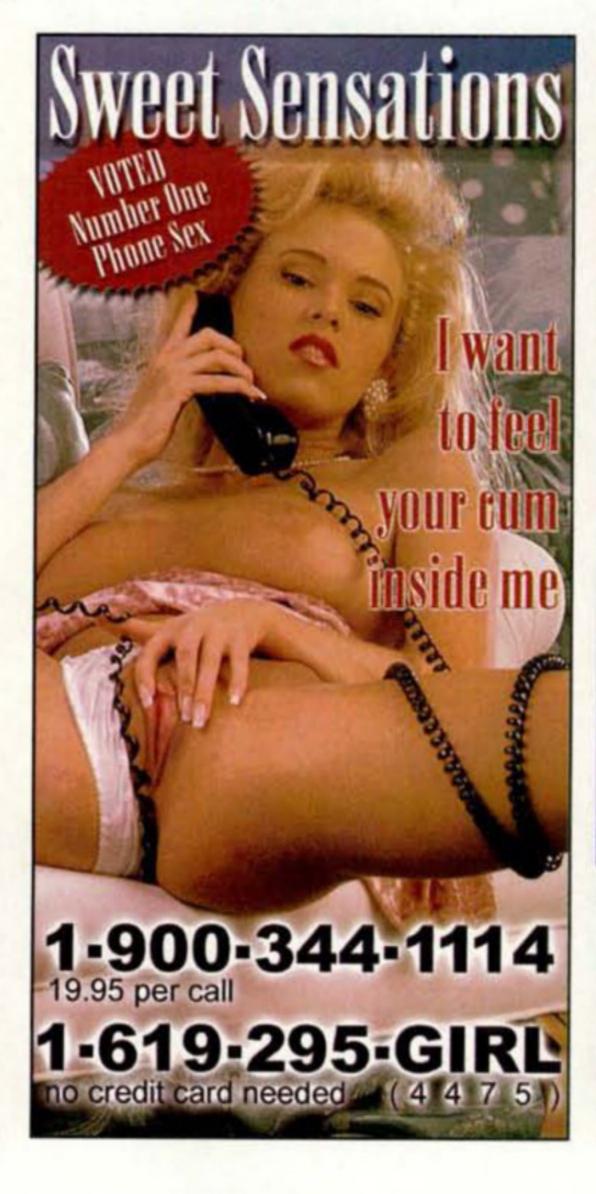




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(continued from page 92)

Damage Control Allegations of Bush's past cocaine use first surfaced

last fall, in what remains one of the more bizarre episodes of the 2000 Presidential campaign.

raised the issue, Bush could say with a straight face, "I never asked for, [and] I don't believe I received, any special treatment." That's plausible deniability.

Along with Evans, another member of the Bush inner circle charged with the task of protecting the candidate is Austin-based political consultant Karl Rove.

Like Evans, Rove and the Bush family go way back—all the way to 1973, during the gathering storm of Watergate. That year, Rove, then-chairman of the Texas College Republicans and a self-described die-hard Nixonite, was brought up on charges by the Republican National Committee that he was teaching seminars on campaign "dirty tricks." Rove was cleared by an investigative committee chaired by the then-head of the RNC, future President George Bush, who turned around and offered Rove his first big job in politics, as his assistant.

Rove remained close to the Bush family. He ran a political-action committee for Bush allies in the 1970s and briefly worked on Bush Sr.'s 1980 Presidential campaign. Rove also introduced W.'s dad to his mentor, Texas political consultant Lee Atwater. In the course of getting George Bush elected President, Atwater became known as one of the most vicious players in politics, best remembered for unleashing negative campaign ads such as the "Willie Horton" spot and another ad with Michael Dukakis cutting a lessthan-Presidential figure in the turret of a tank. Ten years later, Rove is widely seen as having inherited Atwater's mantle.

Contrary to his bookish appearance, Rove cemented a reputation as a coldblooded, calculated operator during Bush's first campaign. "I always knew where I stood with Karl," Chuck McDonald, the Richards campaign manager, told the New York Times. "I knew he was trying to kill me."

During that campaign, Rove was credited with a devastating advertising blitz that hammered Richards for being soft on juvenile crime-though the overall crime rate had in fact declined under Richards—while at the same time insulating Bush from what many viewed as his greatest liability: his temper. Knowing that the Richards campaign was counting on Bush to "melt down" in front of the press, Rove brought the candidate to his fishing cabin near Athens, Texas, for a weekend of political seasoning that has become part of Texas political lore. With the help of Bob Gray, a longtime Washington lobbyist and Reagan campaign official, Rove

peppered Bush with every personal attack, smear and insult in the book. "They were harder on him than we ever were," says one Richards campaign official. Bush kept his cool throughout the campaign and went on to win.

These and other stories have fed the perception of Rove as Bush's "Svengali," as the conservative National Journal dubbed him, which, in turn, has fed the rumor mill to the point where Rove is credited with engineering all manner of coverups and disinformation on his candidate's behalf. One New York media source places Rove behind a widespread rumor about the existence of a photo of a drunken Bush dancing naked on a countertop during his flyboy days. The photo has never surfaced, and the source suspects it never will; he surmises it was a bogus story planted, presumably, by Rove to muddy the waters around Bush's partying past and to frame such information in a more banal light. "Be careful of him," one inside-the-Beltway source warned HUSTLER. "He's not above putting bogus bimbos out there to send you off on the wrong track."

Karl Rove's reputation contributed to the sense among campaign cognoscenti that something was amiss when allegations of

Bush's past cocaine use first surfaced last fall, in what remains one of the more bizarre episodes of the 2000 Presidential campaign.

The inflammatory allegations were contained in an "unauthorized" and thinly researched biography of Bush penned by one J. H. Hatfield, a freelance writer whose previous work was limited to sci-fi celebrity bios and a book of X-Files trivia.

The bombshell in Hatfield's book alleged that, in 1972, Bush used his father's political connections to cover up an arrest for cocaine possession. According to Hatfield's unnamed sources, Bush's father interceded with a local judge, who let George W. off with a year of volunteering at Project PULL, a Houston inner-city mentoring program.

The day after those charges were first publicized in the online magazine Salon, Hatfield received a phone call at his publisher's office from a Dallas Morning News reporter named Pete Slover. The reporter had a question: Was the author the same James H. Hatfield who was on parole for solicitation of murder?

Within 48 hours, every major media outlet in the country had jumped on the story of how the writer who accused Bush of covering up his criminal past was in fact

(continued on page 122)



"He must be doing pretty good for himself—that's a brand-new shopping cart!"



Detroit, Michigan, is home to the sweet and highly fashionable Vanessa. The 22-year-old exotic dancer lists sex and reading HUSTLER as her favorite preoccupations. "To go back in time for a threesome with Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison" is the favorite fantasy of this Motor City madwoman. What's the matter? Won't terrible Ted Nugent and Diana Ross do it for you, Vanessa?

Photo by Husband

"Writing seedy stories about ex-boyfriends, making art and modeling" are Amiko's obsessions. Clearly poised for a lifestyle change, the 26-year-old retail manager from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, says her fantasy is "to be seduced by a tall, blond, female supermodel after dumping my current boyfriend." What seedy stories will your ex-boyfriends write about you, Amiko?

Photo by Friend

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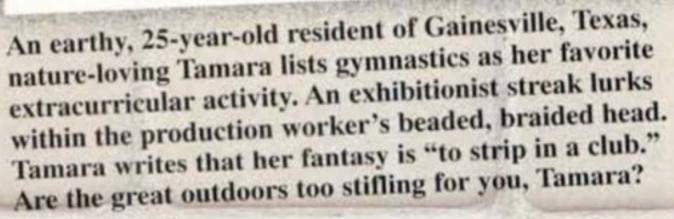


Photo by Husband



"Snowmobiling, swimming, camping and taking care of my five children" fill the time of 27-year-old natural blonde Kitty. A waitress and homemaker from Kincheloe, Michigan, Kitty's fantasy takes place in Jamaica, where she dreams of having "wild, passionate sex with my husband under a coconut tree."

Beware of coconut bonks to the head, Kitty.

Photo by Husband

Little Me, 29, is a homemaker from York, Pennsylvania, who loves sex and hiking in the Keystone State. Submissive in the sack, Little Me prefers her ol' man to take charge. "I love it when my husband tells me what to do and does whatever he wants to me, including kinky sex," Little Me confides. "Taking nude pictures has always been a fantasy of mine," she adds. Looks more like a quim reality to us.

Photo by Husband







Sporting a hot box that demands attention is Tyra, a 21-year-old from New York, New York. The proud and bold student's hobbies include modeling and horseback riding. While aggressive in appearance, Tyra has a soft, romantic nature. The corkscrew-topped vixen notes that her fantasy is to have "sex on the beach." Anyone want to take Tyra from here to eternity?

Lola is a secretary from Indianapolis, Indiana, whose favorite activities include "reading, bike riding, playing darts naked and pleasing my man." The happy-go-lucky 31-year-old harbors many wicked fantasies: "Sex with three men at the same time, all three holes filled; sex with another woman and my husband in the woods; and to appear in *Beaver Hunt*." With one down, you only have two to go, Lola!

Photo by Husband



"Fore!" shouts Lainie, a 29-year-old golf enthusiast and nudist from Eau Clair, Wisconsin. The fun-loving brunette works as a dancer, displaying her hole-in-one dance moves to appreciative fans. A romantic at heart, Lainie's fantasy is "to have sex under a waterfall." Watch your slice, Lainie. Never mind—we'll do it for you.

Photo by Husband







Vanessa is a graphic designer from Minneapolis, Minnesota, who loves working out, dancing, bowling and shopping. The sultry, 22-year-old beauty fantasizes about becoming a human dessert. "I want to have sex in a huge bowl of Jell-O and whipped cream," confides the sexy food freak. Sounds like a recipe for fun, Vanessa.

Photo by Husband

Revealing her pierced and shaved coochie, fireside lounger Adria is a 27-year-old dancer from Marysville, California. Adria loves sex, watching dirt-bike races, listening to music and writing lyrics. The budding songwriter reveals, "I've fulfilled most of my sexual fantasies; so maybe I'll try someone else's some time." Any suggestions, readers? Photo by Friend





After washing her dirty body, 21-year-old Alexis is fresh and ready for wet pleasure. A hairstylist from Daytona Beach, Florida, the bronzed blonde spends her leisure time talking on the phone, masturbating and having sex. The squeaky-clean minx has a deliciously filthy fantasy: "I want to have a girl lick my pussy and have my ass fucked." Any volunteers?

Photo by Friend



"Sex, sex and more sex" are the hobbies of Twila, a 21-year-old student. Vancouver, British Columbia, is Twila's home, where the insatiable Canuck conjures erotic fantasies. "I can't wait to try a threesome," proclaims the impatient brunette. It shouldn't be too hard to find a couple of hosers to do the job, Twila.

Photo by Boyfriend



Tina is a 21-year-old cashier from Dallas, Texas. The yellow rose with the pink petals in the middle enjoys fishing, hunting, motorcycling, horseback riding and camping. A rebel with a nurturing soul, Tina dreams of having a threesome with another woman and her husband, "squirting whipped cream on our bodies and placing cherries on top." Separatist sundaes, anyone?

Photo by Husband



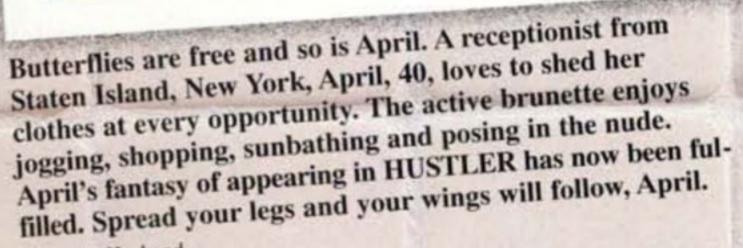


Photo by Husband



Denise, 29, lists her hobbies as playing pool, horse-back riding, canoeing and fucking. A sales representative from Winchester, Virginia, the natural blonde desires unnatural sex. "I would like to fuck my boyfriend on a pool table or a horse (it can be done, I know!)," Denise confides. With a whinnying attitude like that, how can she go wrong?

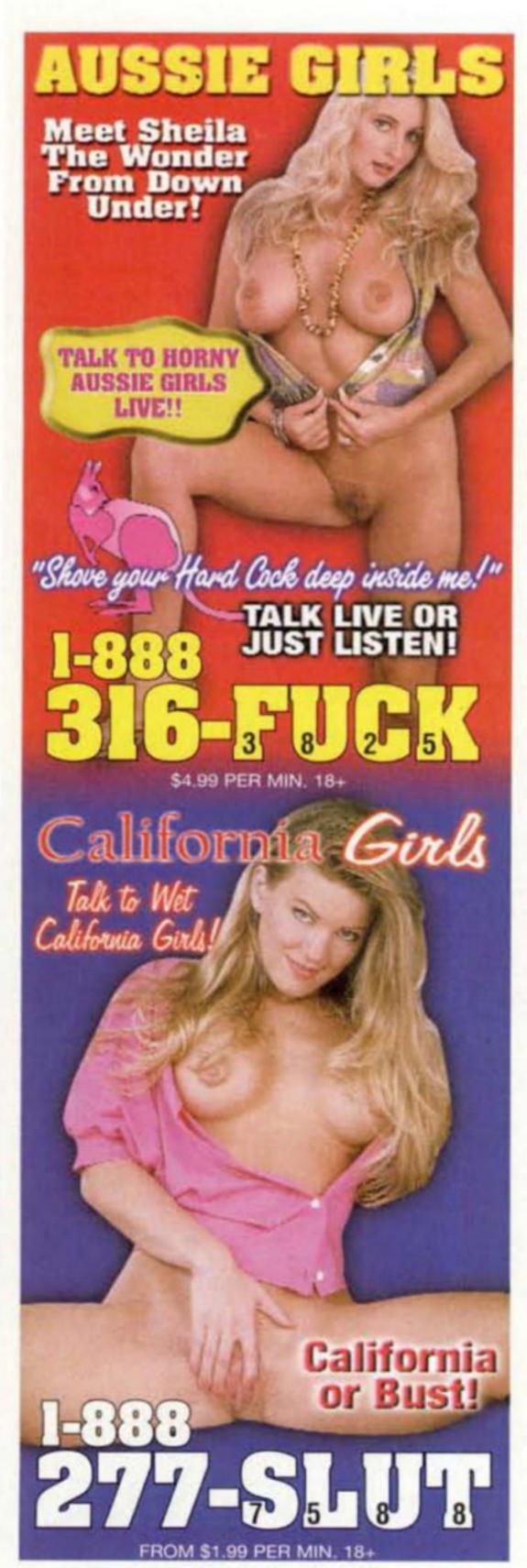
Photo by Boyfriend

Getting up at the crack of Dawn is worth it in this case. A 22-year-old salesclerk from Blackville, South Carolina, this hardy brunette enjoys shooting pool, dancing and riding dirt bikes. When asked about her sexual fantasies, Dawn admits to wanting "two guys at once." Giddap, boys, and ride bucking bronco Dawn.

Photo by Boyfriend

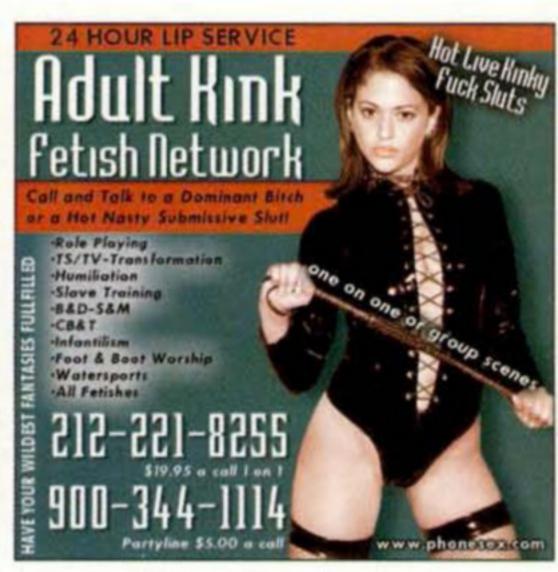






























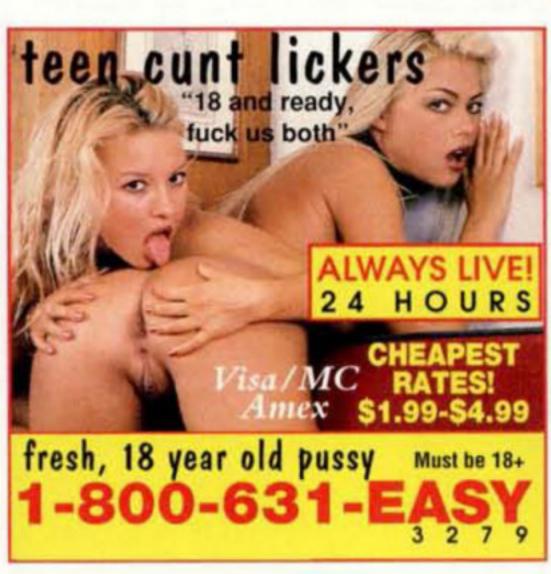










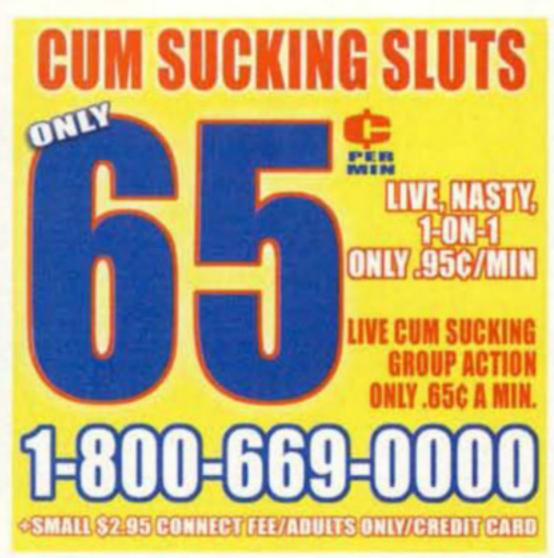
















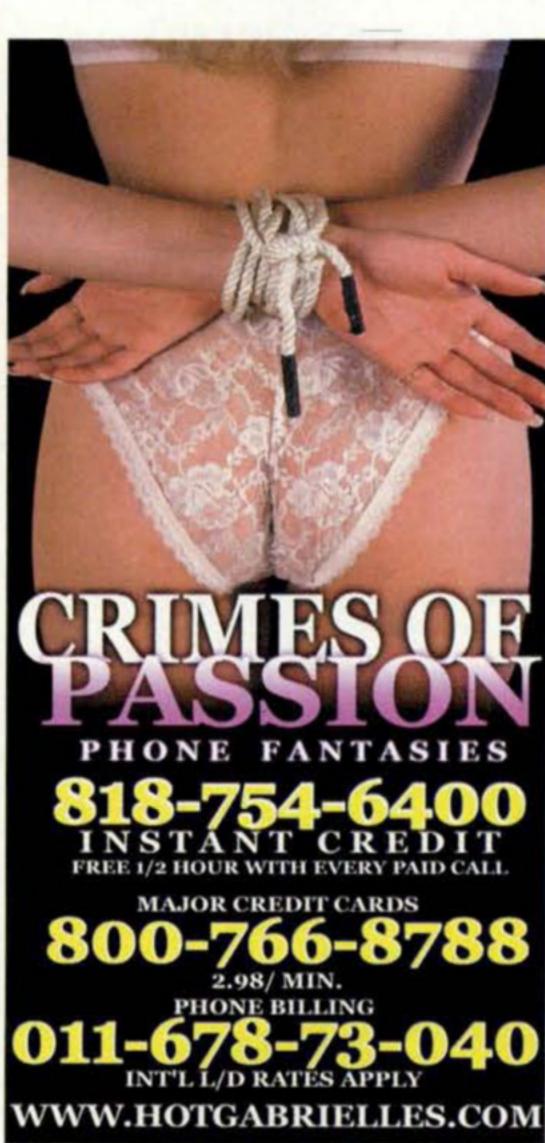


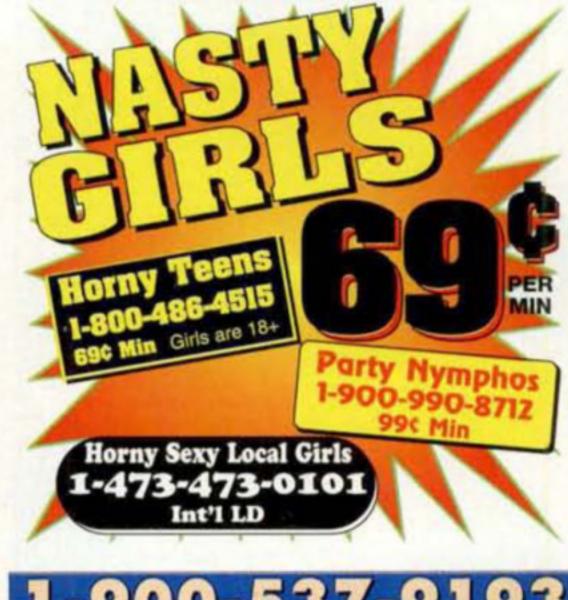
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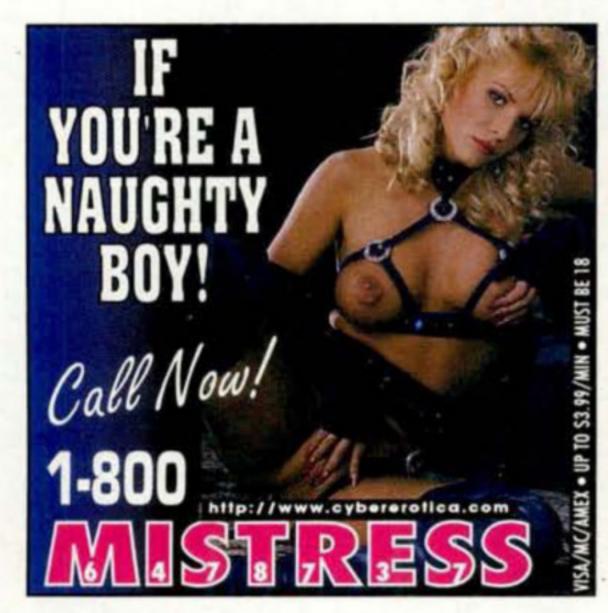












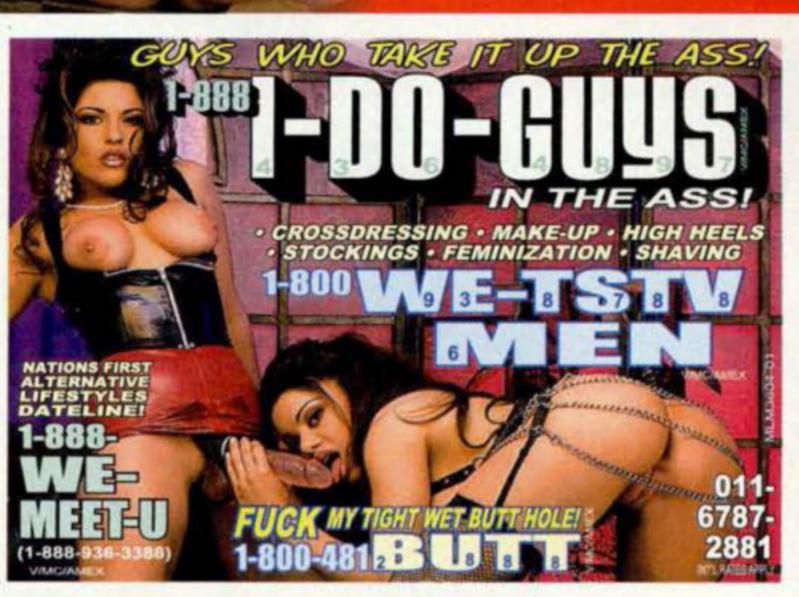












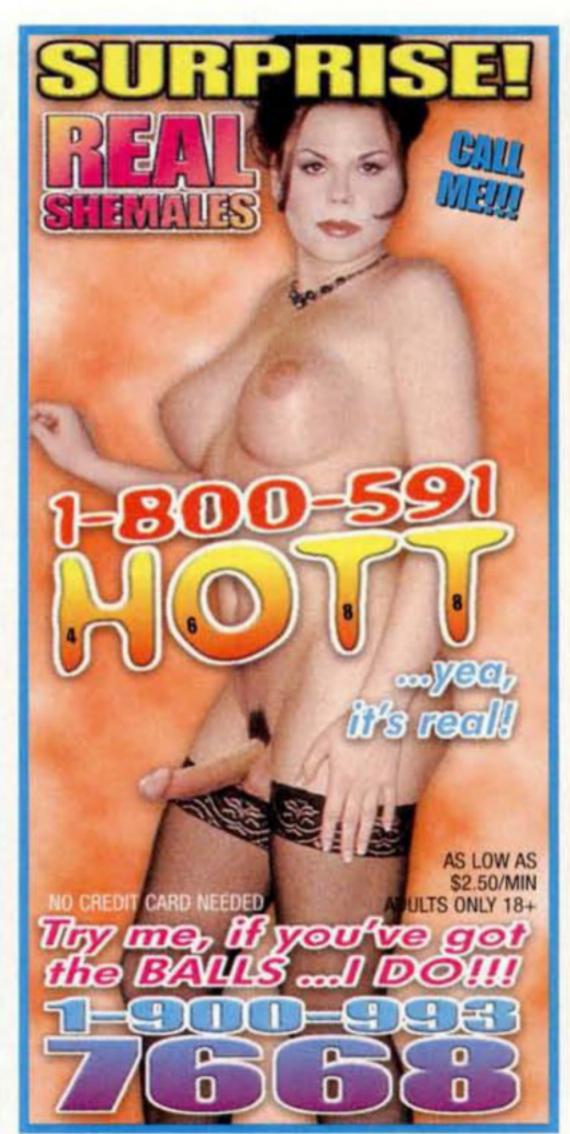






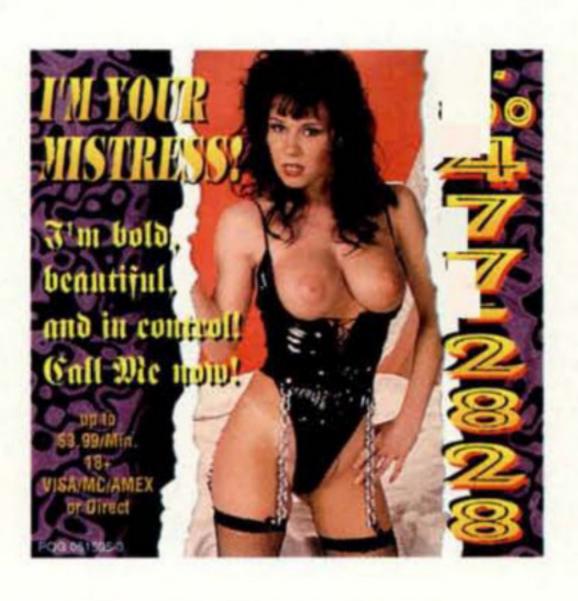
















Damage Control Bush's hypocrisy quotient—defined as the distance

between his moral grandstanding and the messier reality of his life—grows ever larger.

covering up his own 1987 conviction, stemming from his role in a murder-forhire plot that went badly awry. The media focus shifted entirely away from questions about Bush's past-namely, why did he decide to take time off from the National Guard and his heavy party schedule to volunteer for an inner-city outreach program?-to questions about Hatfield's book, which Bush, seizing on Hatfield's background, ridiculed as "science fiction."

Hatfield was finished, and so too was the story of Bush's coke arrest. Under intense pressure, even Hatfield's publisher denounced his book as "furnace fodder" and recalled more than 70,000 copies from store shelves. Moreover, in the weeks and months following the Hatfield episode, the national media dropped all pursuit of the cocaine issue. What had looked to be Bush's most vulnerable Achilles' heel had been neutralized.

Once the dust had settled, a few skeptical observers questioned how Hatfield's past had surfaced so quickly in the first place. "The whole thing smells," says one Texas attorney who has seen Bush operate close up.

The attorney, who speaks on the condition of anonymity, notes that the Bush team has been known to check out reporters' backgrounds. In Hatfield's a conscientious civil servant named

case, the Bush campaign had more than a year from the time he requested an interview with the governor in 1998 to discover that Hatfield, with his checkered past, was "ripe for a setup," as the attorney puts it. "So they feed the guy salacious but credible-sounding allegationswhich in fact are bogus-and when he publishes them, they cut him off at the knees," the attorney posits. "And their problem is gone." Hatfield, in fact, claims he got the story of Bush's coke arrest from high-ranking officials on Bush's staff, and Hatfield's lawyer says he has phone records to prove it. The officials deny ever having talked to the writer.

Even if Bush insiders had no role in setting Hatfield up with bogus allegations in the first place, they may well have been behind the thrashing the author subsequently received in the press.

According to Hatfield's parole officer, an Arkansan named Eddie Cobb, several reporters who contacted him had not only the public file on Hatfield's convictionwhich, on its own, would not have been enough to definitively link the author to the crime—but his detailed confidential records as well.

The director of public information for the Texas Department of Criminal Justice,

Stennett Posey, insists he had no role in leaking this file to the press. "The only way someone could get these documents," says Posey, "is if they had a key to the back door of my office." Who would have such a key? Karl Rove? Governor Bush? Naturally, the reporters who broke the Hatfield story can't reveal their sources.

The "anonymous smear" is a time-honored tactic the Bush campaign used with shamelessness in mounting a "whisper campaign" against Bush's chief rival for the Republican nomination for President, Arizona Senator John McCain. Last December, with McCain's heroic life story and straight-talking persona sending him surging in the New Hampshire polls, a rumor spread like wildfire across Capitol Hill and through the press that the five and a half years McCain spent in a Vietnam POW camp had left him "unstable" and "funny in the head." McCain's volcanic temper, according to the buzz, was a sign of a deeper mental imbalance. The Washington Post eventually tracked the rumor back to four GOP senators who-surprise, surprise-were all supporters of George W. Bush. As McCain joked to the press, "Apparently, the memo has gone out from the Bush campaign to start attacking John McCain."

Bush campaign staffers indignantly protested their innocence, but old hands knew better. Ten years earlier, similar smears had emanated from the Bush camp about Democratic candidate Michael S. Dukakis.

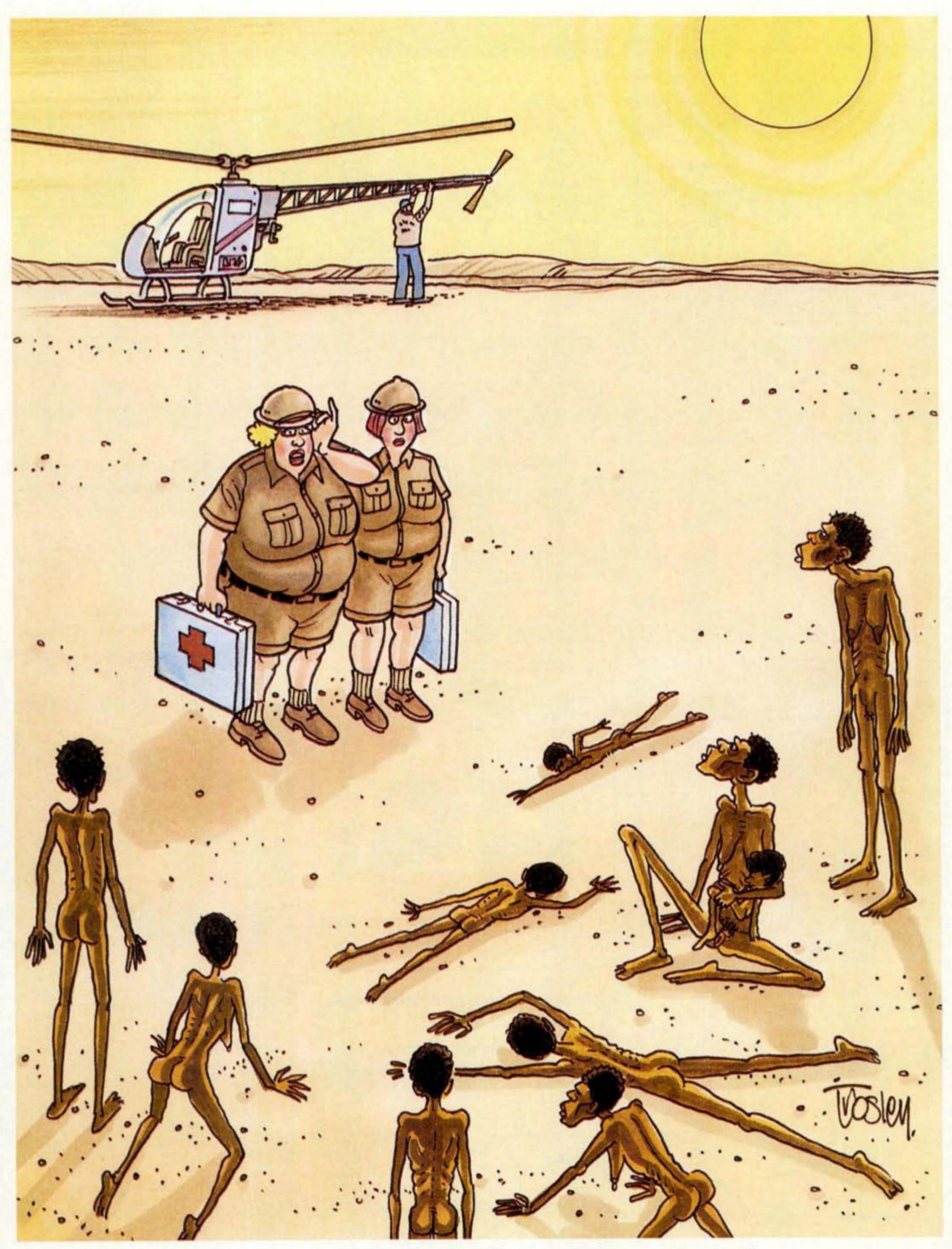
In the end, G. W. Bush's past may yet come back to haunt him-especially since Bush, in an attempt to frame himself as an alternative to eight years of Bill Clinton, has increasingly cast himself as a "family man" who will restore integrity to the Oval Office. As Bush said in a New Hampshire debate, "I'm running because I want to change today's culture from one that says, 'If it feels good, do it,' to one in which each of us must understand we are responsible for the decisions we make."

With such rhetoric, Bush's hypocrisy quotient-defined as the distance between his moral grandstanding and the messier reality of his life-grows ever larger, setting the candidate up for what could be an even bigger fall.

"The people who've got the goods on Bush," says one Houston press insider, are waiting "until the stakes go up" before they shovel out the real dirt on Bush. "Come back here in June, after Bush has the nomination locked up, and see what turns up."



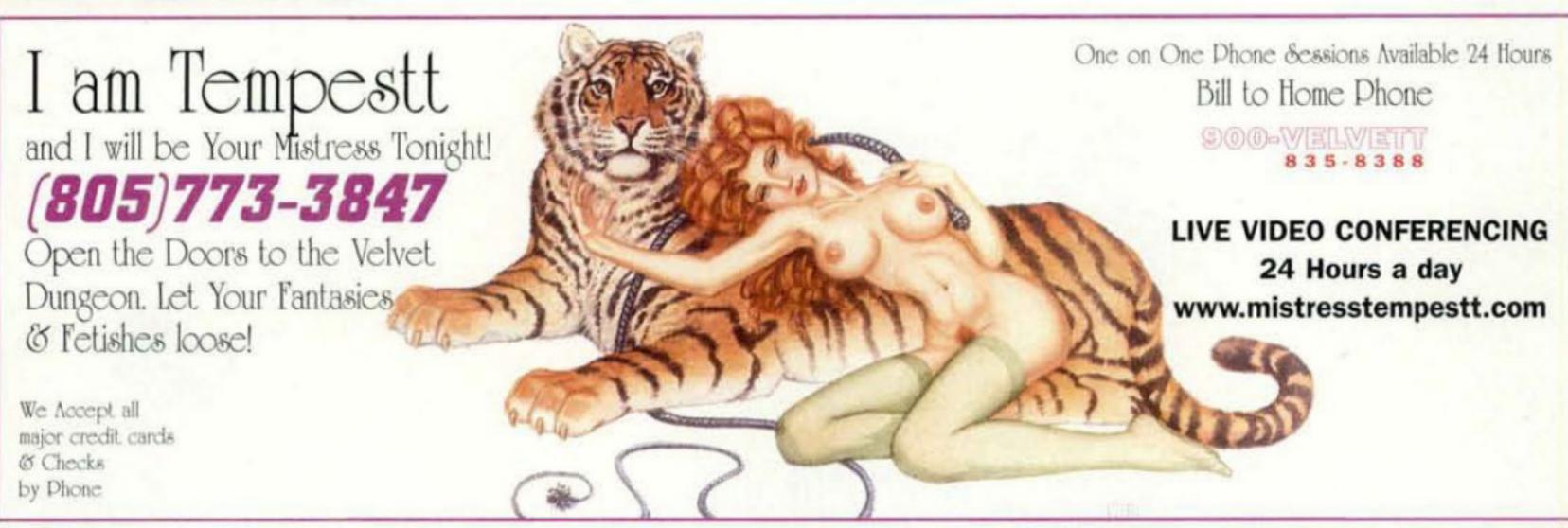
"Hey, honey! You'll never guess what happened to me at work today...."



"Oh Lord, we must help these women. They have serious eating disorders."





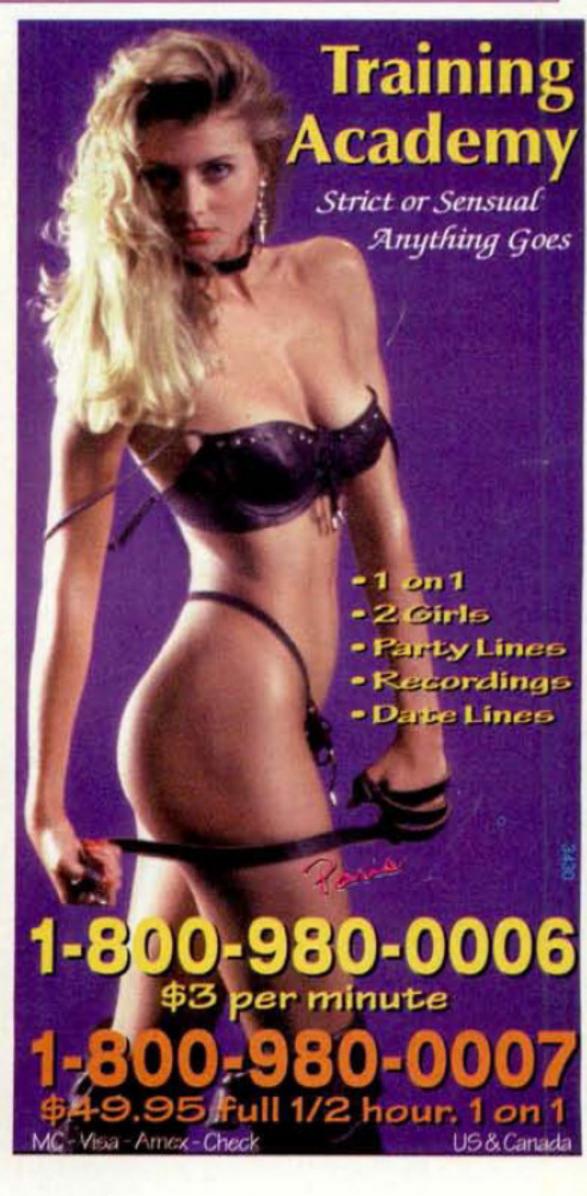






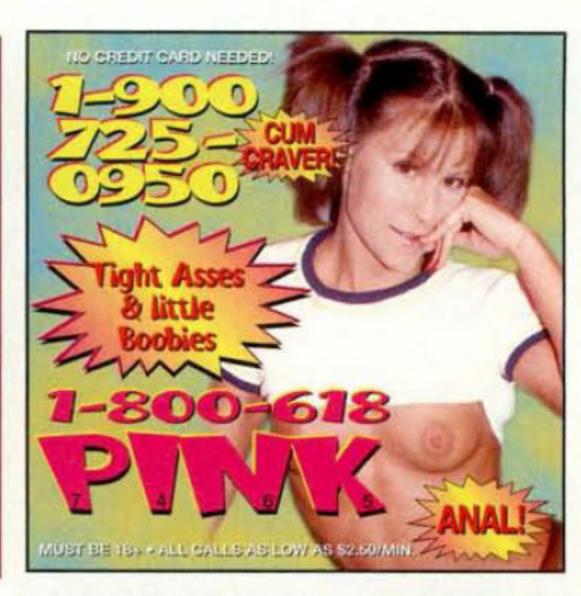






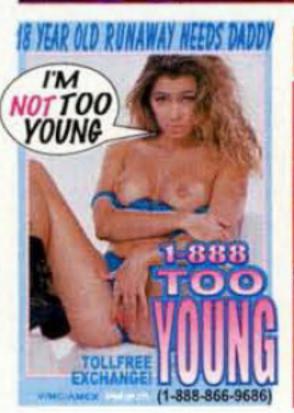


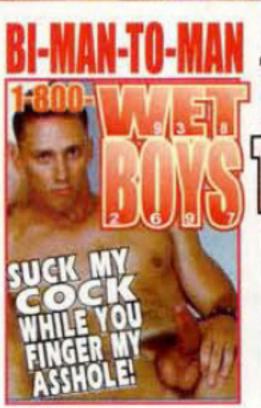






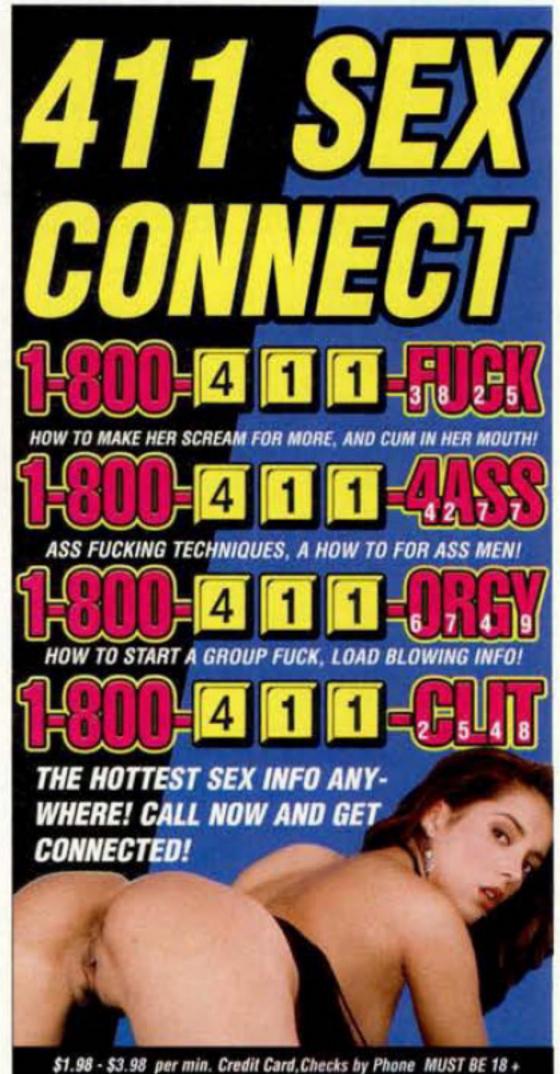














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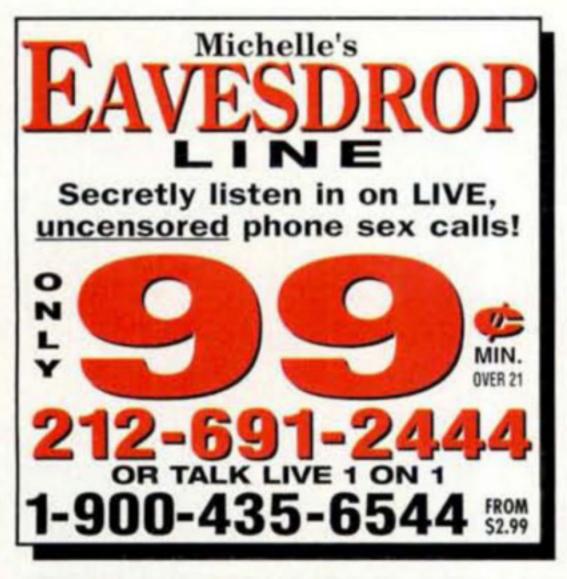
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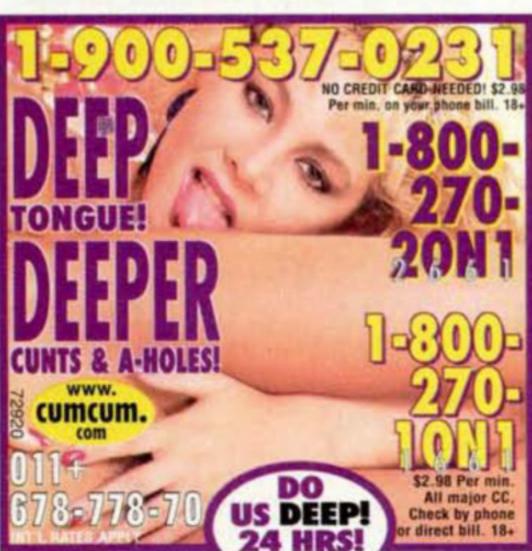
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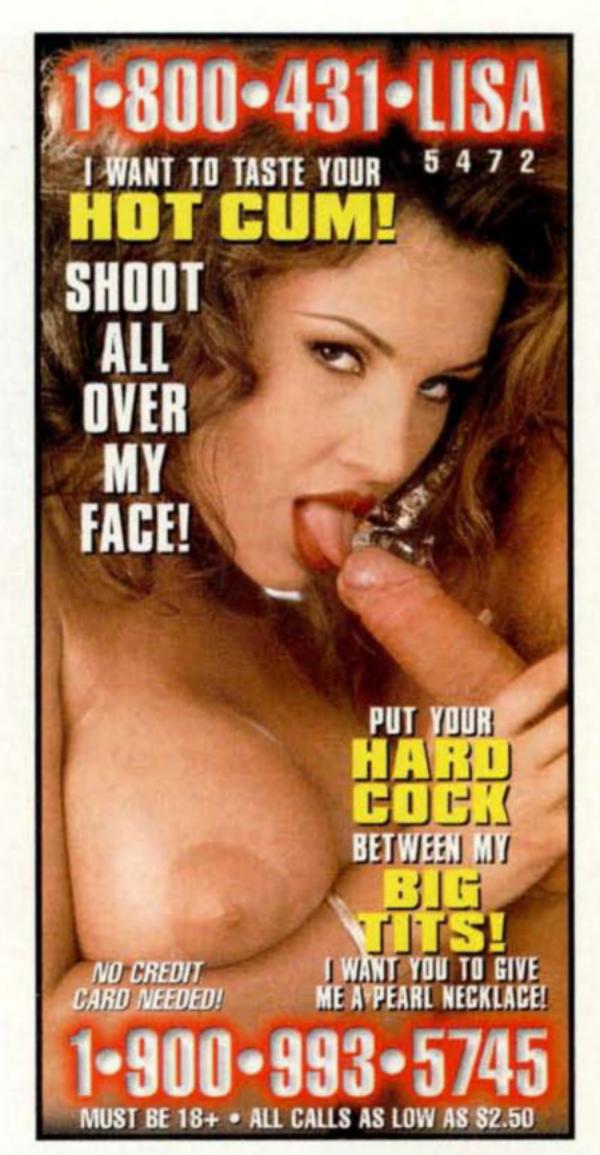
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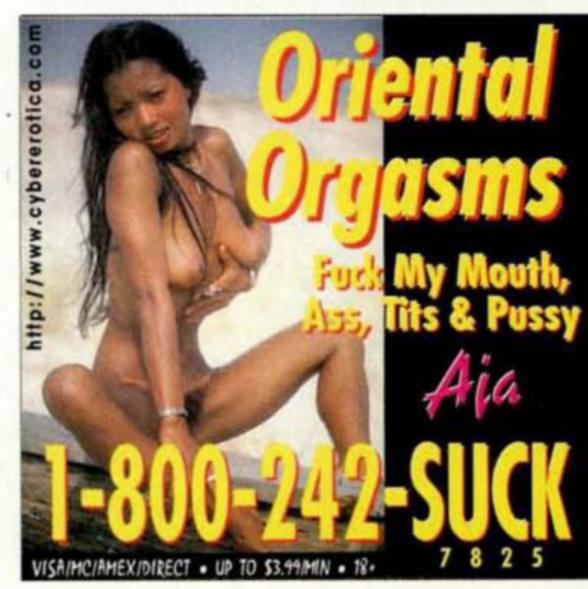
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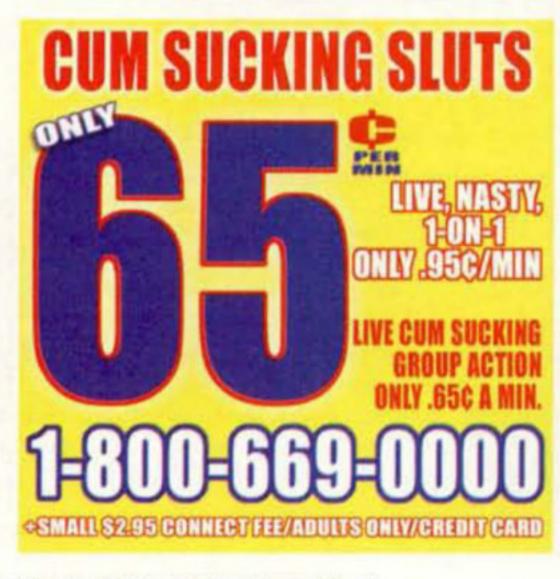
















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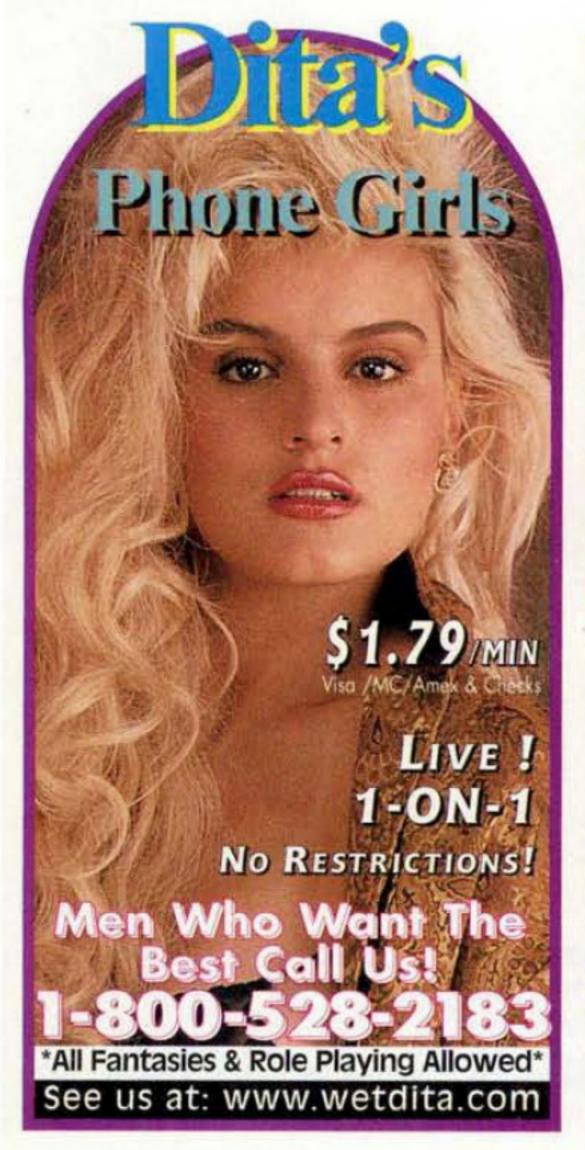
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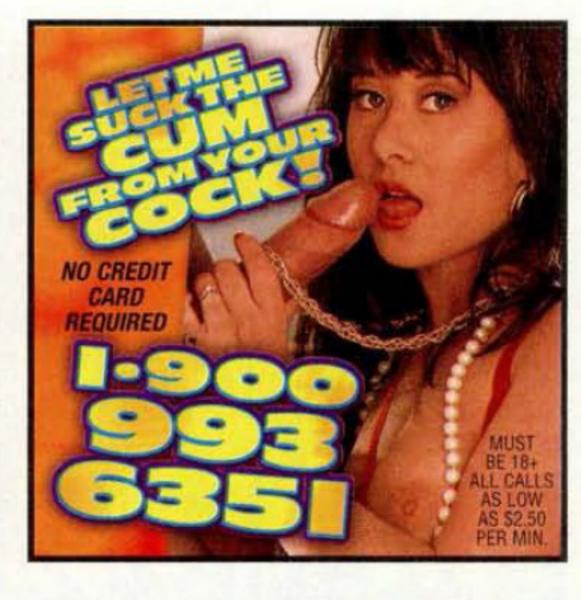


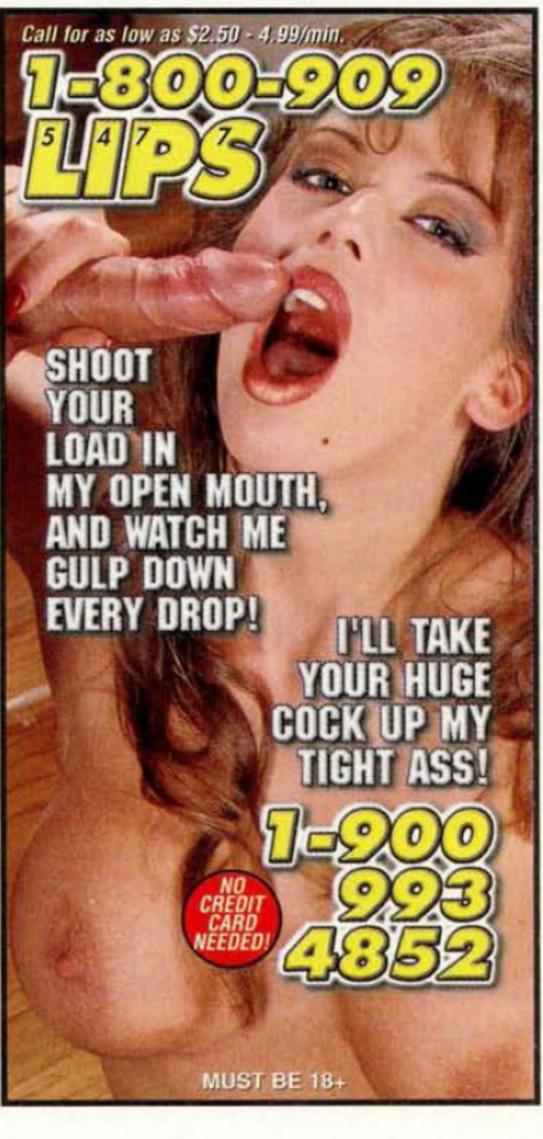




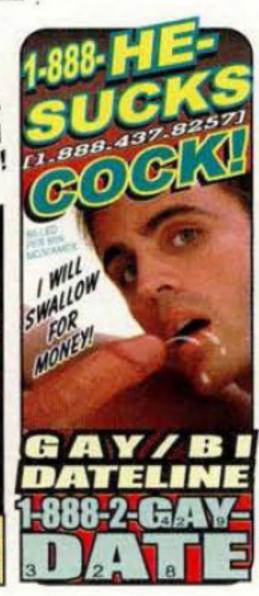


















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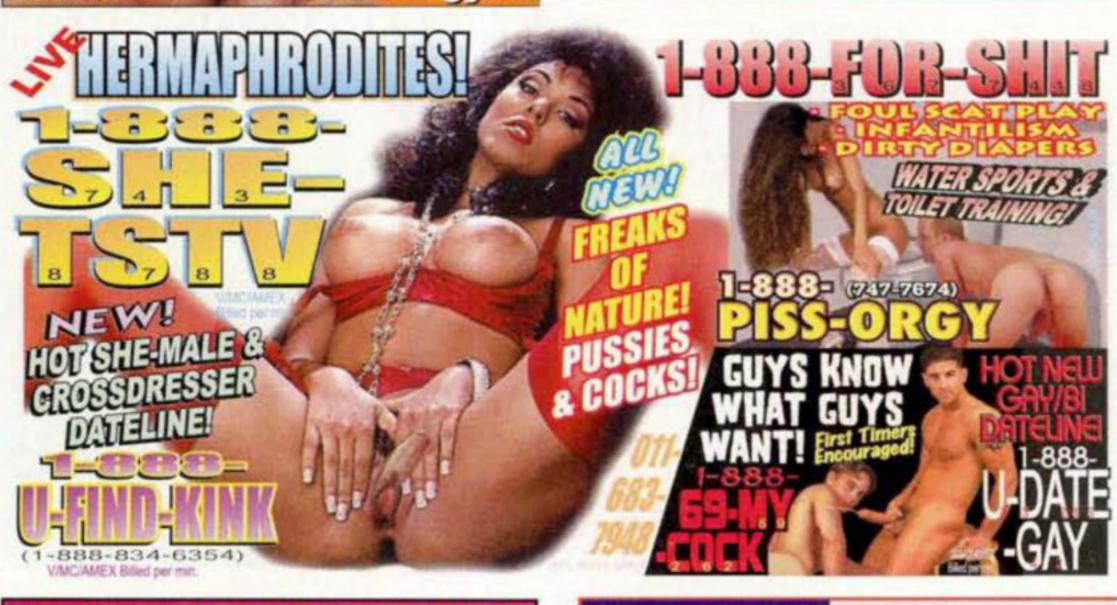








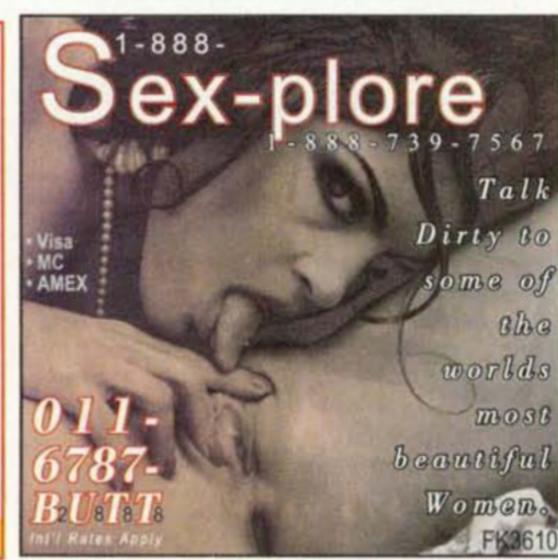




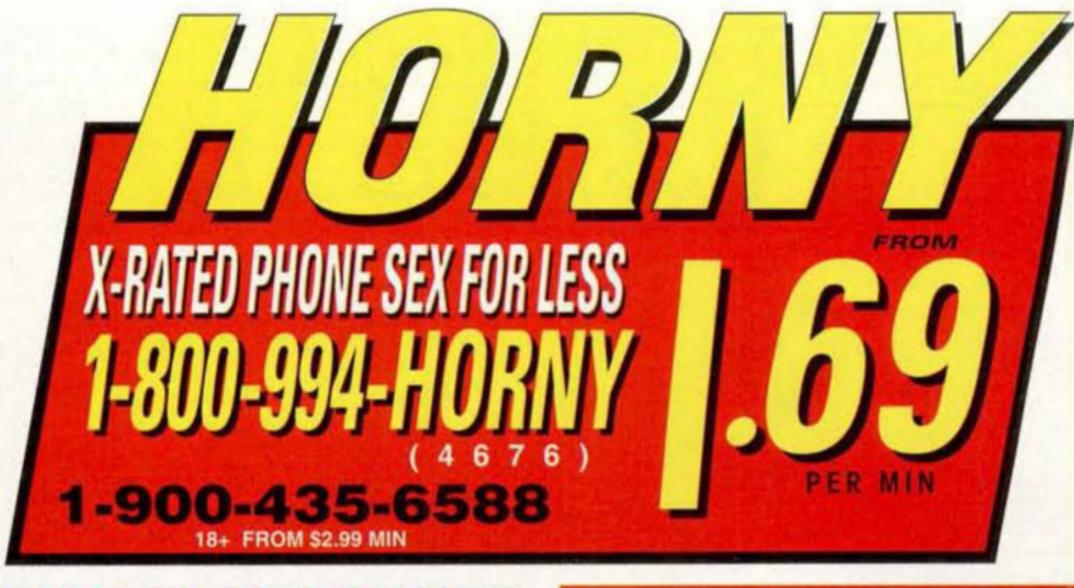








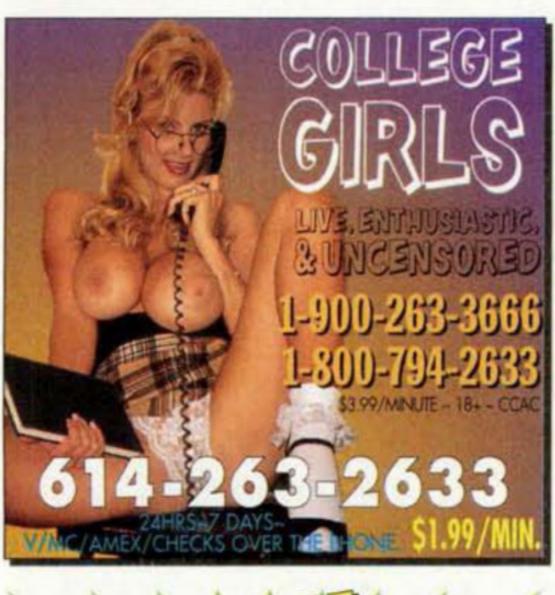






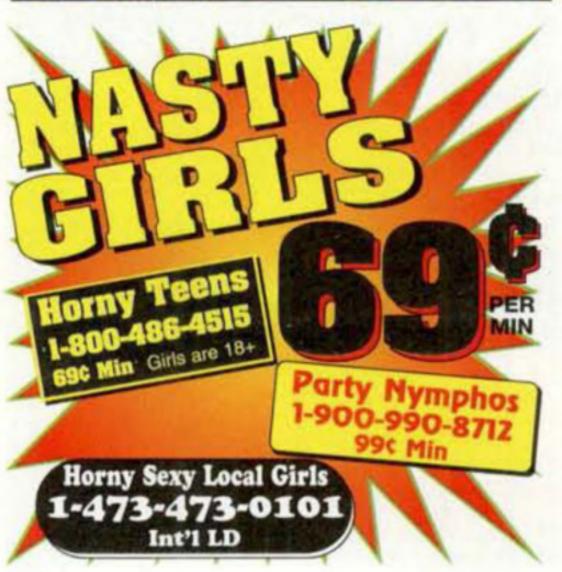










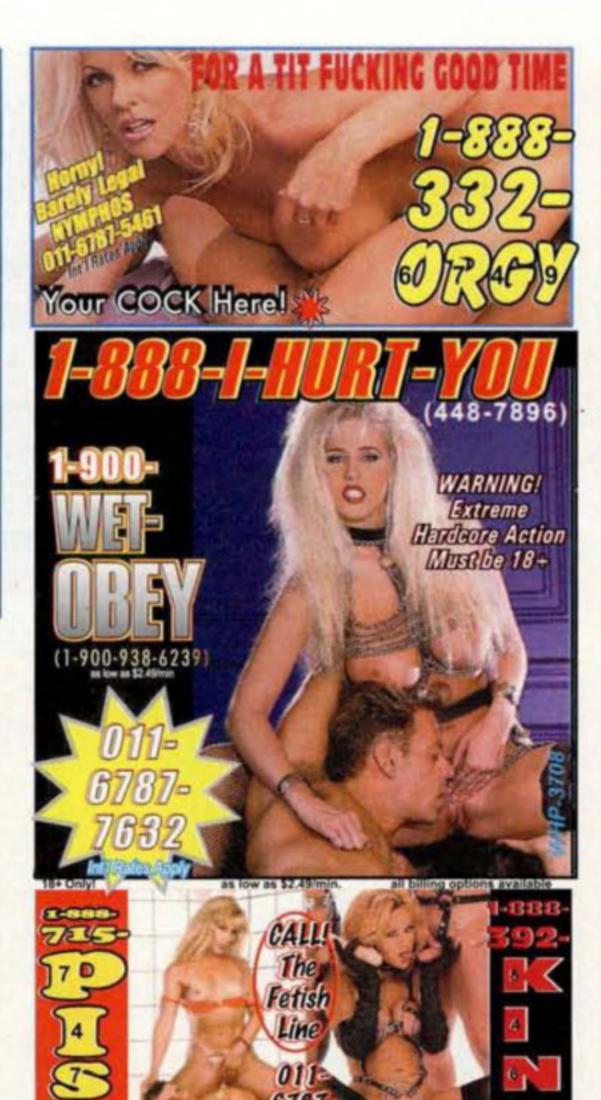


















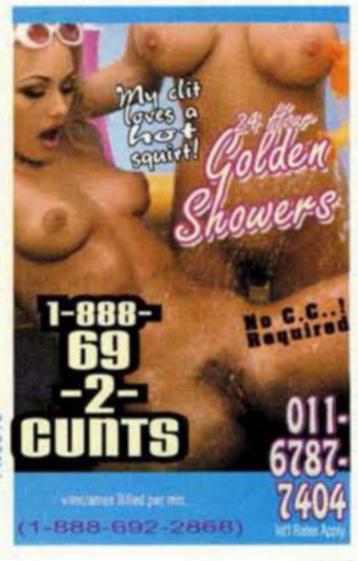




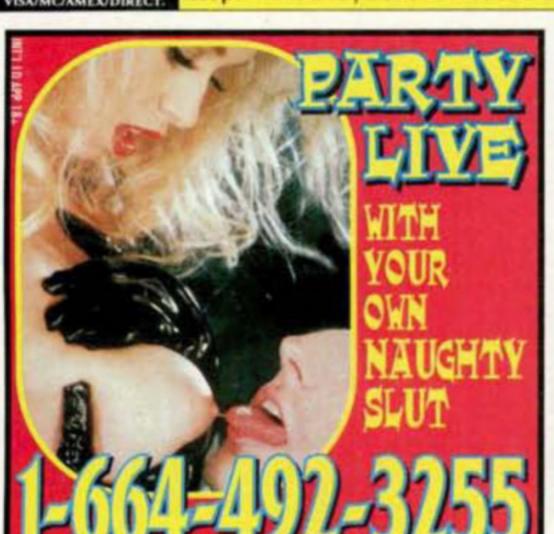
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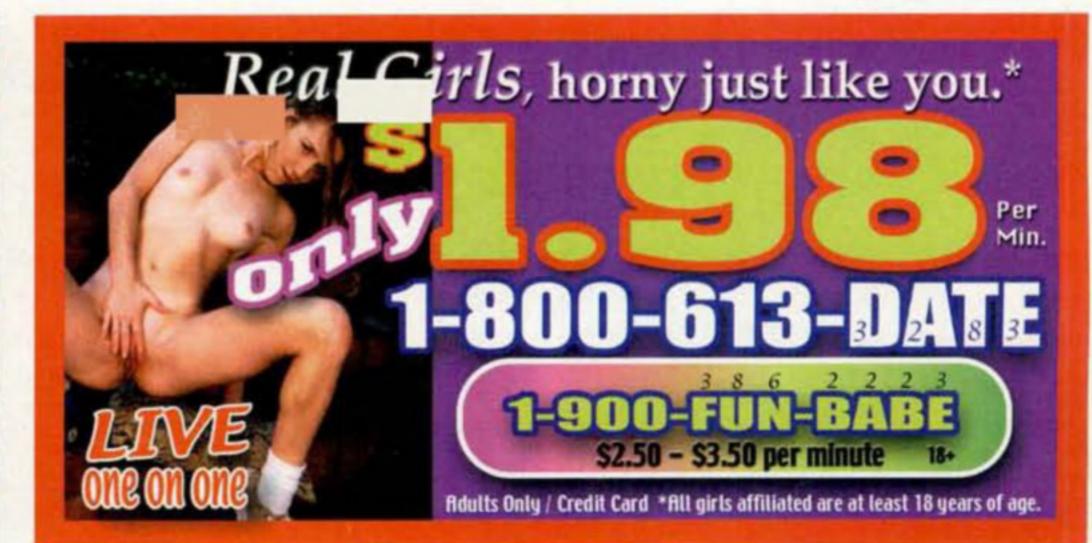
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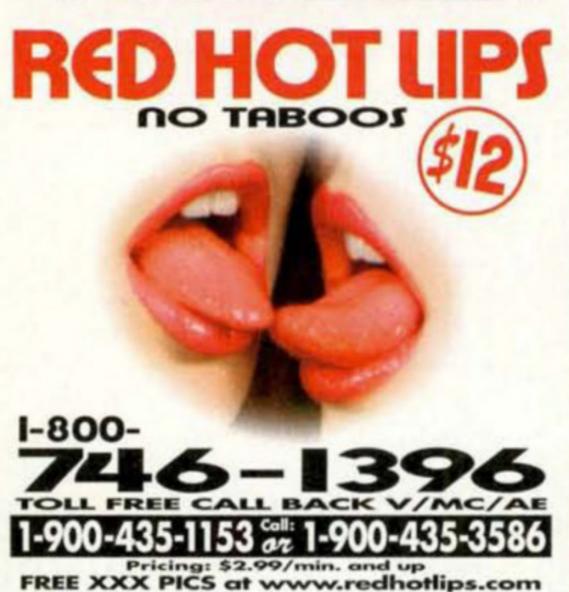


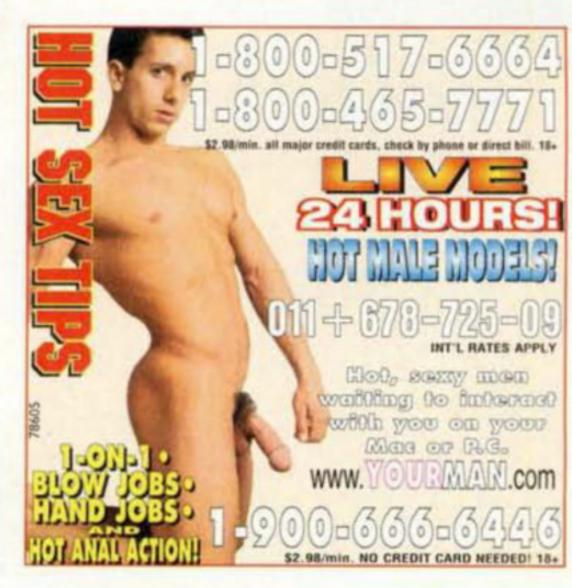






































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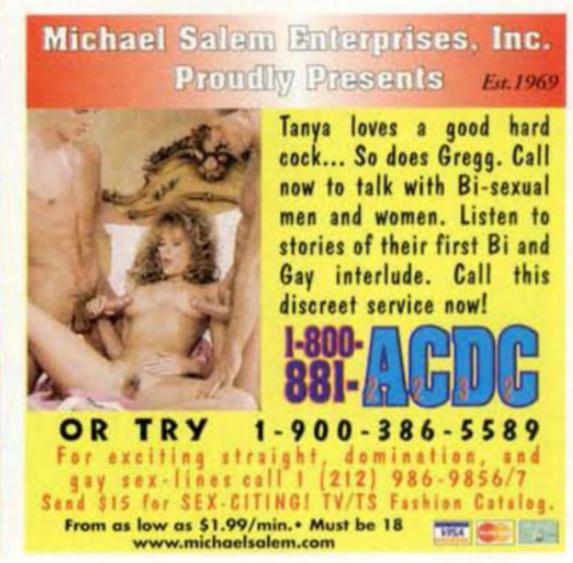
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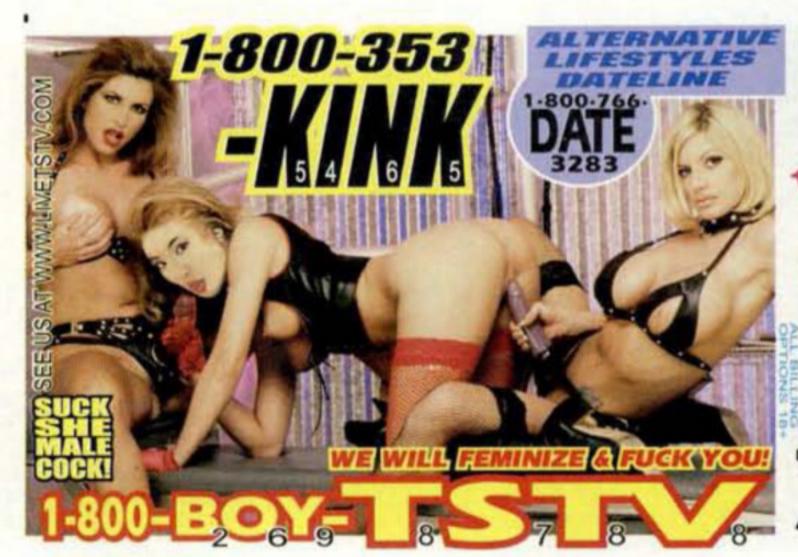
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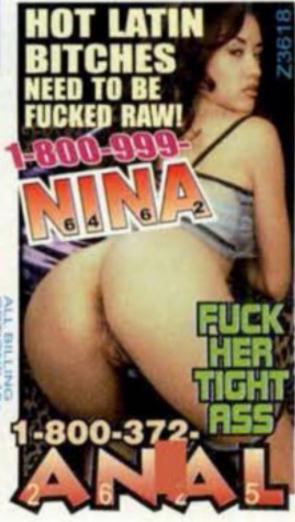








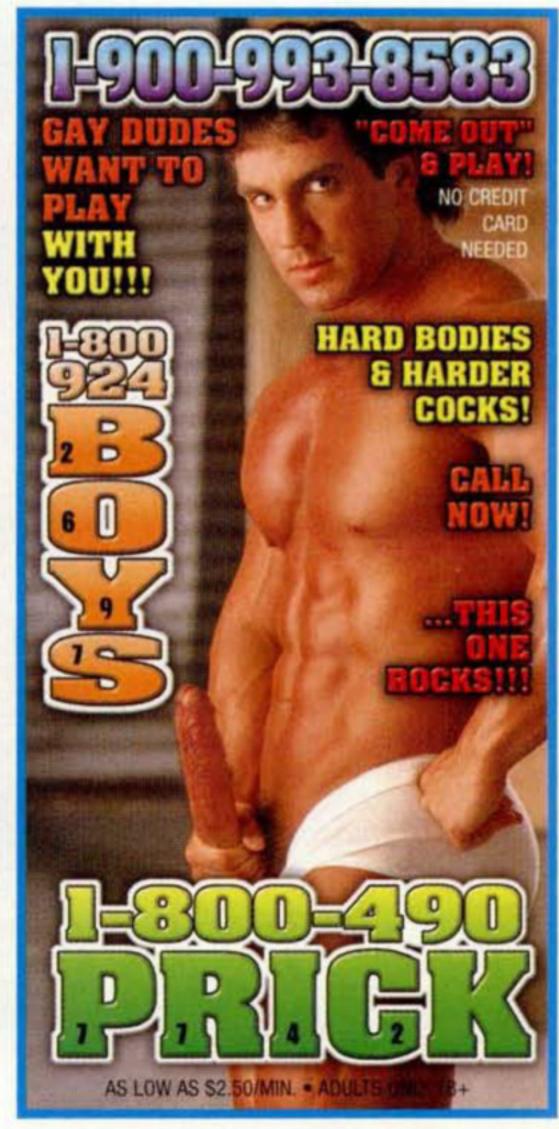














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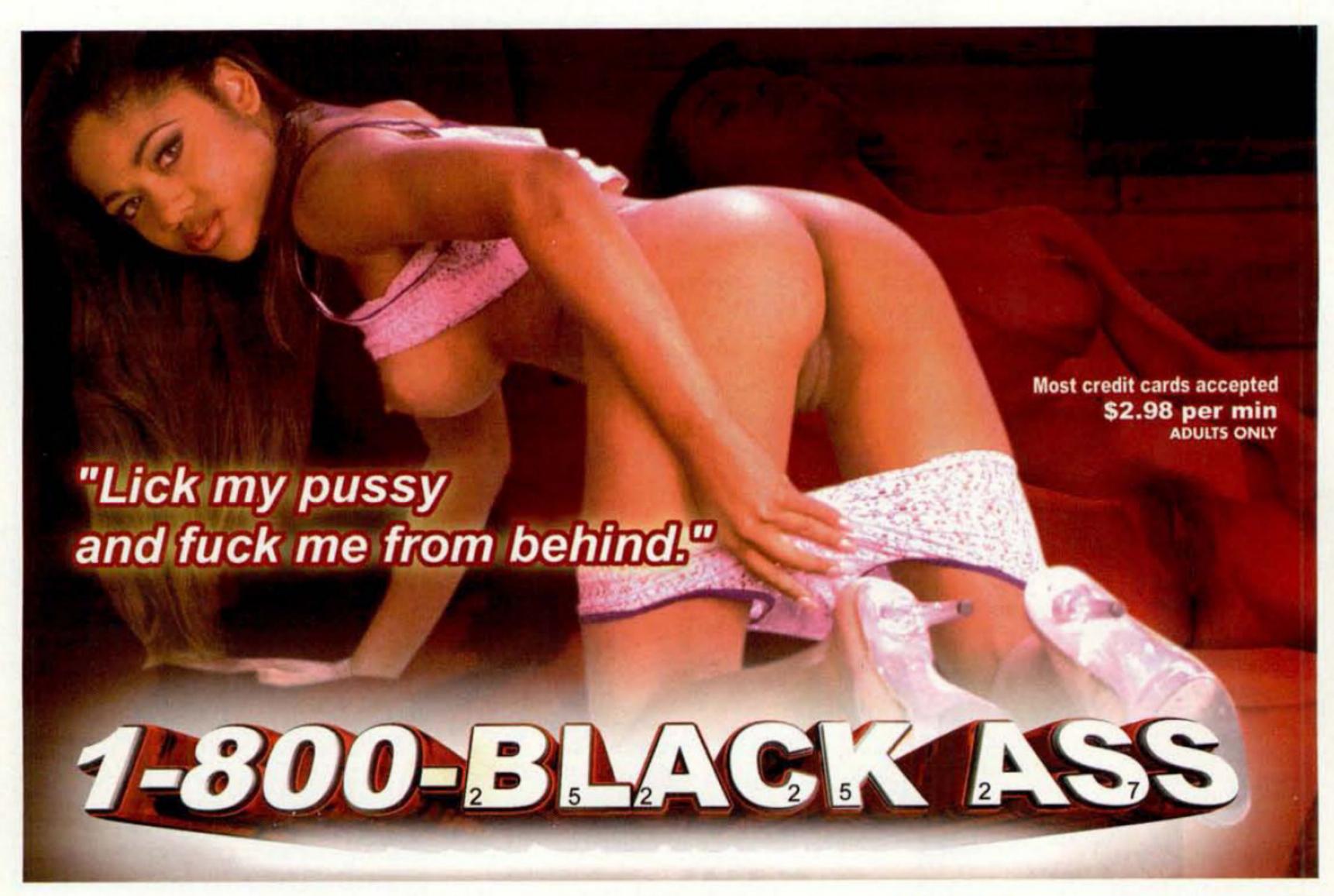
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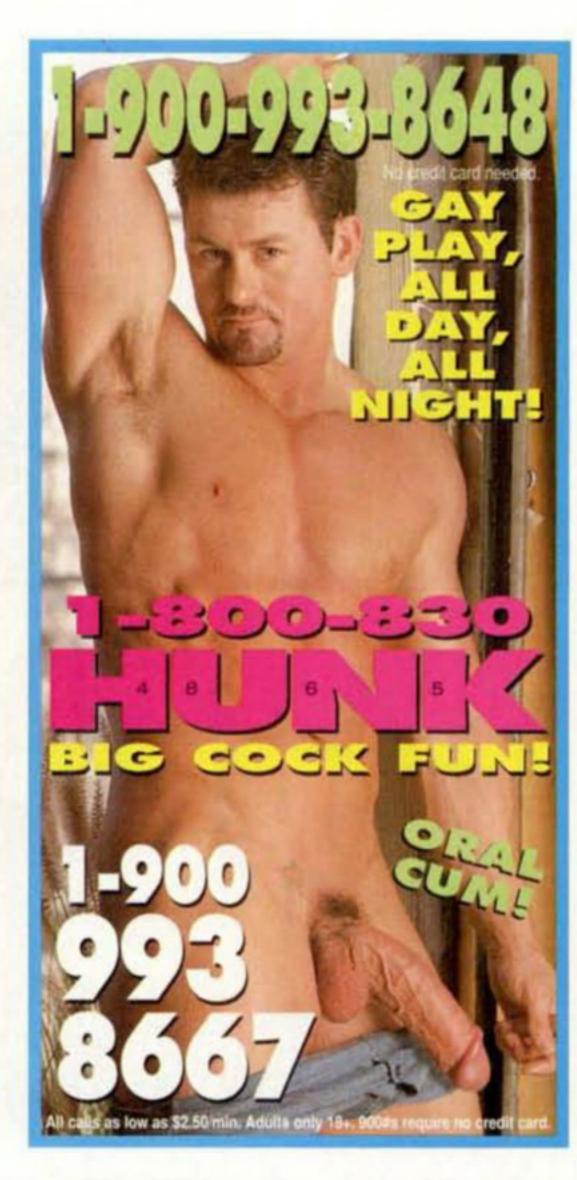








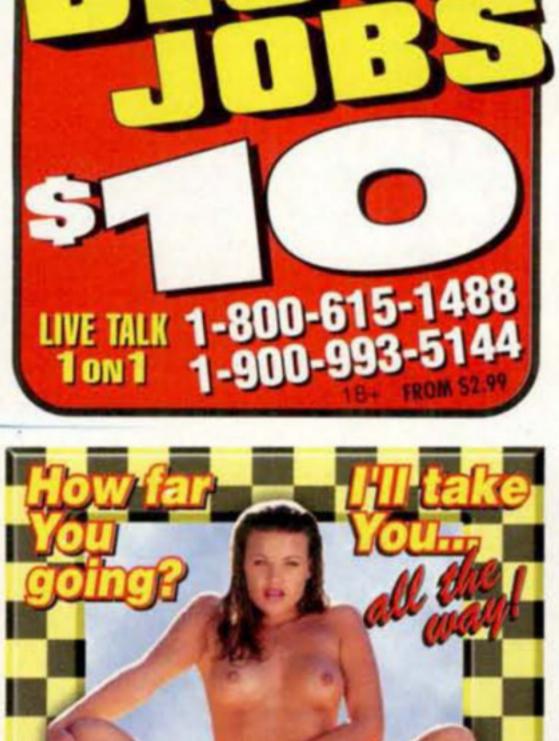




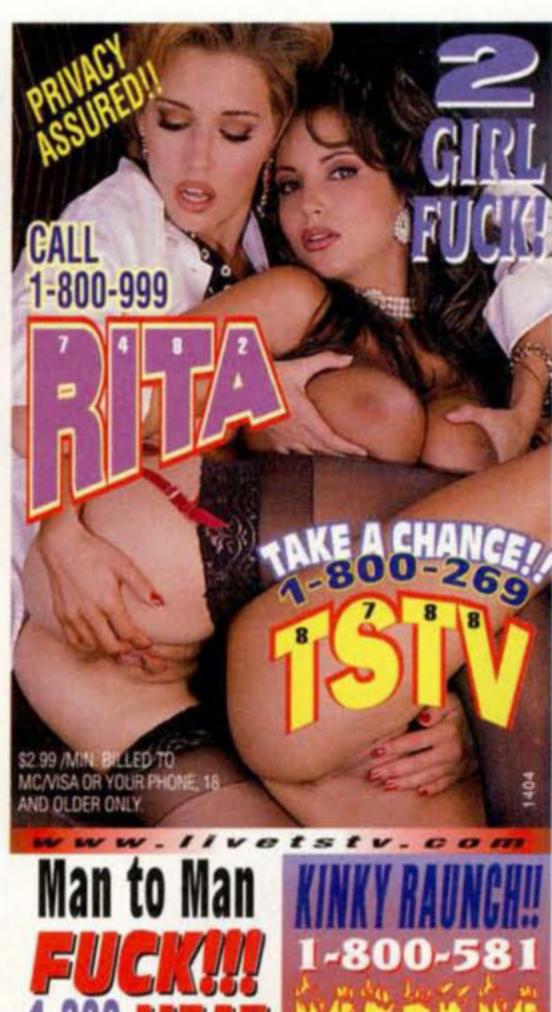






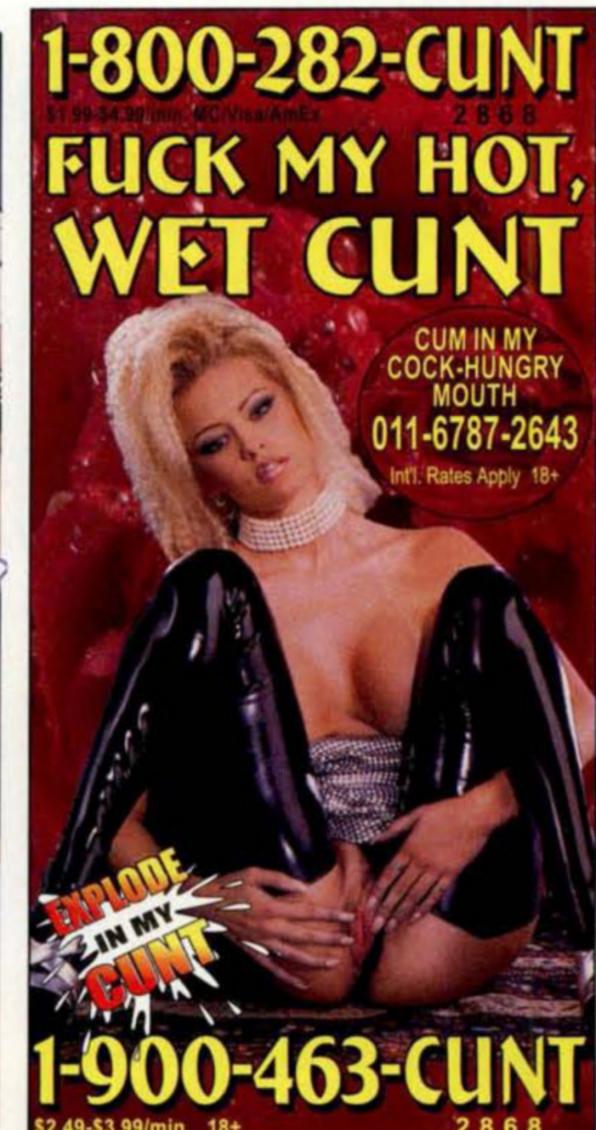








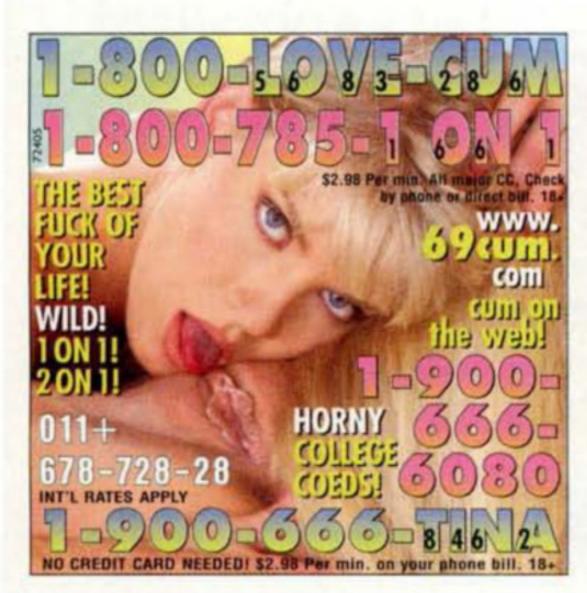




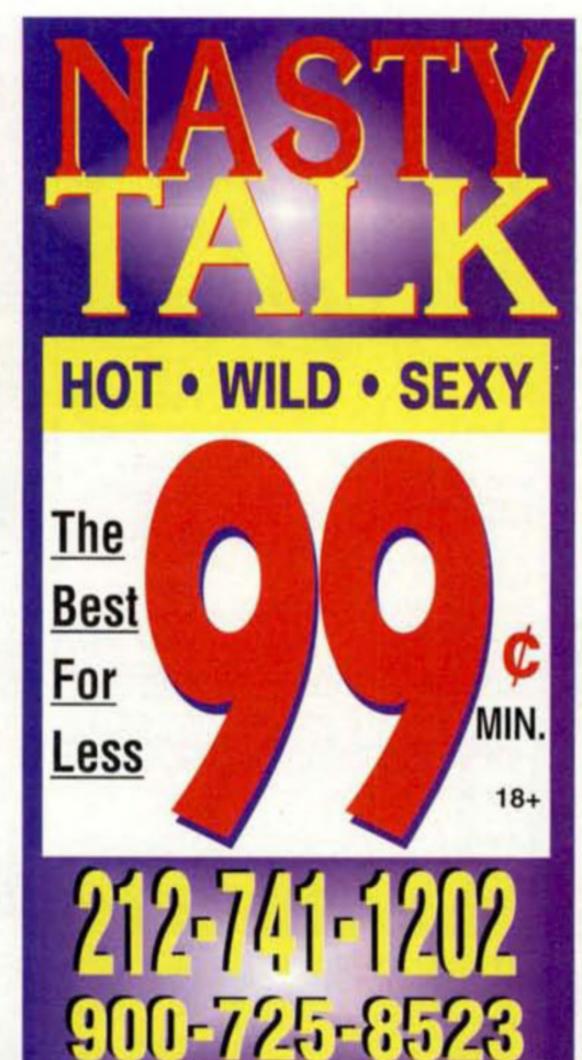




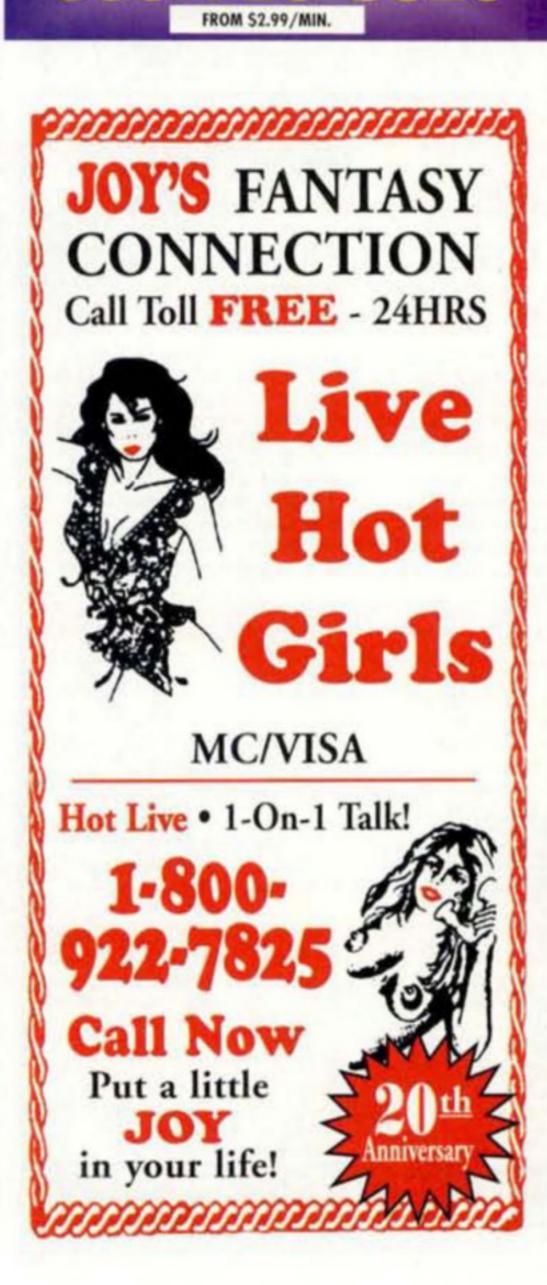




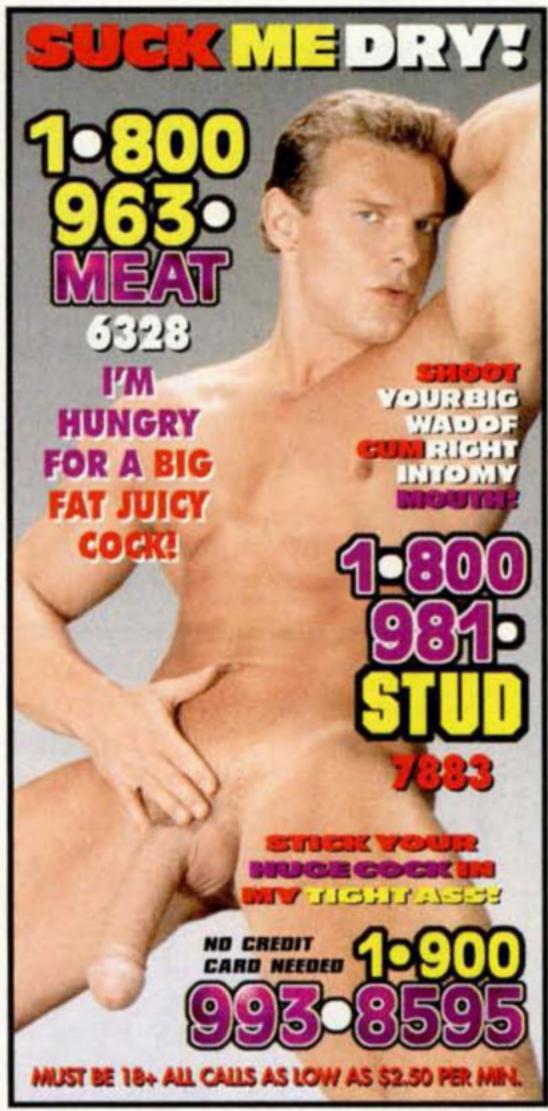


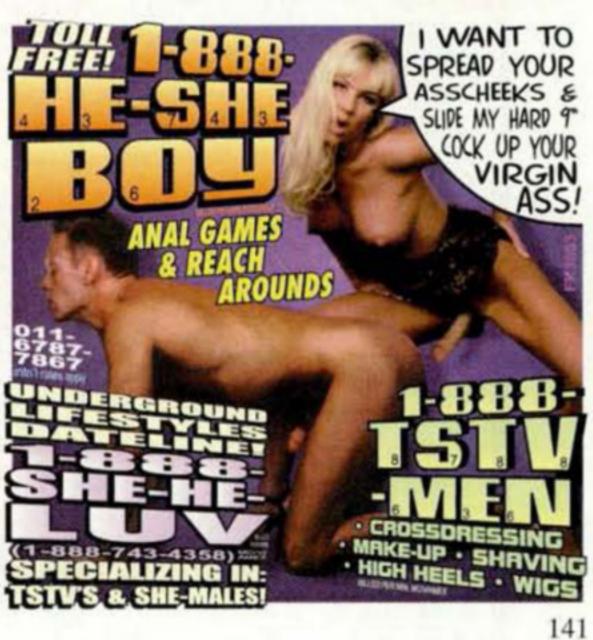


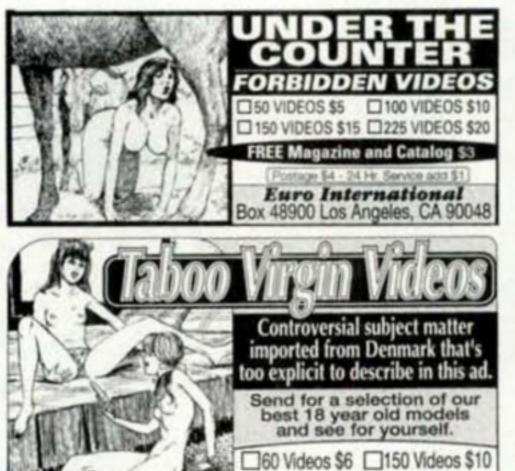














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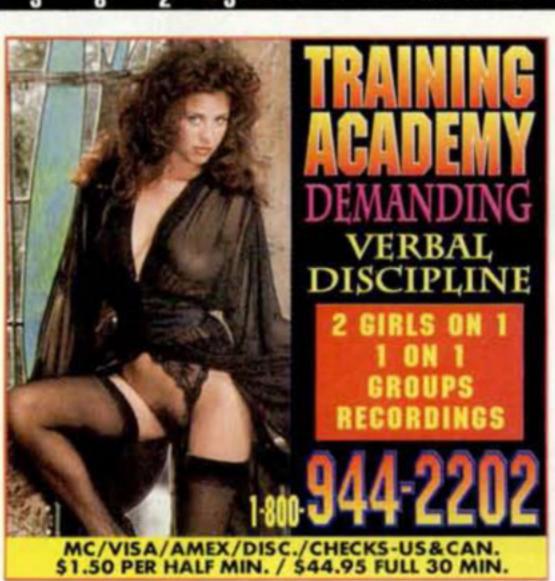
















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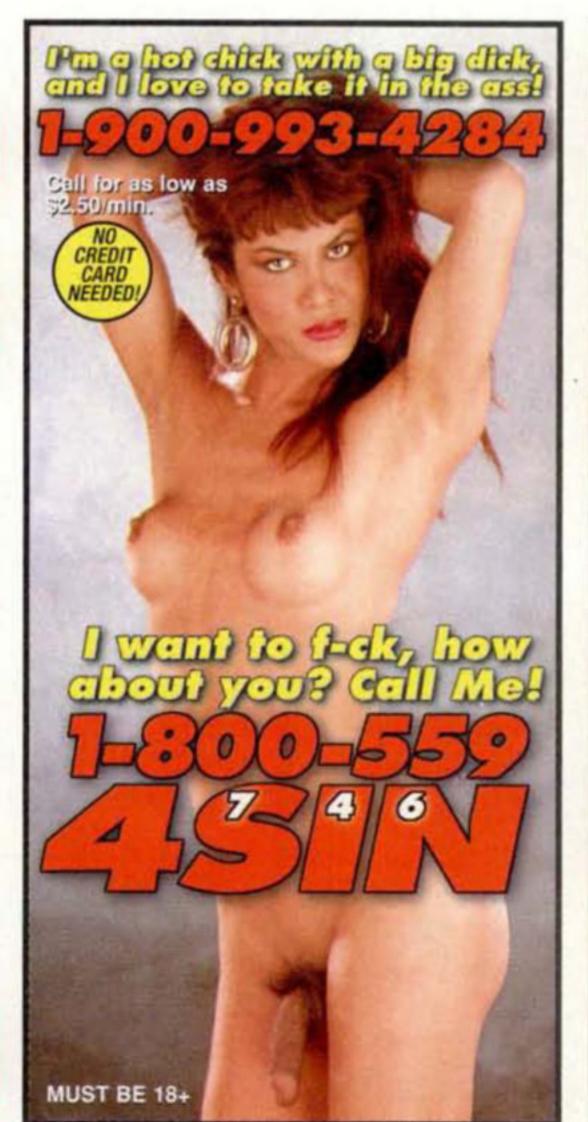
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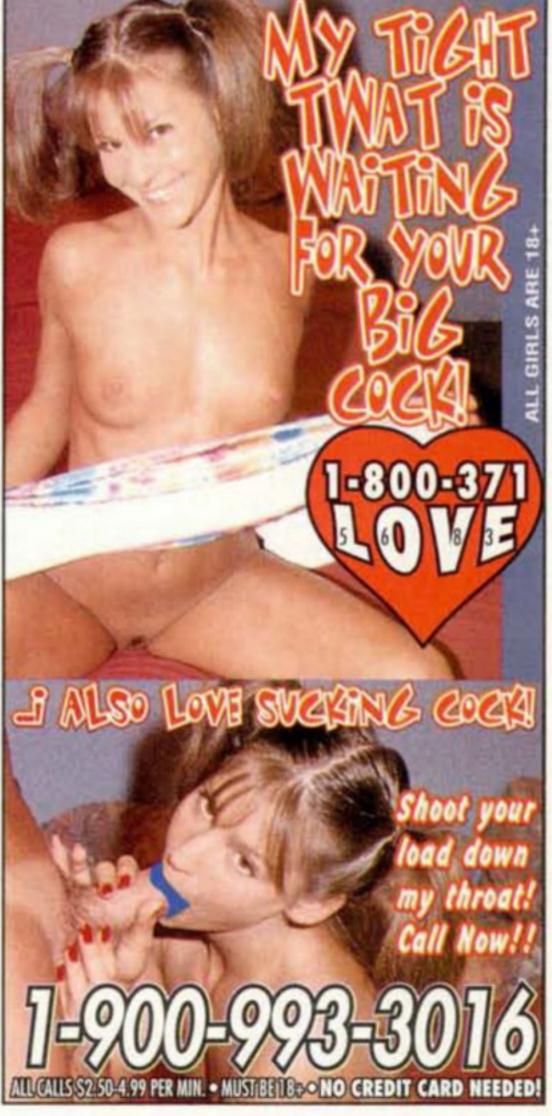
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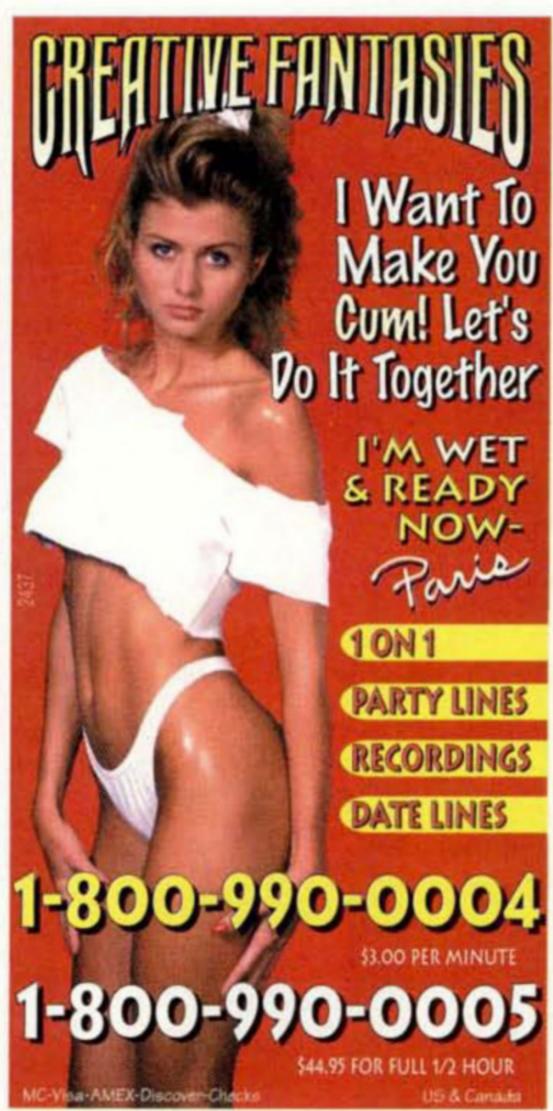




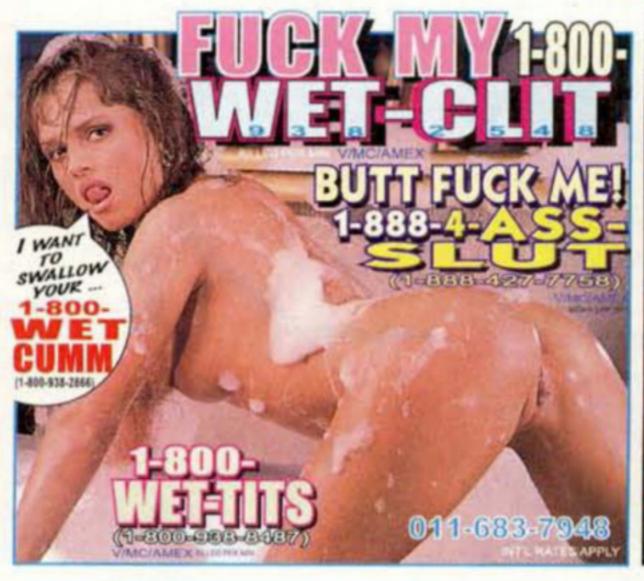
















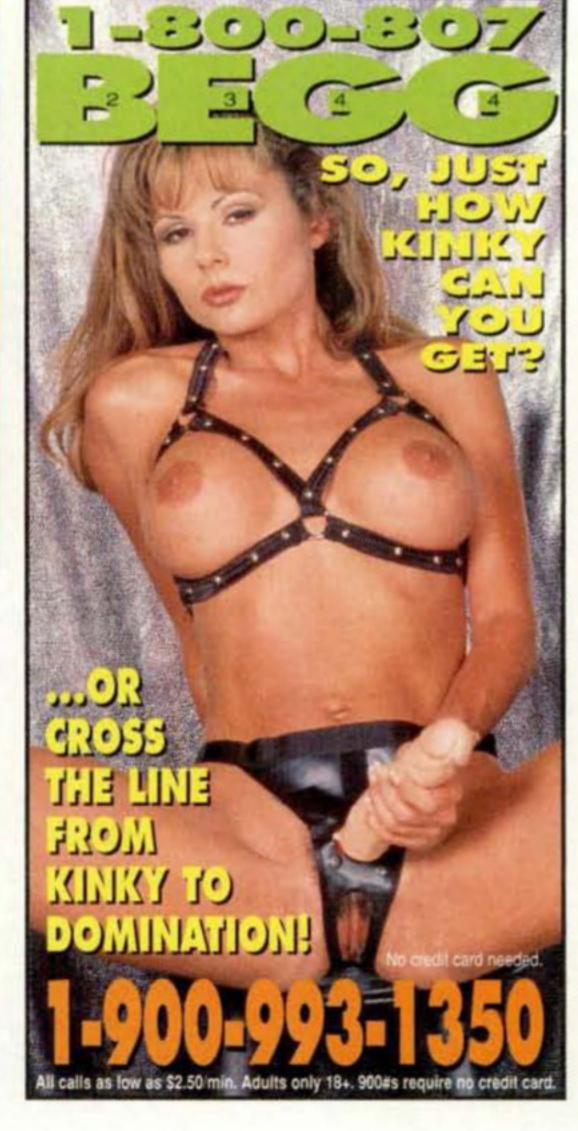




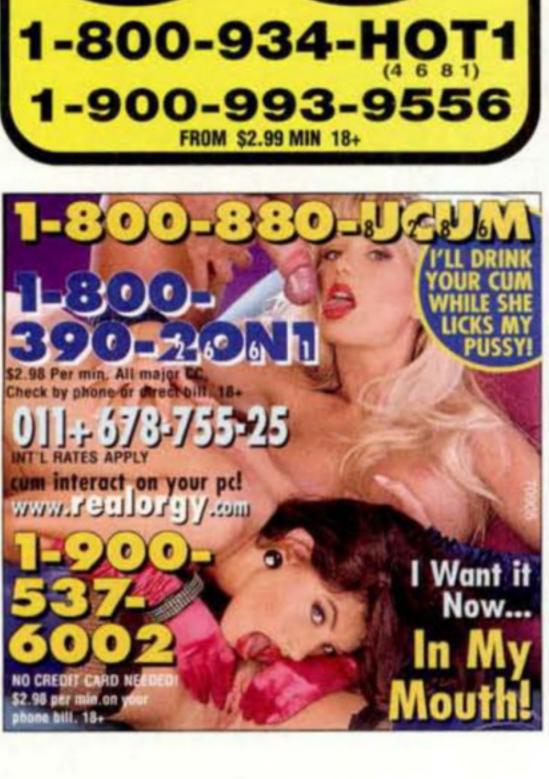




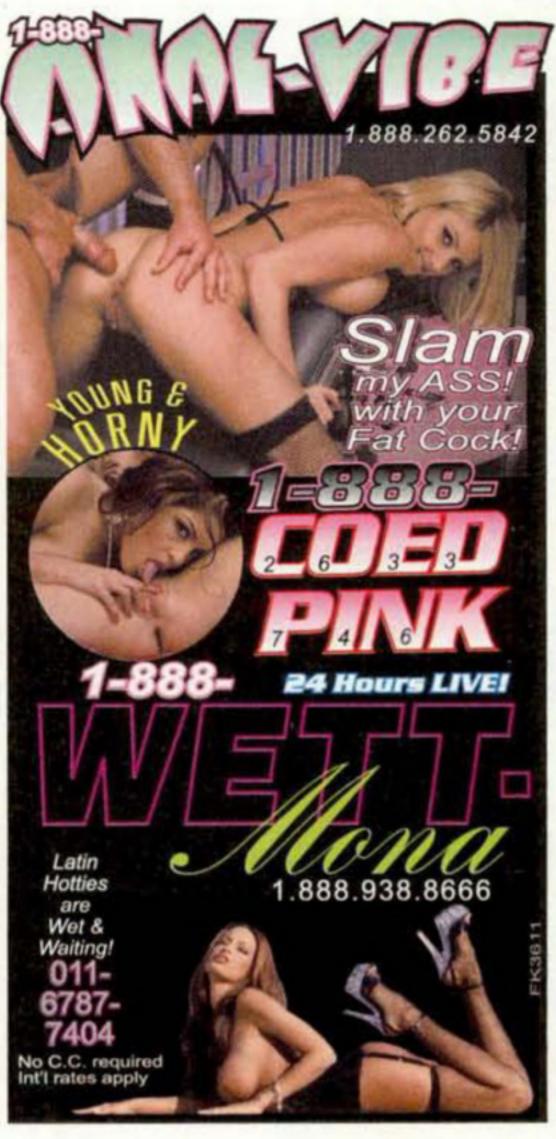










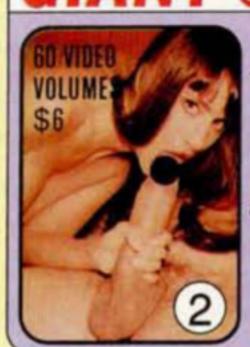


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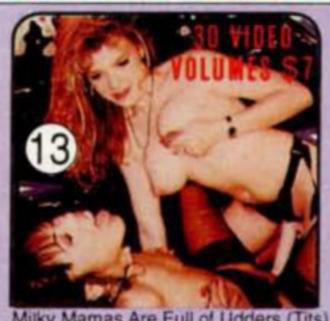
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YOU CAN HAVE A LONGER, THICKER AND HARDER PENIS NOW! OUR CUSTOMERS TELL US 9 INCHES...10 INCHES...EVEN A BIG 12 INCHES IS POSSIBLE!

The world's largest selling Penis Enlargement System used successfully for over 30 years with over 20 million satisfied customers.

Easy To Use! Fast Results!

HERE IS WHAT THE DR. BROSS PROFESSIONAL PENIS PUMPS CAN DO FOR YOU.

Increase penis thickness and length Stimulate a harder and more powerful erection Exclusive design maintains your erection (use my exclusive Comfort Fit Erection Prolong Ring for extended sex) Increase confidence, sex drive and sexual performance Intensify your orgasm.

Special

Handle

Lever-Grip

Our 20 million customers tell us the Dr. Bross pumps are #1

We receive thousands of letters and photos from satisfied customers - too many to print here. This is what some of our satisfied customers say about the Dr. Bross Pumps...



am going to try for 11 or 12 inches.

in the full







I thought you might want to see some before and after pictures. That's a picture of me when I I tried bulb pumps & centric pumps ... nothing happened. Then I tried Dr. Bross' Easy-Touch Pump & just got your pump. I was about 4 inches. After using your pump you can see the other picture I. It was fantastic. I went from 7/2 inches to 11 inches. It was real easy to use. This pump is a miracle. am now 9 inches. Of course the women I go out with love my new cock I am very happy but I I recommend it to anyone who wants a bigger cock. The pump did what you said it would do, enlarge my penis. I'm very happy with the results and so is my wife. Thank you

Adult video actor Jon West tells us the Dr. Bross Pumps are #1... "The Dr. Bross Pump is fantastic. I use it and so do many adult video actors. For total penis enlargement, to make you thicker, longer and harder."

MANUFACTURER & SAVE

The worlds largest selling Penis Pump with the exclusive Pistol Grip and Pistol Trigger design for men serious about Penis Enlargement. Onehand operation fits comfortably like a pistol. Pull the trigger with ONE FINGER and the piston instantly releases the vacuum you need for a longer, thicker, harder penis. Made from Space-Age Highest Grade ABS material for superior construction. Accept no substitutes. Look at the photo. This is the ONLY Pistol-Grip and Pistol-Trigger-Activated pump in the world, Includes the exclusive Dr. Bross clear injection molded cylinder for easy cleaning. Reg. \$200.00



Penis Pump

Easy-to-use, one-hand operation. Other so

called "trigger activated pistol grip pumps"

require squeezing like pliers to operate the

pump. The Dr. Bross Deluxe Lever Pump with

the Comfort Lever-Grip handle instantly

releases the vacuum you need for Maximum

Penis Enlargement, Loaded with exclusive Dr.

Bross features: the Power Vacuum Controller

and clear Penis Cylinder. The original Lever-

Grip Instant Activated Penis Pump with the

easy-to-clean clear Cylinder. Accept no substi-

now only \$69.95

tutes at any price. Reg. \$235.00

FOR PENIS

ENLARGEMENT BY DR. BROSS

DR. BROSS PENIS PUMP EXCLUSIVE FEATURES NOT FOUND ON OTHER PUMPS

The Penis Pump adjusts to the size of the penis inserted in the cylinder. Our Power Vacuum Controller then adjusts the correct amount of vacuum you personally need for your penis enlargement. As you grow in size the Power Vacuum Controller continues to adjust to your penis size to give you Maximum Penis Enlargement up to 12 inches!

Exclusive injection molded totally enclosed Vacuum Seal clear cylinder Guarantees 100% Vacuum and no air loss.

The Dr.Bross Penis Pumps are designed specifically for Penis Enlargement. For Maximum Penis Enlargement you need the best Penis Pump and the best Penis Cylinder. Many of our customers also tell us that the Dr.Bross Pumps gives them incredible sensations for masturbation.

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE PENIS PUMP CYLINDER?

Other cylinders are made from raw plastic hollow tubing flat at the top, cloudy and color tinted which makes it difficult to see your penis inside the tube. This hollow tube is glued to a pump and you don't have a closed connection. You have air loss and so you do not have the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement.. The flat top of the tube prevents air from flowing to all surfaces of the penis and so there is no "surface vacuum" A hard rubber ring is used at the end of the cylinder.

Now look at the Dr. Bross Penis Cylinder. The Dr. Bross Penis Enlargement Cylinders are made of the highest quality injection molded crystal clear K-Resin for strength and totally enclosed to prevent vacuum loss. Notice the shape of the Dr.Bross Penis Cylinders. The Cylinder is curved and conforms to the shape of the penis. This means the air flow travels continuously around the penis which creates a "surface vacuum" on the penis shaft which causes the penis to grow beyond your wildest imagination. Now you have a longer, thicker and harder penis up to 12 inches! Added feature is the insertion ring at the end of the clear cylinder that can be adjusted to fit any size penis comfortably.All of the Penis Cylinders shown here can easily be cleaned.

INDEPENDENT TESTING COMPANY SAYS DR. BROSS PENIS PUMPS ARE #1

Tests determined the effectiveness and reliability for each pump. Squeeze bulb pumps did not create the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement. The one piece battery pump wiring and motor rusted after cleaning and the electric pumps use a small fish aquarium motor converted from blowing bubbles in water to suck air. Both pumps did not create the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement.

The Dr. Bross exclusive power vacuum controller creates and sustains the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement. This feature is not found on the other pumps. The Dr. Bross cylinders are made of the highest quality injection molded clear Resin-K for strength and to easily view the penis enlargement. The cylinder is totally enclosed to prevent vacuum loss. The other manufacturers cylinders were cloudy and had a color tint and the plastic was cut from straight raw tubing and glued to the pumps.

After all of our tests we have determined that the Dr. Bross Penis Pumps are far superior to any other vacuum pumps for Penis Enlargement. For the most features the Dr. Bross Easy-Touch Penis Pump has the highest rating of all penis pumps.

Dr. Joel Bross is a noted sex therapist, clinical sexologist in private practice since 1974. He specializes in sexual concerns for both women and men. He is responsible for the production of numerous educational sex videos.

All of Our Pumps Are Made in the U.S.A. www.enlarge-penis.com



Pump. Reg. \$65.00 now only \$19.95

The Pump is directly connected to the side of the Exclusive design with Direct Sealed Penis clear Penis Cylinder. The air flows evenly and Pump connection to the clear Cylinder, Instead smoothly from the Pump to the clear Cylinder for of a one piece centric pump, with the Dr. Bross faster vacuum response. Only a couple of Power-Flow Pump you can remove the Pump strokes from the extra long 10 inch piston for easy cleaning of the Cylinder. The Power-assembly is all you need for Penis Enlargement. Flow requires a minimum of pumping to The low cost makes it possible for anyone inter- achieve Penis Enlargement. For men who want ested in Penis Enlargement to have a Dr. Bross immediate results in the shortest possible time.



Reg. \$90.00 now only \$29.95

Removable

Pump for

Cleaning!

Easy



SPACE-AGE DESIGN! NO BATTERIES! NO **ELECTRICITY!** Since its introduction our largest selling Penis Pump. Easy to use one hand operation. For men who demand the very best in a Penis Enlargement Pump. The only Penis Pump in the world that creates its own energy source without batteries or electricity. You

Super Deluxe

merely touch the Energized Penis Pump and immediately the self contained Power Pack is activated with the Power Controller to produce the correct amount of vacuum for Penis Enlargement. This marvel of space age engineering is used in many products designed for aerospace and space exploration. The Easy-Touch Penis Pump is yours now for immediate and Maximum Penis Enlargement. You can easily remove the Power Pump to clean the clear Penis Cylinder. Reg. \$290.00

Limited time at this price... now only \$99.95



See more photos of satisfied customers in the Big Penis Photo Gallery: www.enlarge-penis.com

FREE WITH EVERY COMPLETE PENIS ENLARGEMENT SYSTEM.

Penis Enlargement video & photo album of customers enlarging their penis Adjustable comfort fit erection prolong ring Color catalog with over 160 products for men & women to improve your sex and lovemaking Includes your choice of free products.

\$79.95
eatures the only enclosed self-contained motor- red housing battery pump. One hand operation, ress the switch to start and release your finger to top the motor. You have complete control for con- nuous vacuum for Penis Entargement. Important exclusive Features: The self-contained motorized lectronic unit can be removed to clean the clear ylinder tube. Other battery pumps with parts imported from the Orient have the motor, wires and batteries attached to the tube and with use and cleaning will rust and damage the motor and atteries. Includes the exclusive Dr. Bross clear niection molded cylinder for easy cleaning.

Removable

Pump for

Cleaning!

Easy

CREDIT CARD **ORDERS ONLY** TOLL FREE 24 HOURS-7 DAYS

PHONE ORDERS SPECIFY PRODUCTS AND DEPT. NUMBER.

Reg. \$260.00 now only \$79.95

FAX ORDERS: 1-818-345-4643

SUPREME MEDICAL	dept. 07HK	Box	1426,	Studio	City,	CA	91614
Specify Professional Super Dela	ixe Penis Pump Mo	odel	Total Pu	rchase			S

Ultra Penis Pump and instuctions: \$19.95

- Power-Flow Penis Pump and instuctions: \$29.95
- ☐ Trigger Release Penis Pump and instuctions: \$49.95 □ Lever Grip Penis Pump and instuctions: \$69.95
- ☐ Battery Powered Penis Pump and instuctions: \$79.95
- Easy-Touch Penis Pump and instuctions: \$99.95
- ☐ Jon West Video Feature \$14.95 Only \$9.95 With Any Enlargement System
- CA Residents Add Sales Tax. 5.00 Shipping & Insurance. Rush Service \$1.00. Total Enclosed or Charged . All orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.

Foreign Orders add \$10.00 S&H.

Money orders only. US Funds.

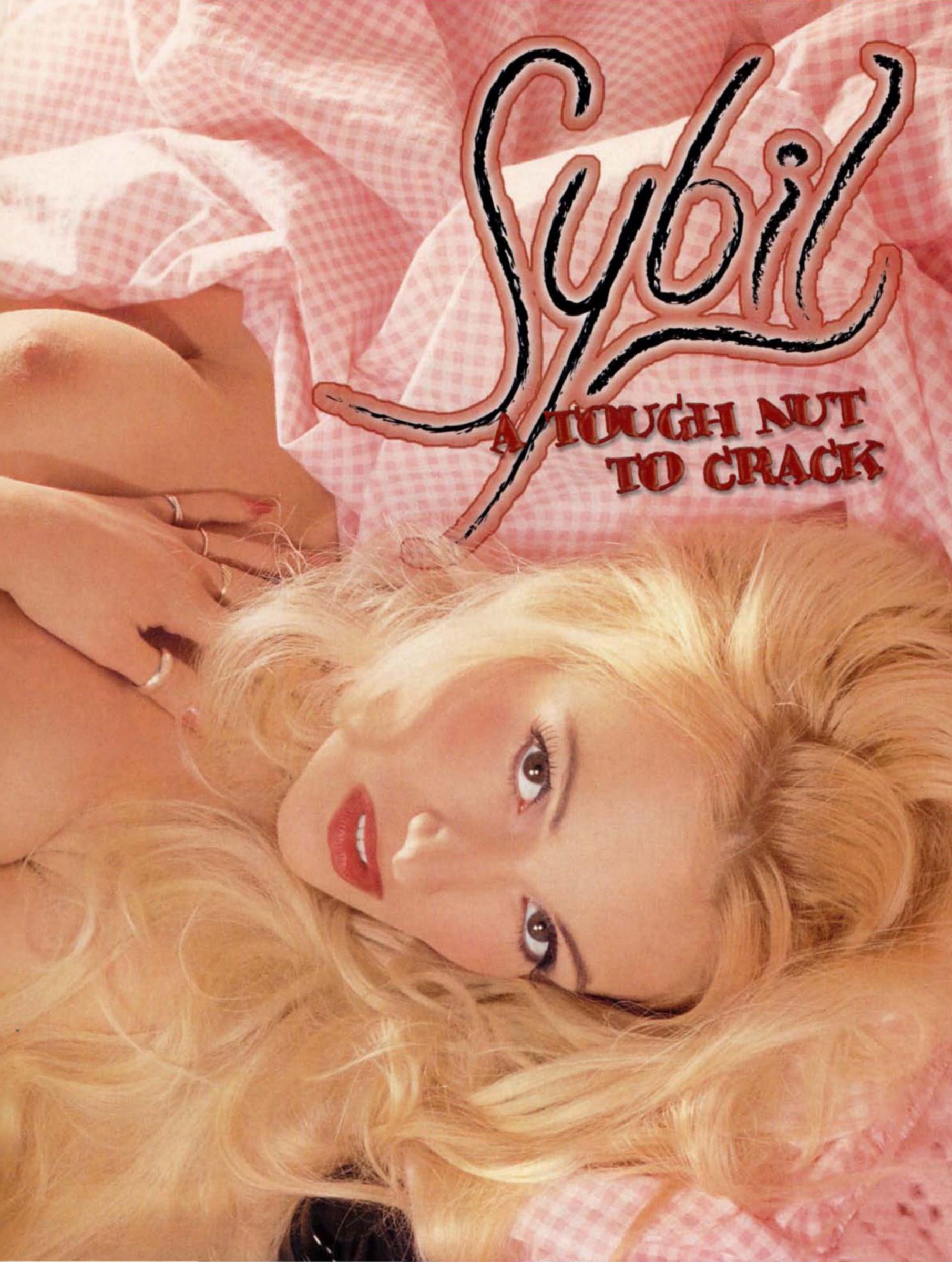
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THIS IS NOT A MISPRINT... THIS IS NOT A JOKE...

If you'll kindly give us about two minutes of your time, we'll explain why we've taken this drastic step to get you as a customer and are willing to offer you these brand new XXX videotapes for this ridiculously low price. Then you'll realize we're NOT CRAZY, and understand why...





NO PORNO STARS HERE... JUST SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

ALL PHOTOS UNRETOUCHED

YOU TOO CAN GO FROM MINISCULE to IVIAIVIIVIOTH & HAVE ERECT MEASUREMENTS UP TO 12 HUGE INCHES!

OVER 16 MILLION SATISFIED MEN USE OUR PROFESSIONAL

Systems

SIZE DOES MATTER!

EVERY DAY SINCE 1965 MEN IN 68 COUNTRIES ARE USING THE SUPRA-12 SYSTEMS!



The male erection is produced when blood flows into the special bulbocavernosus muscles inside the penis shaft. As these muscles fill, the penis increases in diameter and thickness. By increasing their capacity as the SUPRA-12 does, they can hold more blood, resulting in A DRAMATI-CALLY LONGER, THICKER ERECTION. Users of SUPRA-12 say they're "truly astounded" when they see their penises reach startling new proportions inside the chamber of the SUPRA-12. And you will be, too!

THE SUPRA VALVE & SENTRY PROLONG RING ARE FEATURES NO OTHER MANUFACTURER OFFERS!

Getting a huge, fat erection is one thing... keeping it is another!! That's where the features of the SUPRA put it miles ahead of its competitors! The patented SUPRA Valve "locks in" the vacuum power for the biggest size possible in the shortest amount of time. Don't be fooled by claims of "more vacuum." Too much can cause medical problems. Every SUPRA-12 pump passes stringent quality control and is tested according to medical standards - no more - no less. And with the SEN-TRY Prolong Ring, you can stay as hard as you want, for as long as you want. IMPORTANT! All professional medical vacuum pumps (including \$500 models) include prolong or tension rings. Our Sentry fits any size penis, and there is no hassle in removal or pulling of the pubic hair as in others. The nearly invisible SENTRY rests comfortably at the base of your penis, maintaining your dynamic "super erection" indefinitely, but never interfering with your pleasure - EVER! You can penetrate your sex partner deeply, enjoying intercourse more

> than ever before, because the Sentry GIVES YOU COMPLETE CONTROL!

SAFE & EFFECTIVE... AN INCREDIBLE VALUE... **5 MODELS TO CHOOSE** FROM!

According to U.S. News and World Report, our Vacuum Pumps and Erection Rings are "simple, safe and effective" (8/24/92). The SUPRA-12 is the World's Best Selling line of Penis Enlargement and Erection Building systems, and at a price that is an international "Best Deal!" Similar systems, when prescribed by physicians, can cost between \$300 to \$650 or more! That's why the with the SUPRA-12, patented SUPRA Valve

Dr. Andrew Ruffin,

PhD. A published

sex therapist and

over 30 years, has

produced 6 sex

education videos.

Developed many

exual dysfunction.

products for

sexologist for

GET THE LOWEST PRICES! BUY DIRECT & **SAVE UP TO**

Number One Bestseller Worldwide! HY? Simply Because:

It's The Most Effective You can LENGTHEN, THICKEN and HARDEN your penis to startling new proportions IN HALF THE TIME, WITH HALF THE EFFORT! Get erect measurements of 9, 10, YES!! - even 12 FULL INCHES!

It's The Finest One Made The best materials, handconstructed, engineered, and made in the USA. Features the patented SUPRA VALVE and SENTRY Prolong Ring. Nobody else has it - at any price!

It's Easy To Use Our professional system doesn't include complex instructional "magazines" or videotapes. Why? Because with our system, you don't need them!! Our system is so simple to operate, you don't even need to use both hands!!

It's The Most Affordable We have a pump for every budget, even ones as low as \$14.95!!! All made in the USA featuring the same quality construction and reliability that has become our trademark worldwide. The SUPRA-12 has stood the test of time.

THE SUPRA-12 SYSTEM IS AS

NO SYSTEM IS FASTER – OR MORE FOOLPROOF!

It's impossible to fail using the SUPRA-12 SYSTEM to increase your genital measurements. With the help of the SENTRY PROLONG RING and medical research has proven that only a prolong ring can maintain an erection, enlarging your penis and maintaining the new, thick and long dimensions becomes effortless!

WE MAKE & SELL ONLY VACUUM PUMPS & PRODUCTS FOR SEXUAL ENHANCEMENT



CRAMMED WITH FIRST-TIME

EVER FEATURES YOU'LL

reg. \$45

now only

Replace batteries in seconds.

Energy conservation circuits make batteries last & last!

Simple one hand operation.

 Lightweight... only 9oz. with batteries. The suction in this pump is relentless... ongoing... completely dependable!

> with SENTRY™ Prolong Ring & instructions reg. \$125 now only

CHOOSE A PUMP

YOU PREFER AT

THE PRICE YOU

WANT TO PAY!

starting with the

BULB-OPERATED

DEVELOPER

with SENTRY™ Prolong Ring & instructions



reg. \$150

Professional Trigger Activated



with SENTRY™ Prolong Ring & instructions reg. \$60

now only

DELUXE ELECTRIC

Our finest, state-of-the-art model for erection building and control. Silent, powerful electrically operated pump allows for effortless operation. Vacuum draw is gradual for safety and complete control; can be shut off instantly.

with SENTRY™ Prolong Ring & instructions reg. \$100

now only \$**20**95



SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CUSTOMERS HAVE TO SAY:

Wanted you to know your product really has worked for me. It's added 3" in length plus 1" in diameter to my penis. My partner tells me I don't need any more because I won't be able to use it. Enclosed are pictures of -JK, South Carolina

"Your pump works very well. I have increased in length and width. My wife likes the results, too! A very pleases customer." -RL, Arizona

erection the likes of which I haven't experienced in many years. (I'm 73 years old.)

"I ordered the Erectronic pump 4-1/2 months ago - I went from 6-1/2 to 9 even. I'm very happy." -RT, Missouri

how well they work."

"I have increased my penis size to the following: from 8" to 11" in length. Do you have larger cylinders? Thank you."

All letters on file

ALL PUMPS DISCREETLY SHIPPED

DON'T JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT. HERE'S WHAT

your pump in use. Another satisfied customer."

"I found the system effective in quickly producing an

"I want to compliment you on your products and

-WSP, California

VIA FEDEX or PRIORITY MAIL*

PLEASURE PRODUCTS Safe, Logal, for MEN & WOMEN!!! and Effective!

THE TWO MEN BEHIND BRISTOL MEDICAL

Lee Conner, B.S.

M.A. in electrical

engineering. The

ounder and CEO

of Bristol Medical

Along with Dr.

Ruffin, he has

developed the SUPRA-12... the

world's leading vacuum pump.

BETTER THAN SPANISH FLY! ACTIVATOR capsules Just one of these capsules used as directed will turn her vagina into a seething, wet, juicy, hotly

tingling tunnel of desire! The action begins about 5 minutes after you use the capsule - and best of all, the effect lasts for about 30 passion-filled minutes! Use these capsules and you'll find the effect is irresistible! ACTIVATOR (activate-her) capsules will set her pussy on fire! PRECAU-77ON: Get her permission before using ACTIVATOR. Simple Antidote (to stop action) included with instructions. Pack of six 620mg ACTIVATOR (activate-her) capsules. Regularly \$20 and \$12

SEX POWER for MEN IRON ROD PILLS **CUM GUSHER PILLS**

For men who want to pour out hot jets of cum - over and over again, CUM GUSHER pills are a MUSTI They've been used by European men in the know for over 25 years. The extract works directly on the organ that is vital to producing rich, milky spurts of man juice. CUM GUSHER pills are important for the health of male organs - especially for men over 50. Help your body stay young where it counts with CUM GUSHER pills! Sixty tablets. Regularly \$25 ends \$15

ollen extract)

(muira puama) Build hard, throbbing erections?

IRON ROD pills have been clinically tested and proven to make men hot and horny and build stronger hardons! Men in Latin America have known about "potency wood" for decades. Regular use of IRON ROD pills makes weak erections strong again... put the wood back into non-existent erections - makes you crave horny healthy sex. Get IRON ROD pills and get back into sex!

Regularly \$22 and \$12



6 ACTIVATOR Capsules 50 CUM GUSHER 30 IRON ROD

Pills all for only

CAN THE OTHERS OFFER A GUARANTEE LIKE THIS?

tant decision. It's your hard-earned money - why not use it to purchase the best system money can buy? We're so confident, we'll make this guarantee: Place the SUPRA-12 next to ANY vacuum pump on the market and you'll instantly see the difference. In fact, we're so sure you'll agree that it's the finest pump made that we'll offer this DOUBLE THE DIFFERENCE **GUARANTEE:** If you purchase any pump from any manufacturer,

You're about to make an impor-

Name (print)

City/State/Zip

Address

that can equal ours in features and service, but at a lower price, we'll refund double the difference

- no guestions asked!



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Post Office Box 7419, Van Nuys,	
Please ship the following. I enclose \$	Check Money Order
Professional Trigger Activated PISTOL GRIP PUMP with Sentry Prolong Ring and instructions\$34.95	Total Purchase\$
Bulb-Operated DEVELOPER with Sentry Prolong Ring and instructions\$14.95	CA residents add sales tax
"G" Force CENTRIC with Sentry Prolong Ring and instructions\$23.95	Shipping by U.S. Mail or FedEx* \$ 5.00
Battery-Operated EREC-TRONIC with Sentry Prolong Ring and instructions\$37.95	TOTAL ENCLOSED
Deluxe ELECTRIC model with Sentry Prolong Ring and instructions\$39.95	To assure prompt service
□ ACTIVATOR Capsules\$12.00 □ CUM GUSHER Pills\$15.00 □ IRON ROD Pills\$12.00 □ Send ALL 3 Capsules & Pills only\$25.00	include shipping cost. Foreign orders add \$10 S&H
CHARGE IT: VISA MC AMEX DIS	SC. Exp. Date
Signature X	818-709-0704 • 24 Hours 7 Days





HUSTLER

STICKY AND SWEET

Plump, juicy nookie is ripe and ready for picking in the August HUSTLER. Nothing moistens parched lips like a sugary mouthful of peach fuzz. Lezzie vagabonds Jackie and Jessie park their minibus and rest their weary heads between each other's legs. A blond blossom soaks in sweat and semen when a rooftop screw explodes into a messy facial fertilization. A dripping brunette emerges from her swim, swelling with desire. Don't let succulent plums wilt on the vine; pluck sumptuous twats and savor their flavor in the August HUSTLER.

MOM-AND-POP CYBERSMUT

Sex and technology have been steady bedfellows since the Lumière brothers set up their first tripod. Any fan of digital sleaze knows that the Internet is no exception. Despite a saturation-point presence on the Web, raunchy content is still a hot commodity and the focus of a feverish gold rush. There's still money to be made hawking skin scans on the Web, and sites such as www.agecheck.com help guide budding Net-smut entrepreneurs through the process of setting up and milking the hard-core cash cow. Log on in August, when HUSTLER correspondent Michael Iswan presents a layman's guide to launching a filth-based Net enterprise.

SPANK THE VIRTUAL MONKEY

Until lately, online screwing has been nothing more than tandem masturbation enhanced by scrolling pillow talk pecked out on a chat screen. Fortunately, adult-toy manufacturers and daring horndogs are experimenting with new and bizarre ways of using the Internet to reach out and fuck someone. Strap-on blowjob simulators, remote-activated vibrators and XXX audio environments promise to add sensations to the do-it-yourself world of Net wanking. Tomorrow's digital onanists may strap on a sex suit, jack in and screw someone halfway across the world. HUSTLER continues its carnal-technology coverage with a sticky peek at state-of-the-art cybersex.

ENJOY A SLICE

Fresh and in season, HUSTLER's cherry-red labes and plump melons are every hungry greengrocer's choice. Check out our bargain-priced meats when Bits & Pieces serves up a genetic marvel. Half blow-up doll, part pork, the Fuck Pig is all the woman a single guy will ever need. Chill out in the Erotic Entertainment aisle when the coolest hiphop MCs thaw the frigid music-video status quo by adding everyone's favorite visual: hard-core sex. Fill up your cart with nature's most squeezable produce, the homegrown Honeys of Beaver Hunt. A cornucopia of grade-A pussy awaits in the August HUSTLER.

August 2000 HUSTLER on sale May 30. HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com





